Oct. 9, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

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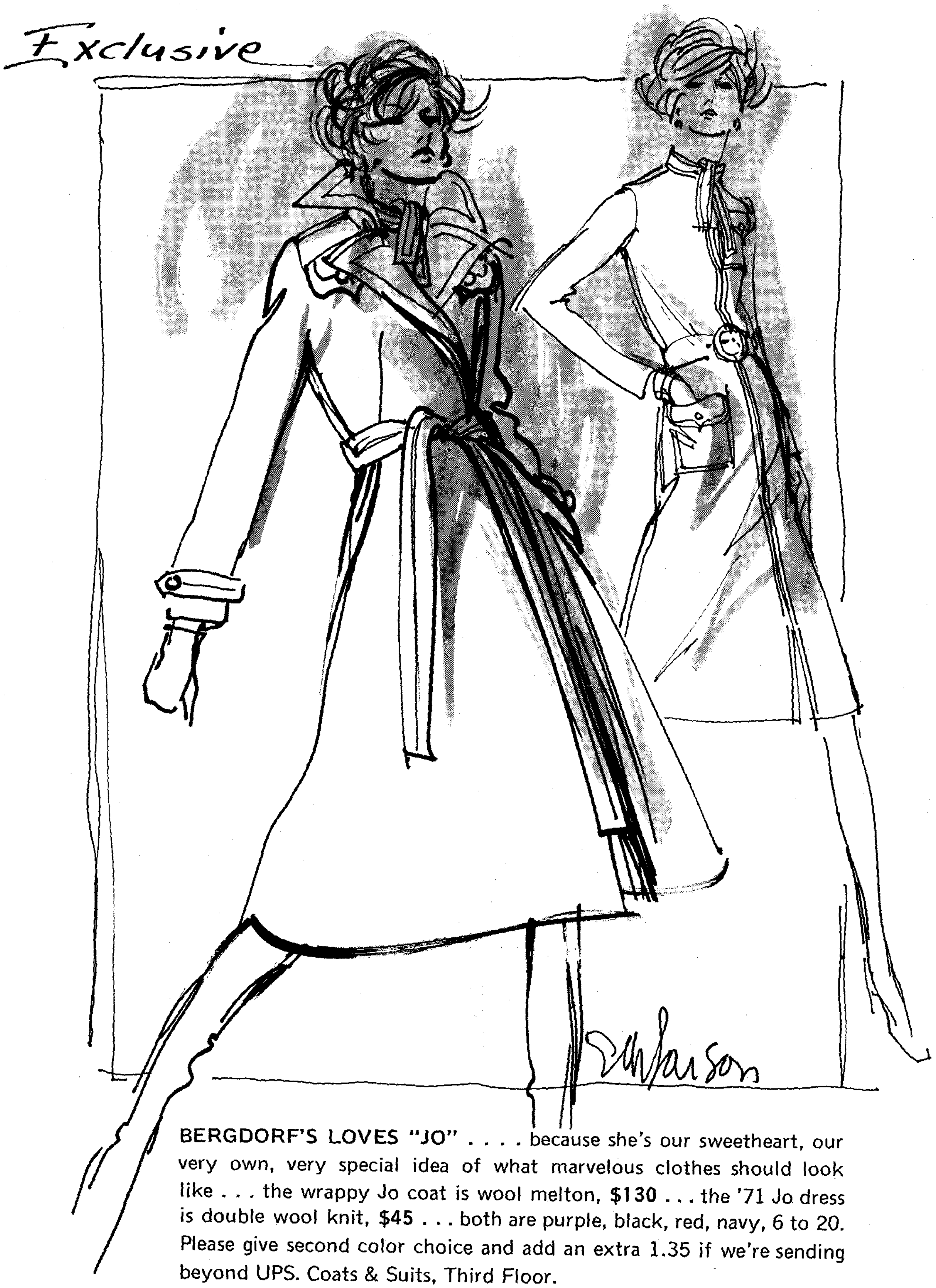

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is fine as the soldier. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Esther Rolle, Leonard Parker, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Follies—Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Oct. 10.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—A musical by Tim Rice (lyrics) and Andrew Lloyd Webber (score), with Jeff Fenholt in the title role. Tom O'Horgan directed. Previews through Monday, Oct. 11. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 12. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 13, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 14.)

Leaves of Grass—Stan Harte, Jr., has written a varied, melodic score, though not an especially original one, for twenty-one of the poems, and they are sung (well) and danced to (after a fashion) by a company of four. The result is quite a vigorous show, which would be much better off without an intermission. Walt Whitman may not be everybody's poet, but who would have thought the old man to have had so much fun in him? (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lenny—A brilliant production of a play about the late standup comic Lenny Bruce. The author is Julian Barry, the director Tom O'Horgan, the scenery designer Robin Wagner, and the designer of costumes Randy Barcelo; they are all nearly equal partners in the success of the play. Cliff Gorman gives a sensationally good performance as Lenny. Jane House and Joe Silver are also admirable. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Oct. 11, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Oct. 11.)

No, No, Nanette—A very pretty, very romantic revival of an immortal work of the twenties, which can't have been that delightful, but who cares? With Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 37
"DEPARTURES" . . . . *Donald Barthelme* 42
"GRIEF" . . . . *Natacha Stewart* 45
"WILDERNESS CHILD" (POEM) . . . . *Arthur Gregor* 48
PROFILES (MAX GORDON AND BARNEY JOSEPHSON) . . . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 50
"DARK RINGS" (POEM) . . . . *Philip Levine* 54
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 95
FOOTBALL . . . . *J. W. L.* 97
A REPORTER AT LARGE (VIETNAM COMBAT RULES) . . . . . *Seymour M. Hersh* 101
U.S. JOURNAL: MANHATTAN . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 120
"EVENING WIND" (POEM) . . . . *James Schuyler* 127
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 129
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 131
DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION (HEISENBERG) . . . . *Jeremy Bernstein* 135
THE MARTS OF TRADE (THE ANTI-CORPORATION) . . . . *John Brooks* 138
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 145
BOOKS . . . . *George Steiner* 158
  BRIEFLY NOTED 169

COVER: *Charles Saxon*

DRAWINGS: *Charles Addams, Alan Dunn, Robert Weber, William Steig, Dana Fradon, Warren Miller, George Price, Robert Minter, Donald Reilly, Everett Opie, Kenneth Mahood, Richard Oldden, Ed Fisher, Joseph Mirachi, J. B. Handelsman, William Hamilton, Lee Lorenz, Stan Hunt*

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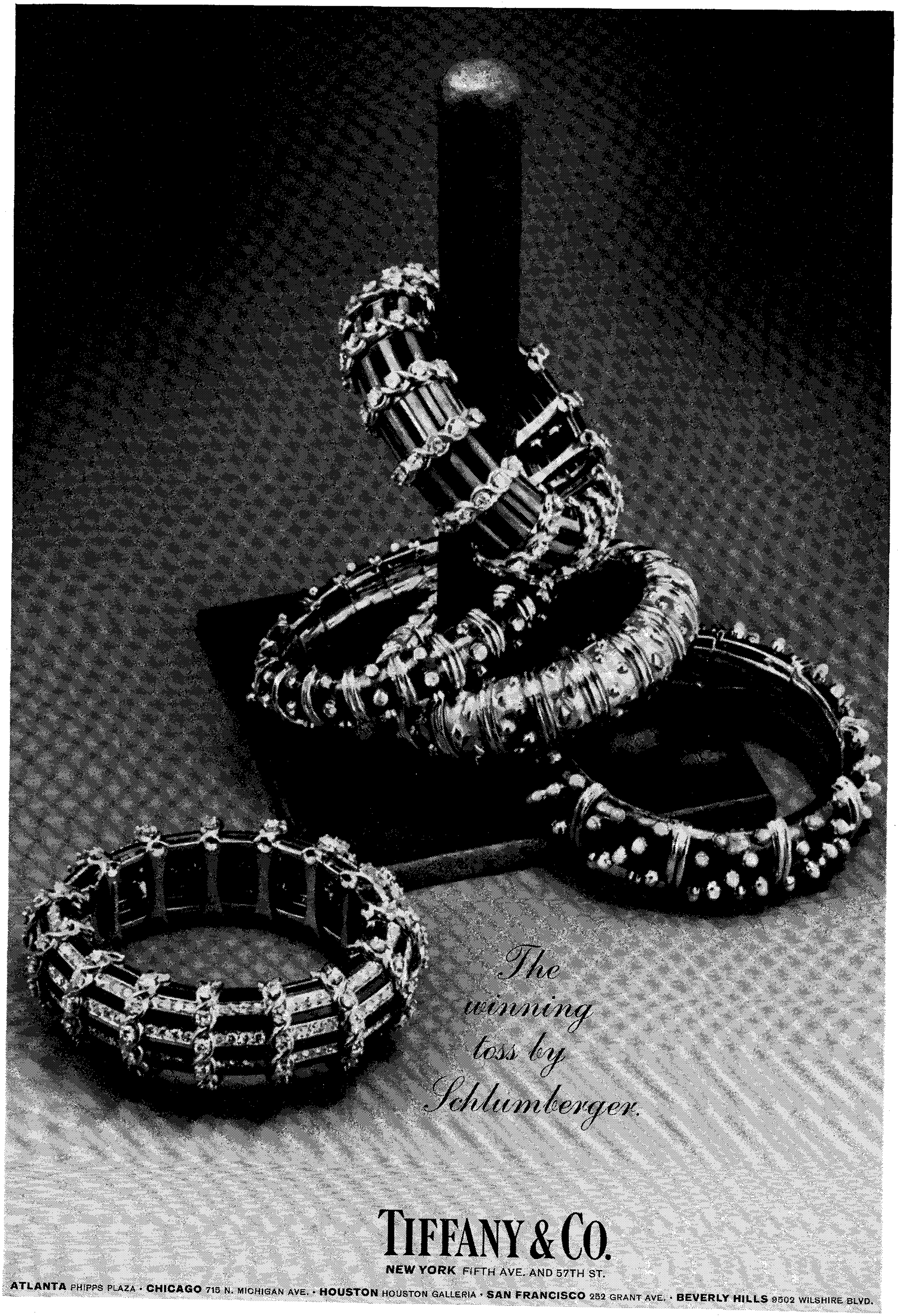
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVII, No. 34, October 9, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1971 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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10	11	12	13	14	15	16

9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Friedrich Dürrenmatt's merry new comedy, **PLAY STRINDBERG**, a takeoff on Strindberg's "Dance of Death." (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 23.)

Solitaire/Double Solitaire—Two amusing and often touching one-act plays by Robert Anderson, ably acted by Joyce Ebert, Richard Venture, and other luminaries of the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven. Directed by Arvin Brown. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?—Robert Drivas in a play by Terrence McNally. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 7, at 7. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A musical descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Anne Baxter, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood are now in this machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays, except Oct. 12, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Monday, Oct. 11.)... **COMPANY:** Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Jane Russell, and Susan Browning. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother (Joan Blondell) of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** Stephen turned away. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —I'm going, Mulligan, he said. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —Give us that key, Kinch, Buck Mulligan said, to keep my chemise flat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lady Russell felt obliged to oppose her dear Anne's known wishes. It would be too much to expect Sir Walter to descend into a small house in his own neighbourhood. Anne herself would have found the mortifications of it more than she foresaw, and to Sir Walter's feelings they must have been dreadful. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** And with regard to Anne's dislike of Bath, she considered it as a prejudice and mistake, arising, first, from the circumstance of her having been three years at school there after her mother's death, and, secondly, from her happening to be not in perfectly good spirits the only winter which she had afterwards spent there with herself. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PURLIE:** An old fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Patti Jo and Robert Guillaume. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** Musical hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A musical misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring John Cunningham and Jay Garner as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Oct. 11, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Oct. 11.)... **SLEUTH:** Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a six-week season that will run through Sunday, Nov. 14—Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 7:30: "Square Dance," "Feast of Ashes," and "Trinity."...¶ Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Reflections," "Feast of Ashes," and "Cakewalk."...¶ Friday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Pineapple Poll." ...¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Cakewalk."...¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Square Dance," "Feast of Ashes," and "Trinity."...¶ Sunday, Oct. 10, at 2: "Square Dance," "The Still Point," and "Pineapple Poll."...¶ Sunday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Petrouchka," "The Still Point," and "Trinity."...¶ Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Feast of Ashes," and "Pineapple Poll." ...¶ Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Square Dance," "Mingus Dances" (première), and "Cakewalk."...¶ Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Moves," "Confetti," "Abyss," and "Trinity."...¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Moves," "Reflections," "Solarwind," and "Mingus Dances."...¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2: "Reflections," "The Still Point," and "Pineapple Poll."...¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Abyss," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Bella Lewitzky—With her dance company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Wonderful World of Horses—More than thirty Royal Lipizzan stallions in demonstrations of the precision equestrian art of *haute école*, plus dressage performances by Arabians, Andalusians, Palominos, saddlebreds, American Albinos, Morgans, and Chevrolets. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Oct. 8, at 7:30; Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Oct. 10, at 1:30 and 6; and Monday, Oct. 11, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Singer Mickey Newbury shares the bill with comedian Sandy Baron. On Wednesday, Oct. 13, Neil Sedaka will take over. On Tuesdays, ringers fill the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. A variety of musicians, mostly of high calibre, come and go. On Wednesday, Oct. 6, singer-pianist Paddi Wicks will be assisted by a bass violist. Thursdays through Sundays, pianist-composer Bobby Timmons leads a trio. Music nightly from nine-thirty to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Guitarist Gene Bertoncini and bassist Herb Buschler play through Saturday, Oct. 9. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and bassist Herbie Lewis sub for the regulars. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A new restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Tuesdays through Saturdays, bassist Earl May leads a quartet that builds long disquisitions on standard tunes. Charlie Williams heads a trio Sundays and Mondays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—An old friend, the acoustical guitar, in the hands of little Anita Sheer, who is acoustical herself, mostly in the Latin languages, for which she and her instrument are eminently qualified. Sammy Price, living in the great years of our boogie-woogie past, takes frequent whacks at the piano. This all goes on from eight to one every night but Sunday, which, seven to midnight, gets Cyril Haynes' piano. Dining.

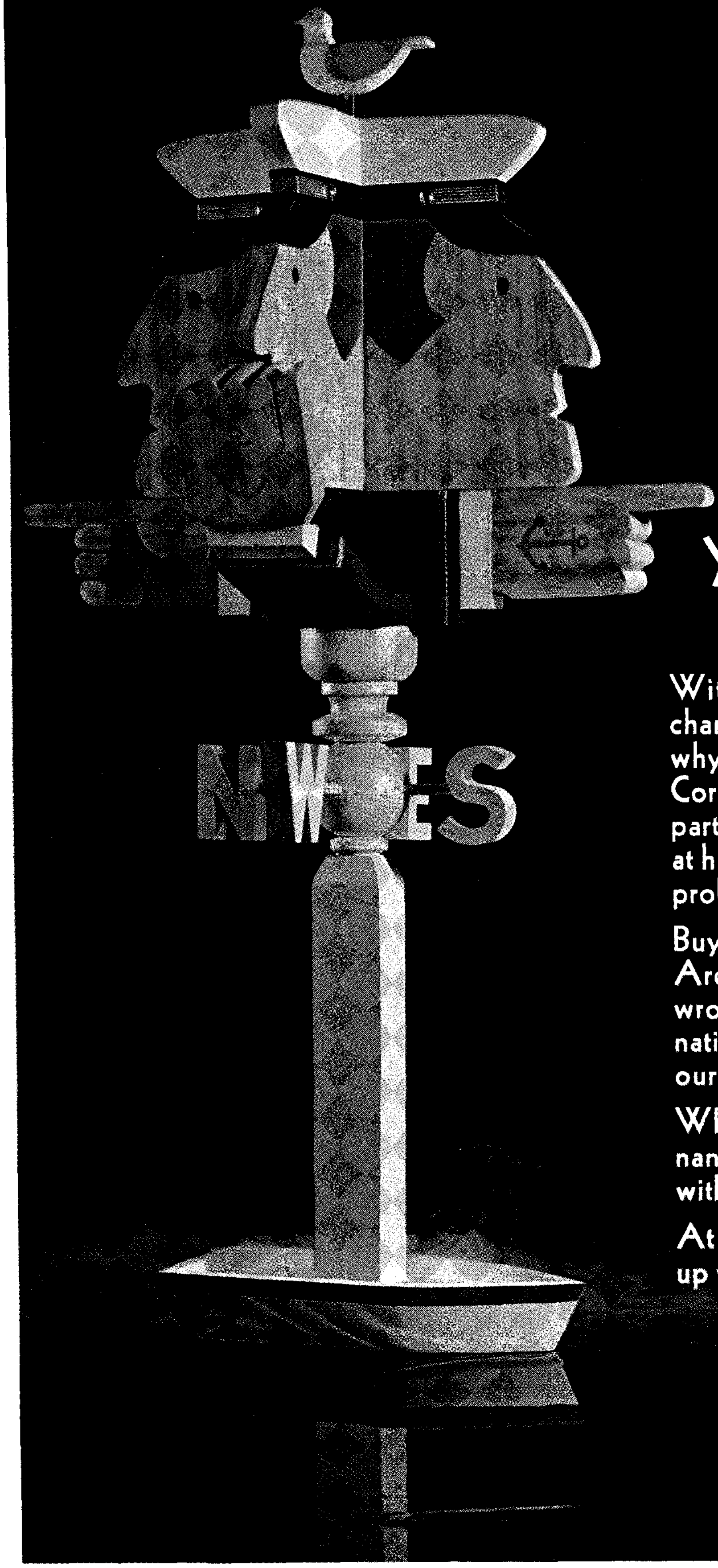
Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Through Monday, Oct. 11, folk singer Jerry Jeff Walker will be onstage. On Wednesday, Oct. 13, singer Johnny Rivers will move in. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers. Coffee, tea, and cider are the beverages.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Through Sunday, Oct. 10, guitarist Harry Leahy will team with bassist Ron Naspo. Beginning Wednesday, Oct. 13, two A No. 1 performers—guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ron Carter—will play a return engagement. Activity from nine-thirty to three or four. A Deep South kitchen.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The James Moody quartet finishes on Sunday, Oct. 10. On Tuesday, Oct. 12, Zoot Sims will bring in his quartet. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 8-9, Eddy Jefferson will sing along. On Monday, Oct. 11, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band will substitute for the regulars. Light Italian dishes are available.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Energetic and smooth—sometimes simultaneously—jazz pianist Eddie Thompson plays solo on Mondays through Thursdays. His aide, Fridays through Sundays, is bassist Dr. Lyn Christie. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Roy Eldridge, Eddie Locke, Bob-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Chuck Folds. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Cool cats fill the house, and small wonder, when some of the sounds are considered. The Eddie Gale quintet performs Fridays through Sundays. Soul-food dinners.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Jazz and soul food, soul food and jazz, are thought to generate pizzazz. Mondays through Wednesdays, the Sunny Henry trio is on the stand. Thursdays through Saturdays, the Roy Haynes trio is on it. Music from nine-thirty until two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A populous gathering place in a lonesome part of town. Freddie Hubbard, in charge of a quintet, is also very much in charge of his trumpet, which he plays skillfully and at great length. On Tuesday, Oct. 12, reed man Pharoah Sanders will turn up with his quintet. Music from nine until three or four. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Bill Evans continues to play a jazz piano that is glittery, thoughtful, and technically adroit. He leads a trio, starting at about nine-thirty, every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In the Village and often in the van. Through Sunday, Oct. 10, pianist Herbie Hancock, who spent some formative years with Miles Davis, guides a sextet. Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 12-14, the Chick Corea quartet will play. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 15-17, Alice Coltrane will move in advanced direction with her band. Mondays are reserved for the dynamic seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over yonder—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from five-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. On Sunday, Oct. 10, trombonist Eddie Hubble will sit in. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: predictable.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide while others sit at tiny tables and watch them. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—East Forty-eighth Street has gone freaky, in several senses, but the show is mainly on the sidewalk. Inside are rattan chairs, striped wallpaper, potted plants, and other things. A French menu and dancing to records from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A little glitter, a little glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only snacks are available. Reservations are required for dining.

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			6	7	8	9
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Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Long ago (on the Paramount lot in 1934, for example), some pharaoh's palace might have borne a resemblance to this ornate restaurant. Three times nightly the Jesters Four come out and play and sing and so forth. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between Floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and the like) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—So Ottilie and Hans are plighting their troth, and all the merry villagers (singing, dancing, oompahing) are getting their big feet into the troth, too. Incomprehensible but fun. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The ceaseless patter of tiny Castilian feet, all of them the lower extremities of La Zambra, a collection of flamenco buffs; the big, bold soprano of Celia Cruz—a really Southern Cruz, since she hails from the Caribbean. This castle keep is in session every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM**, a minute theatre in the round, there occurs (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. No Sundays here, either.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—On Wednesday, Oct. 6, Julius La Rosa, the rumbustious tenor, and Pat Henry, the straight-up-the-middle humorist, will be exported, so that, on the following evening, Dionne Warwicke can begin singing. Lonnie Shorr, arriving the same night, will do the talking. No silent night, under any circumstances. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion, night after night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland known as **LA FORÊT** is in season again, and the babes in the wood (gilded youth, mostly) are floating about to the tunes of the Peter Duchin orchestra (the young maestro himself is at the moment an absentee landlord). Only Tuesdays through Saturdays, however. The **CAFÉ**, though, equally de rigueur, has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM**, there is Robert Goulet, handsome is as handsome does, launching into song at will—well, anyway, at ten Monday through Thursday, at nine and eleven-thirty Friday and Saturday. The rest of the time, the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte are emitting their customary quota of rousing cheers. On Monday, Oct. 11, likewise at ten, who should check in but Frankie Laine, presumably as hearty and gusty as ever. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in **PLAZA 9**, a revue christened "Look Me Up" (because it is built around songs of another era) is in service at seven-thirty and eleven every night but Monday. Young though it is, it's old enough to have its own phone: PL 9-3933. . . . ¶ In the **GREEN TULIP**, which old-timers who date back to 1970 will think of as the Edwardian Room, two musicians, cryptically entitled Sig and Gary, tiptoe through the tulips from dinner through supper, but only for dinner on Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, it's tea for two to the violin of Sandu Marcu, four-thirty to seven-thirty, and cakes and ale to Miguel's guitar, eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Old soldiers, such as Guy Lombardo's Royal Northwest Mounted Police, never die or even fade away. Like Halley's Comet, they return to earth, or at least the Manhattan rooftops, from time to time—limpid and cyclamate as ever. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday.

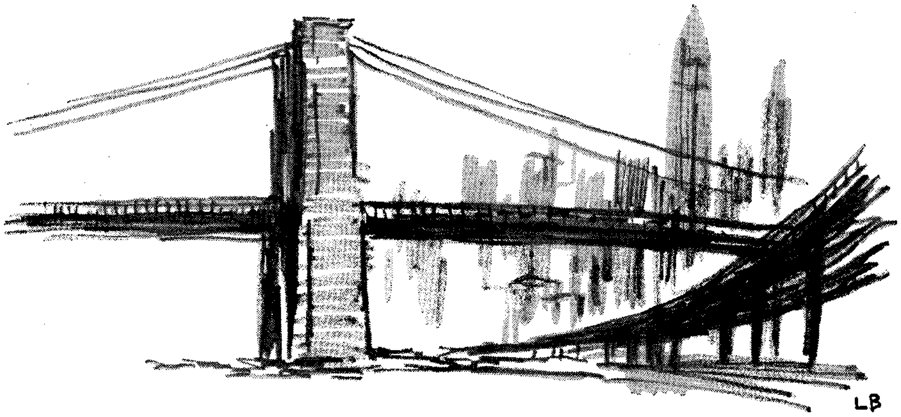
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the **MAISONETTE**, Mel Tormé turns neat phrases, inside out and back again, in the course of his dinner and supper song recitals, and the band run by George Cort provides the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of **LA BOITE**, across the way from the Maisonette. The Gunnar Hansen duo plays for dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Many hands make light the work load and the sound—a fact demonstrated by the four-handed guitar (George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli) that spruces up the already spruce **ST. REGIS ROOM** from nine-thirty on. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The **EMPIRE ROOM** opens on Monday, Oct. 11, to give Shirley Bassey singing and swinging space on this side of the Atlantic. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Worldling without end; i.e., Bobby Short's wiry, wily words and piano. Beverly Peer on bass, Dick Sheridan on timpani—these, as they should be, are his backstops. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave., at 38th St. (683-5860): Undoubtedly for their own amazement, two entrepreneurs, Hassan Berrada (Marrakesh) and Arthur Kettler (Manhattan), have made the old Whaler Bar over into a restaurant and bar-lounge that would look great in absolutely any medina. Couscous, yes, and such, and music in the bar after six. (After nine-thirty, the pianist is Jacques Kayal, who sings French, the second language of Casablanca.) Closed Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a threesome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays. . . . **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Mary McCarty, fun-loving Rover Girl from the time when nobody went home until dawn, shows up (but not until after her stint in "Follies") on the upper level of her duplex to bring her good nature to bear on good songs, many of them from that memorable time. With her, she often brings fun-loving Rover Girls and Boys from her own and neighboring Broadway stages. Billy Roy is her accompanist. She stays home Sundays and Mondays. Dance music, too. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (suppertime, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): A fine tempest in this teapot; that is, Bette Midler, singing a song as well as it possibly can be sung, then hanging, drawing, and quartering it on the flip (in every way) side. Listen! Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman, for Dino Palermo, the genuine article, is the responsible party. On a lower deck, and one that is distinctly not steerage, a dance triad inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Signor Palermo has been known to visit this, too, on his rounds. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a

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violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time beween six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room is one of our most splendid antique shops. Guitarist Jerry Gerard performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. Dining until ten. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Monday. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, a casual pianist (Norman Rollings) from eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life has been changed by the addition of Lynn Richards, who, seated at her piano, has been doing nocturnal ballads of a fairly worldly content for ever so long. The guests' prandial activities are further garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians, who are still Roman. The Romans are a nightly phenomenon; Miss. R. disappears every Sunday. . . . **JOHNNY ANGEL'S,** 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): Gone are the days of Southern comfort in Goldie's New York, but Wayne Sanders, part of the sound in that now-lost colony, is again at the piano, nine until two, in an abode not altogether unlike it. No music Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the Gold Room when it's time for dinner, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

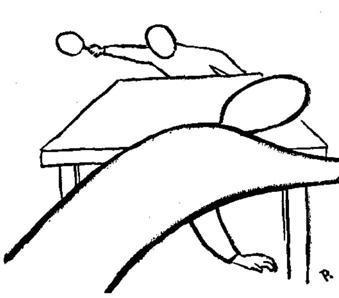
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JEAN ARP (1887-1966)—Marble and bronze sculptures by this celebrated Dadaist; through Oct. 30. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

ED BAYNARD—Drawings in blue pencil on canvas of plant and tree forms; through Oct. 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

LYNDA BENGLIS—Abstract paintings in wax and one polyurethane wall sculpture built in sections; through Oct. 21. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)



VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Wooden boxes and reliefs containing allusive objects; starting Saturday, Oct. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

BRASSAI—Photographs of Parisian café scenes and of artists and writers, mostly of the thirties; through Thursday, Oct. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Humorous animal cutouts done this year, some with mobile parts; plus gouaches. The show is running concurrently with his show of tapestries at the Whitney Museum. Through Nov. 6. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JON CARSMAN—Paintings of Pennsylvania landscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE CERNY—Sculptures of the female figure, most of them in wood and stone, done since 1938; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROLLIN CRAMPTON (1886-1970)—Paintings by a pioneer in American monochromatic canvases; through Oct. 23. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ADOLF DEHN (1895-1968)—Oils, drawings, and watercolors, the earliest dated 1928, by this lyrical landscapist of scenes in America and abroad; through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—Paintings and drawings from the forties and fifties; through Nov. 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Saturdays.)

EMLEN ETTING—Paintings by this landscapist and illustrator; through Oct. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LIONEL GILBERT—Abstract oils of interiors, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Oct. 23. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

GILBERT AND GEORGE—Drawings by these single-named men, whose faces and hands have been bronzed to make them look like statues, and who sing to their audience; through Friday, Oct. 8. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Daily, 1 to 6.)

AARONEL DEROY GRUBER—Clear and colored plastic sculptures that move; through Oct. 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

IAN JOHN HORNAK—Landscapes and portraits by a realist who works from photographs; starting Saturday, Oct. 9. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JESS—Paste-ups with fantastic motifs by a West Coast artist; through Oct. 23. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GUY JOHNSON—Twenty-four two-foot-square paintings of realistic fantasies; through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

JOSHUA JOHNSTON—Portraits by this black artist who worked around the turn of the eighteenth century; through Oct. 30. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

SUSAN KAHN—Paintings and drawings of contemporary life; starting Tuesday, Oct. 12. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

DONG KINGMAN—Recent watercolors of scenes abroad; through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH KOSUTH—Conceptual matter; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONID—Shimmering views of Venice by a lyrical Romanticist; through Oct. 23. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

SOL LEWITT—Three large structures of baked enamel on steel and four drawings done on the walls; through Oct. 21. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN LITTLE—Recent paintings and collages by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through Oct. 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE L. K. MORRIS—Seventy-five paintings, sculptures, and drawings by this intellectually refined American abstractionist; through Oct. 30. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENNETH NOLAND—Recent works by this well-known painter of colored stripes; starting

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Oct. 9. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Overstreet—Compositions of geometrically shaped sections of brightly painted canvas attached to the ceiling and floor at different angles from the wall; through Oct. 31. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

David Pease—Paintings suggesting toys, cutouts, and building blocks; through Oct. 30. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Donald Perlis—Large realistic nudes; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso—A joint benefit exhibition of a hundred and ten oils and works on paper in honor of the artist's ninetieth birthday: from 1901 to 1924 at the Saidenberg (1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.) and from 1924 to the present at the Marlborough (41 E. 57th St.); both through Oct. 30. (Both galleries are closed Mondays.)

Gregorio Prestopino—New bright paintings of vivacious nudes by this veteran social realist; through Oct. 30. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ann Reichner—The first one-man show in New York of this West Coast artist's geometrical paintings with sections of mirrors; starting Tuesday, Oct. 12. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Salvatore Romano—Two big wood and plastic sculptures, each of which consists of an upper section that floats on water in a lower section; through Wednesday, Oct. 13. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Roth and Jesus Raphael Soto—Horizontal and vertical bars of brilliant color by the former and ten Optical kinetic reliefs done between 1964 and 1966 by the latter, a leading Latin-American artist; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Emilio Sanchez—Paintings and drawings of sunlit Caribbean structures. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6. Through Nov. 7.... Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Through Saturday, Oct. 16.... ¶ Also graphics at Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Through Saturday, Oct. 16.)

Martin Schreiber—Paintings and painted sculptures by an artist who favors chromatic arrangements of tones; starting Saturday, Oct. 9. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

John Sloan (1871-1951)—Forty drawings and a group of etchings; through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

William Steig—Drawings; starting Tuesday, Oct. 12. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Frank Stella—Collages by this celebrated "color" painter; through Oct. 23. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Stokes—Abstract compositions in disappearing hues that radiate from a central point of light; through Oct. 23. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert van Eyck—Paintings that suggest figures in macabre landscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Friedrich Vordemberge-Gildewart (1899-1962)—The first show in America by this German follower of the De Stijl movement; through Oct. 30. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

H. C. Westermann—Constructions, drawings, and prints by this inventor of strange images; through Oct. 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Kim Whanki—Nine large monochromatic paintings in a concentric pattern that creates an effect of woven textures; through Oct. 21. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

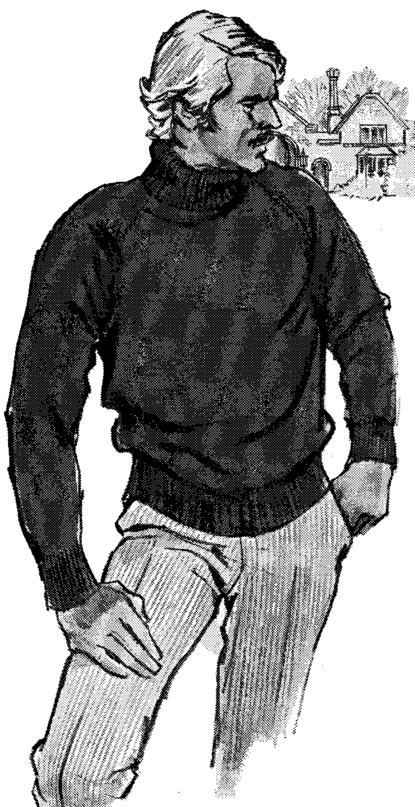
Group Shows—At the **aca,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Three young realist painters, two of landscapes and one of cityscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 9.... **castelli,** 420 West Broadway: Works on film by Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, Richard Serra, and Keith Sonnier; through Saturday, Oct. 9.... **emmerich,** 420 West Broadway: Noland, Frankenthaler, Liberman, Natkin, and other gallery artists; through Oct. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)... **feigen,** 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Braque, Monet, Laurens, Picasso, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century Europeans; through Friday, Oct. 15.... **kennedy,** 20 E. 56th St.: Twentieth-century Americans such as Hopper, Burchfield, Sloan, Demuth, Marin, and Shahn; starting Tuesday, Oct. 12.... **knoedler,** 21 E. 70th St.: Gallery artists, among them Dali, de Kooning, Duchamp, Gorky, Kandinsky, Moore, and fifteen others; through Saturday, Oct. 16.... **krugier,** 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Indian erotic miniature paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth; through Oct. 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **loeb student center,** Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: An exhibit of three young artists—Richard Channin, Ron Lusker, and Arne Magnuson; through Friday, Oct. 15. (Weekdays, 8 a.m. to 11:30 p.m.)... **new school,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: American posters of political protest from 1966 to 1970—two hundred and sixteen by over a hundred artists; starting Tuesday, Oct. 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)... **raydon,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: About seventy landscapes by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, some of them—Thomas Cole, Childe Hassam, Homer Martin—well known; through Nov. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)... **rené,** 6 W. 57th St.: More than a hundred paintings related to the geometric-Constructivist mode, including canvases by Kandinsky, Mondrian, Delaunay, Albers, Arp, and Moholy-Nagy; through Oct. 30.... **staempfli,** 47 E. 77th St.: Oils and mixed mediums by Morris Broderson, Cristóbal Toral, and Mary Bauermeister; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **zabriskie,** 29 W. 57th St.: Twenty Impressionist still-lifes on paper by Turku Trajan, plus paintings and sculptures by gallery artists who include Agostini, Frank, Nadelman, Rose, and Hill; starting Tuesday, Oct. 12. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Dec. 7.... ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth; through Jan. 30.... ¶ A special collection of thirty-five paintings by artists ranging from a pupil of van Eyck to Hopper, showing the use of light for expressive purposes; through Nov. 10. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 11, from 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred and seventy-five paintings, sculptures, drawings, and assemblages, from Cézanne to Pop, arranged as a capsule history of modern art; through Nov. 1.... ¶ A fifteen-by-thirty-foot shaped canvas by Jasper Johns, in paint, collage, and encaustic, based on Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion Airocean World Projection; starting Monday, Oct. 11.... ¶ Thirteen posters by A. M. Cassandre, leading twentieth-century poster designer; through Oct. 31. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **note:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., will be open, free, Friday through Sunday, Oct. 8-10, from 6 to 11.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and thirty-one works, of which a hundred and sixteen are oil paintings and fifteen are drawings and watercolors, constitute the most comprehensive exhibition ever held in New York of Piet Mondrian (1872-1944). It begins with the artist's earliest, naturalistic works of 1889-92 and covers the evolution of his style until his death. Starts Friday, Oct. 8.... ¶ Paintings and sculptures by ten artists averaging twenty-five years of age, unfamiliar in New York, who are recipients of awards from a foundation; through Nov. 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays,



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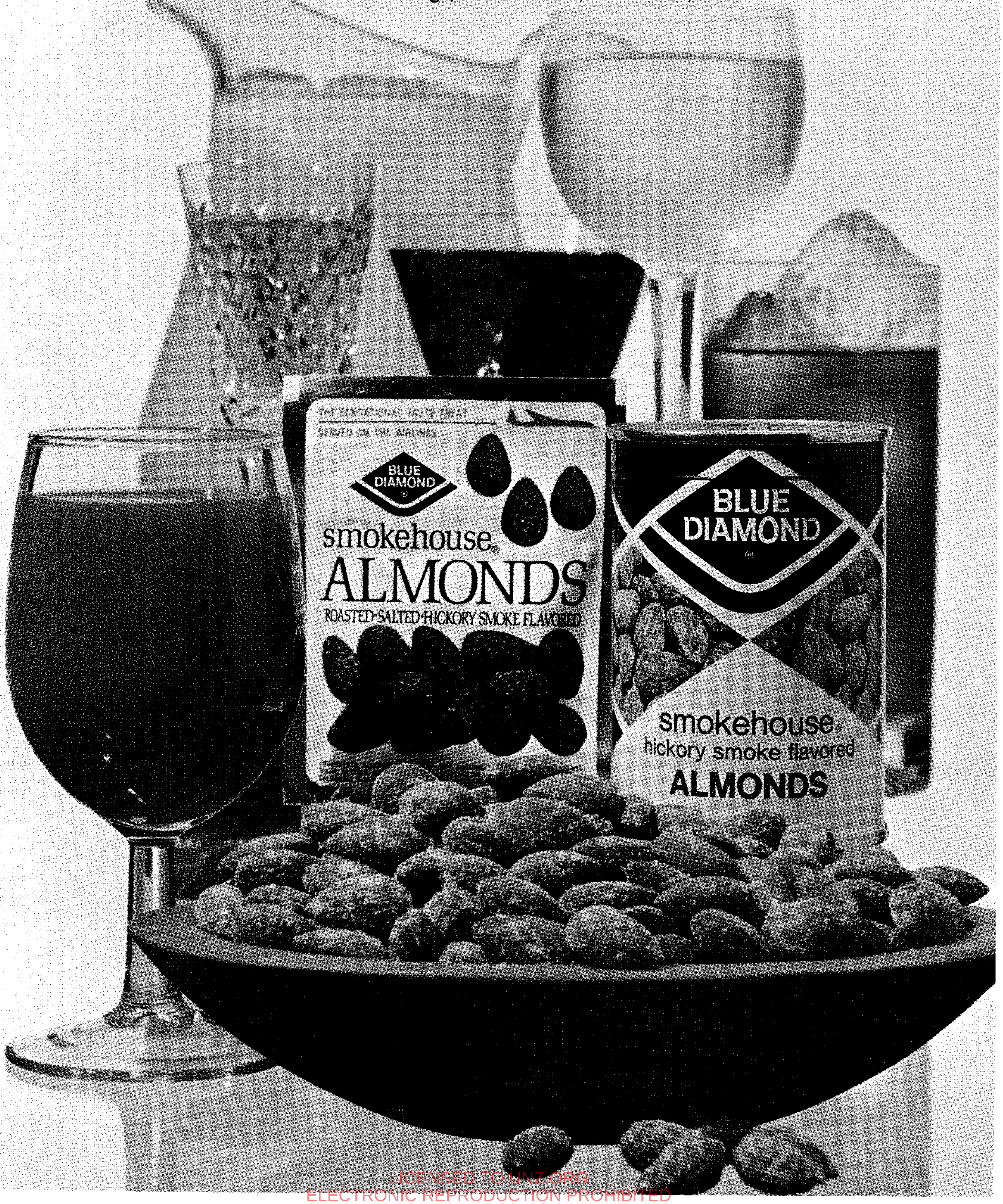
The uproar started as soon as the airlines began serving these crisp, crunchy nuts with cocktails. When passengers got back from Boston and Bangkok and Birmingham, they began firing off letters to us: "Your Smokehouse® Almonds are fantastic — almost habit-forming. But where can you buy the darn things?" Fortunately, we've got the situation squared away now. More and more stores are stocking these special nuts from California. So sample a tin or foil pack of Smokehouse® soon. Note: Besides our high-flying Smokehouse® flavor, there are four other Blue Diamond almond flavors — French Fried, Garlic Onion, Barbecue, and Cheese. If you can't find your favorite flavor in nearby stores, please write:

California Almond Growers Exchange, P.O. Box 1768, Sacramento, California 95808.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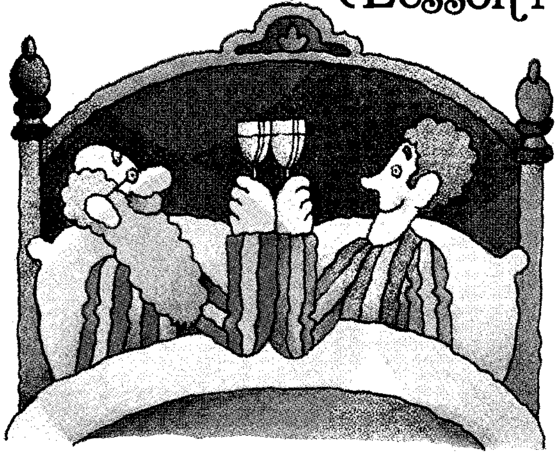
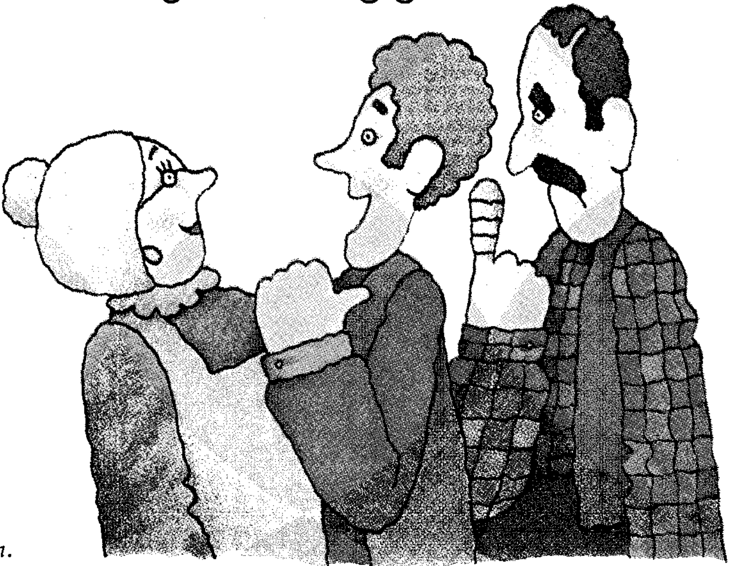
The Julius Kayser Guide to German Wines

(Lesson No. 38: Foods and Feasts)



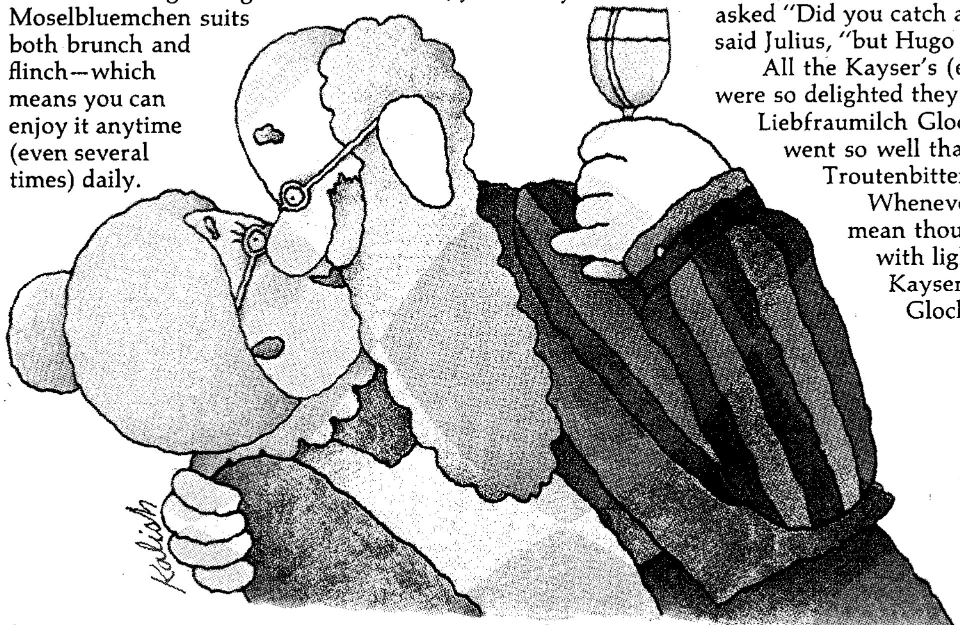


Brunch and Moselbluemchen

(mo-zel-bloom′-shen). The Kaysers never got to know about brunch. Mrs. Kayser always sets out the big meal before noon. The nearest thing they have to brunch is *flinch*.

Every morning while Julius and his father sleep, Mrs. Kayser is baking (after cleaning the house). About 4, she yells "Papa—Julius—you must be up getting!" Papa and Julius *flinch*—and enjoy a bottle of Moselbluemchen each (at bedroom temperature).

With its light fragrance of blossoms, Julius Kayser Moselbluemchen suits both brunch and flinch—which means you can enjoy it anytime (even several times) daily.



Fish and Liebfraumilch Glockenspiel

(leeb′-frow-milsh-glok′-n-speel). A feature of the Kayser family festival *Troutenbitten* (named after Julius Kayser's unpleasant uncle Hugo). One day the two went fishing and a fish bit Hugo's finger. That evening Mrs. Kayser asked "Did you catch a fish?" "No, mama," said Julius, "but Hugo got a bite."

All the Kayser's (except Hugo) were so delighted they opened some new Liebfraumilch Glockenspiel. And *that* went so well that now they celebrate Troutenbitten every year.

Whenever you have fish or mean thoughts, add to the zest with light, bright Julius Kayser Liebfraumlich Glockenspiel.

KAYSER
1969
Moselbluemchen

Barbecues and Zeller Schwarze Katz

(tsel′-ler-swartse-kats). This unusual wine-food pairing started one day at breakfast. Mrs. Kayser had burned the toast again and (she could never admit being wrong) was urging papa to eat it. "This toast is black!" roared Mr. Kayser.

Julius, deep in the Traben Trarbach *Gazette*, heard "black" and absently passed his father a bottle of *black-cat-in-the-cellar* or Zeller Schwarze Katz. Papa drank it, gave Mrs. Kayser a smooch (usually they kissed only at Easter) and left to play pinochle. You'll find light, fruity Julius Kayser Zeller Schwarze Katz refreshing with any backyard barbecue and most burned food.

Meet Julius Kayser Wines Germany's bright lights

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10 to 6; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 11, from noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A selection of a hundred and fifty-six paintings, drawings, and etchings covering the entire career of Edward Hopper (1882-1967), from the collection bequeathed to the Museum by the artist's widow; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Twenty tapestries executed in the past two years from designs by Alexander Calder; through Nov. 4. A complement to this showing is his exhibit at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . ¶ Abstract compositions with an aura of landscape by Charles Schucker; through Oct. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings and sculptures by eight contemporaries; through Nov. 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Monday, Oct. 11, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The million-dollar Hall of Peoples of the Pacific offers hundreds of artifacts and specimens (from the simple boomerang of the aborigines to the refined theatrical paraphernalia of the Indonesians) dating from the fourteenth century through the Second World War. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 11, from 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A hundred and eighteen works of ancient Indonesian art from the Central Javanese period (eighth century to mid-tenth) and Eastern Javanese period (mid-thirteenth century to fifteenth), including stone carvings and bronzes, as well as pieces in gold and silver, starting Thursday, Oct. 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—More than sixty master works of the Japanese decorative school, which dates from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; they include screens, scrolls, wooden panels, fabrics, woodblock books, and other objects. Through Nov. 14. (Mondays, except Oct. 11, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 11, from 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.—A construction in transparent fibre glass, aluminum, and stainless steel by Audrey Hemenway Garfinkel, representing a "Sukkah" associated with the Hebrew Feast of Tabernacles; through Oct. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Photogravures, most of them portraits, of the North American Indian done by Edward S. Curtis in the early twentieth century, along with supplementary material by other observers that dates back to 1524; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Manuscripts of the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Six large watercolors and drawings by John James Audubon, dated between 1841 and 1843, of an Eastern woodchuck, a striped skunk, and other New York animals; through Nov. 6. (Weekdays, except Monday, Oct. 11, from 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Seventy-five examples of pre-Columbian Mexican art from 1200 B.C. to 1500 A.D. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—The exhibit of post-Revolutionary Soviet art organized by the British Arts Council and displayed earlier this year in London. It focusses on Constructivism, the dominant avant-garde movement in Russia in the early twenties, and includes a small sampling of paintings and sculptures. The emphasis is on more than three hundred architectural models, reconstructions of theatrical design, furnishings, artifacts, films, photographs, and posters. Through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Over three hundred examples of comics, tracing the history of this genre from its beginnings in Europe through its emergence in America in the late nineteenth century to contemporary underground comics; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Paintings of still-lifes, landscapes, florals, battle scenes, clowns, and horses by Gian Rodolfo D'Accardi, a Milanese artist born in 1906; through Nov. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The H. L. Mencken papers: typescripts of reviews and editorials and a ream of letters to and from this American writer and editor; through Dec. 1. (Mondays, except Oct. 11, through Fridays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. at 125th St.—Sculptures and prints by Elizabeth Catlett, a veteran artist who draws on African, American, and Mexican cultural traditions; through Jan. 9. (Mondays, except Oct. 11, and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 6: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Reri Grist, Franco Bonisolli, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 7: "Fidelio," with Ingrid Bjoner, Judith Blegen, James McCracken, William Dooley, Giorgio Tozzi, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 8: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 9: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Irene Dalis, Nedda Casei, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 9: "Rigoletto," with Renata Scotto, Batyah Godfrey, George Shirley, Cornell MacNeil, James Morris, and Edmond Karlsrud. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 11: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 12: "Fidelio," with Ingrid Bjoner, Judith Blegen, James McCracken, William Dooley, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Leo Goeke. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 13: "Der Freischütz," with Pilar Lorengar, Edith Mathis, Sándor Kónya, Gerd Feldhoff, John Macurdy, and Michael Ebert. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 14: "Faust," with Renata Scotto, Frederica von Stade, Placido Domingo, Mario Sereni, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 15: "Luisa Miller," with Adriana Maliponte, Mignon Dunn, Richard Tucker, Sherrill Milnes, Ruggero Raimondi, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 16: "Fidelio," with Ingrid Bjoner, Edith Mathis, James McCracken, William Dooley, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Leo Goeke. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 16: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Bumbry, Judith Forst, Barry Morell, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Raina Kabaivanska, Ludovic Spiess, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Gibbs, and Andrea Velis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Maralin Niska, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and David Rae Smith. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 7, at 7:15: A new production of Bizet's "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Joanna Bruno, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 8, at 8:15: "Albert Herring," with Judith Anthony, Eunice Albert, Gary Glaze, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2:15: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Joanna Bruno, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:15: "The Makropoulos Affair," with Maralin Niska, Syble Young, Harry Theyard, and Ryan Edwards. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 10, at 1:15: "Tosca," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Carlos Montane, Richard Fredricks, and David Rae Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 10, at 7:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Bianca Sauler, Johanna Meier, Michael Devlin, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Bernabé Martí. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Joanna Bru-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

no, James McCray, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Bianca Sauler, Pauline Domanski, Spiro Malas, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Joanna Bruno, Harry Theyard, and Robert Hale. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Michael Gielen conducting—Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 8, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 11, at 7:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 15, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 18, at 7:30 (all with Reri Grist, soprano, and Ken Remo, tenor).

Madrid RTV Symphony Orchestra—Enrique García Asensio conducting, with Pilar Lorengar, soprano, and Narciso Yepes, guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Symphony of the New World—Benjamin Steinberg conducting, with Wilma Shakesnider, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 10, at 3.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 17, at 2:30.)

Chamber Orchestra of the Saar—Antonio Janigro conducting and acting as cello soloist. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Clarion Orchestra and Chorus—Newell Jenkins directing a performance of Cherubini's "Missa Solemnis in D Minor," with Patricia Wells and Lou Ann Lee, sopranos; Maureen Forrester, contralto; George Shirley and Richard Shadley, tenors; and Justino Díaz, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

Empire Sinfonietta—Oscar Shumsky conducting an all-Haydn program and acting as violin soloist, with Warren Lash, cello; Stephen Taylor, oboe; and Richard Henzler, bassoon. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Anton Coppola conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Kyu Do Park, soprano; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; Leo Goeke and Sidney Johnson, tenors; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 17, at 7:30.)

Concentus Musicus of Vienna—Nikolaus Harnoncourt conducting his baroque chamber orchestra in an all-Bach program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Robert Craft directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Oct. 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call 838-3773.)

Bulgarian Children's Chorus—Hristo Nedyalkov directing. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Ronald Anderson—Trumpet, with a chamber-orchestra conducted by Jacques Monod. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Susan Starr—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

Velma Richter—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 8, at 7:30.)

Gary Graffman—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Elaine Shaffer and Sol Schoenbach—Flute and bassoon, with Hephzibah Menuhin, piano, and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

Michael May—Harpsichord and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

Ruth Laredo—The first of two concerts presenting the Scriabin cycle of piano sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Oct. 10, at 2:15.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

Jerome Rose—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

Grete Sultan—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

Alan Mandel—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Hot Tuna and Mississippi Fred McDowell—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 6-7, at 8 and 11.

Lee Michaels—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8.

Jazz Contemporaries—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, Oct. 8, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.)

Tony Bennett—With Robert Farnon and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8 and at midnight.)

Nina Simone—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 10, at 8.

Frank Zappa and The Mothers of Invention—Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 11, at 7:30 and 11.

Santana, Booker T, and Priscilla—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Oct. 14, at 10 P.M., and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, at 6:30 and 10.

Maynard Ferguson's Orchestra—Jazz Center. Friday, Oct. 15, at noon. . . . ¶ Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 15, at 7:30.

Taj Mahal and Jackson Browne—Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Oct. 7, at 6: Detroit vs. Atlanta and Knicks vs. Los Angeles (exhibition games). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8: Knicks vs. Los Angeles.

Dog Show—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 9.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 9: Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Ithaca, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 16: Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2.

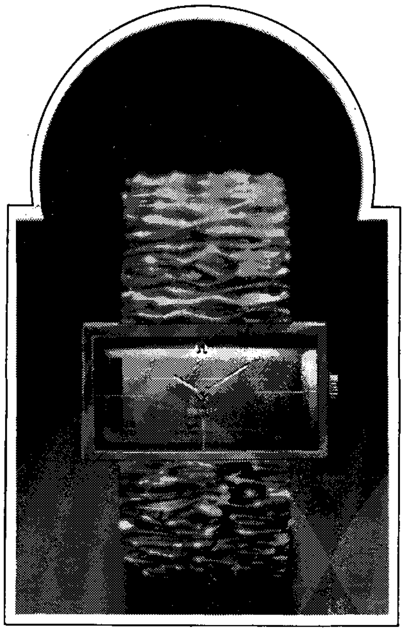
Golf—Metropolitan Professional Golfers' Association Championship. (Sunningdale Country Club, Scarsdale. Through Thursday, Oct. 7.)

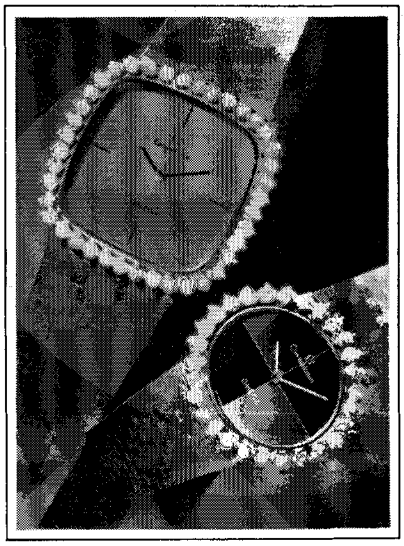
Hockey—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 7:35.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 6, and Saturday, Oct. 9.). . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Wellsville, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 16.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 16. The Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 6; the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 9; the Frizette, Monday, Oct. 11; and the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 16. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.). . . NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE DAYS AT BELMONT: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 14-15,


The bracelet's irregular gold waves lap against the heavy sapphire crystal. 18 K gold. Ref. BC 711'1688.


40 diamonds crowning a grey-gold case. Polished gold dial, smoky quartz crystal with chequered grey-gold bracelet. Ref. BC 811'958.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 1:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 15. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 18. The Matchmaker, Monday, Oct. 11. (Buses to the track leave the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.) . . . LAUREL, MD.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 14. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; from Friday, Oct. 15, through Wednesday, Dec. 15.

Yachting—A schooner race, sponsored by the South Street Seaport Museum, starting from a point near the Statue of Liberty and racing beyond the Verazzano Bridge and back, for the Mayor's Cup. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 16. A spectator boat will sail from the Battery at 9; for information about tickets, call 349-4310.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Anthony Hecht reading some new poems and Anne Sexton reading from "Live or Die" and from her newest book of poetry, "Transformations." (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Clayton Eshleman and Sandra Hochman reading from their own works. (South Lobby, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the readings.)

New York Film Festival—The final programs in a series of international films at the Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (362-7616)—Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 8:30: "Directed by John Ford" (United States). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 7, at 7:30: "Fata Morgana" (West Germany). . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 8, at 7:30: "Four Nights of a Dreamer" (France). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 6:30: "Recruits in Ingolstadt" (West Germany). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 9:30: "Born to Win" (United States). . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 10, at 6: "The Sorrow and the Shame" (France). . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 11, at 7:30: "Punishment Park" (Great Britain). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 7:30: "In the Name of the Father" (Italy). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 7:30: "W.R. Mysteries of the Organism" (Yugoslavia). . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 14, at 6: "Bonaparte and the Revolution" (France). . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 7:30: "A Safe Place" (United States). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 9:30: "Le Souffle au Coeur" (France). . . . NOTE: A series of discussions will follow some of the film showings. Thursday, Oct. 7, "The Film Business," with Don Rugoff, Cliff Frazier, Chris Dewey, Paul Bartel, and David Picker, and with Leonard Harris as moderator. Friday, Oct. 8, "Screenwriters and Novelists," with James Dickey, Terry Southern, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., David Newman, and others. Monday, Oct. 11, "The Political Power of Film," with Marcel Ophuls, Peter Watkins, and others. Wednesday, Oct. 13, "Socialism and Capitalism: A Filmmaker's Point of View," with Dusan Makavejev, Ivan Passer, and Miloš Forman, and with Antonin Liehm as moderator.

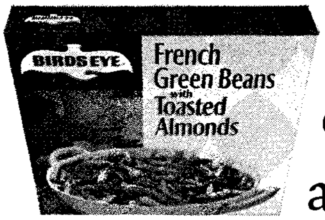
New York Antiques Fair—Among this year's exhibits will be a display of original patent models, dating from 1790 to 1890. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Monday through Saturday, Oct. 11-16, from noon to 9:30, and Sunday, Oct. 17, from noon to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 6, at 2: *Objets de vertu*, belonging to the Hartman Galleries. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 7, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese and Japanese snuff bottles and jades and other Oriental works of art, from the Hartman Galleries. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 7, at 2: Old-master paintings, from several owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 10:15 and 2: Porcelain and decorations, from the Hartman Galleries. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2: Furniture, rugs, and tapestries; the property of the Hartman Galleries. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 14, at 2: Chinese Export, English, and Continental porcelain; from the estate of Martha Baird Rockefeller. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 9.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "In Which We Serve" (1942), directed by Noël Coward and David Lean, with Mr. Coward. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 2: "Dead of Night" (1946), a multi-episode film, directed by Charles Crichton, Basil Dearden, and Robert Hamer. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 5:30: "The Fallen Idol" (1948), directed by Carol Reed, with Bobby Henrey and Ralph Richardson. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 8: "Hamlet" (1913), directed by Cecil M. Hepworth. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 2 and 5:30: "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp" (1945), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Ronald Culver and Deborah Kerr. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 11:30: "Storm Over Asia" (1928), a Russian film, directed by V. I. Pudovkin; no English titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 3 and 5:30: "The Overlanders" (1946), an Australian semi-documentary film, directed by Harry Watt, with Chips Rafferty. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "90° South" (1933), a film by Herbert George Ponting re-creating Scott's 1910-13 expedition to Antarctica. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 1: "Tight Little Island" (1949), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Basil Radford and Joan Greenwood. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6 and Oct. 12 at 2: "Rasputin" (1928), a Russian film, directed by Martin Berger. . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 5:30: "Vixen" (1969) and "Cherry & Harry & Raquel" (1970), both directed by Russ Meyer. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Odd Man Out" (1947), directed by Carol Reed, with James Mason and Robert Newton. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 2: "Stairway to Heaven" (1946), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with David Niven. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 5:30: "Brief Encounter" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 8: "Stairway to Heaven" (1946). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Russian silent films: Through Oct. 8: "Fragment of an Empire" (1929), directed by Friedrich Ermler. . . . ¶ Oct. 9-10: "Bed and Sofa" (1927), directed by Abram Room. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 13: "Strike" (1924), directed by Sergei Eisenstein. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. . . . ¶ At the WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

The Great Outdoors—The Fall Flower Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York in Bryant Park, Thursday through Tuesday, Oct. 7-12, from 10 to 6. . . . ¶ "Upper Fifth Avenue," a conducted walking tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will get into stride on Sunday, Oct. 10. Meets at 1046 Fifth Ave., at 86th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.

How to cook for a man



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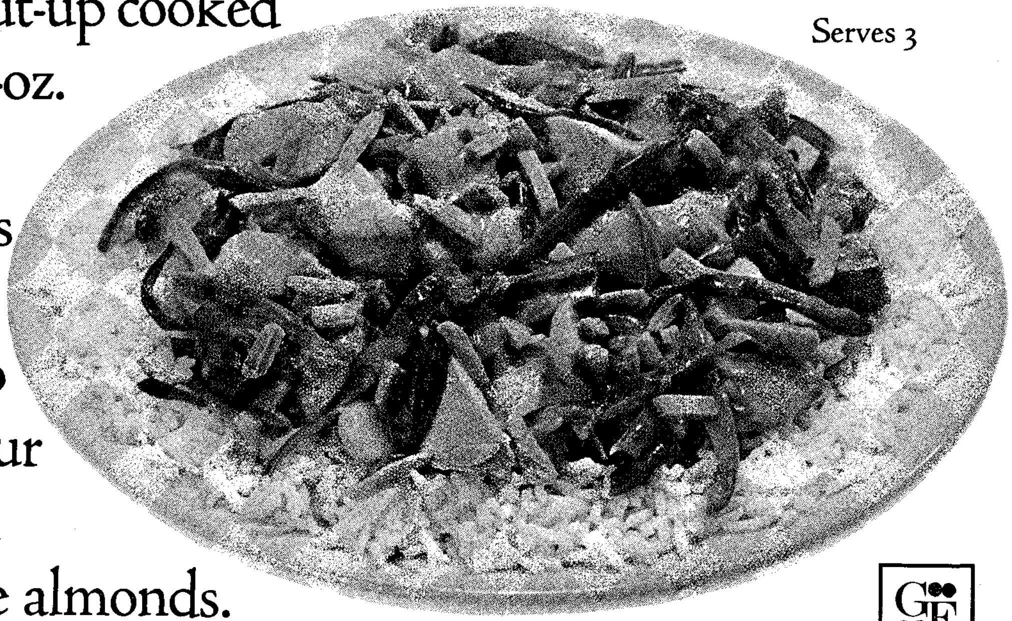
Cream of
Celery
SOUP

Gobbler's Delight. Cook 1 package of Birds Eye French Green Beans with Toasted Almonds. (It's one of 18 Birds Eye Prepared Vegetables. Perfect by itself. Just as perfect like this.) Mix in a 10-oz. can of condensed cream of celery soup and ¼ cup of water. Add 1½ cups cut-up cooked turkey and a 5-oz. can of water chestnuts drained and sliced. Bring to a boil. And pour over rice. Then sprinkle on the almonds.

Serves 3



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Conformist."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 6: "Broadway Melody" and "Broadway Melody of 1940."
Oct. 7-9: "It's Always Fair Weather" and "Les Girls."
Oct. 10-13: "Born to Dance" and "The Pirate."
From Oct. 14: "Singin' in the Rain" and "The Hollywood Revue."

Orpheum Repertory Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
Oct. 6: "Macbeth."
Oct. 7: "The Stranger."
Oct. 8: "The Third Man."
Oct. 9: "Touch of Evil."
Oct. 10: "The Lady from Shanghai."
Oct. 11: "Mr. Arkadin."
Oct. 12: "Journey Into Fear" and "The Immortal Story."
From Oct. 13: Theatre closed.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Klute" and "Something for Everyone."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 12: "The Anderson Tapes."
From Oct. 13: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Cry Uncle."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Devils."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Oct. 6: "The Big Store" and "A Day at the Races."
Oct. 7-10: "A Night at the Opera" and "At the Circus."
Oct. 11-13: "The Big Store" and "A Day at the Races."
From Oct. 14: To be announced.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"A Young Couple."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Trojan Women."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Anonymous Venetian."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sacco and Vanzetti."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Last Movie."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Klute."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"On Any Sunday."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Long Ago Tomorrow."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Steagle."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Freaks."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Peace Killers."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Oct. 7: "Cometogether."
From Oct. 8: "The Red Tent."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 7: "The Conformist."
From Oct. 8: "Friends."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 12: "The Stewardesses."
From Oct. 13: To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Oct. 6: "See No Evil."
From Oct. 7: "The French Connection."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Skin Game."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 12: "Death in Venice."
From Oct. 13: "Night of Dark Shadows."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Oct. 13: "The Anderson Tapes" and "The Deadly Affair."
From Oct. 14: "School Play."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 12: "Death in Venice."
From Oct. 13: "The Touch" and another feature, to be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 12: "Summer of '42."
From Oct. 13: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 12: "The Projectionist."
From Oct. 13: "The Clowns."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Oct. 7: "Weekend" and "Contempt."
Oct. 8-10: "The Wild Child" and "The Bride Wore Black."
Oct. 11-12: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" and "My Uncle."
Oct. 13-14: "Lola Montès" and "Cartouche."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Oct. 12: "Black Jesus."
From Oct. 13: "Shoot Out" and "Winning."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
"Freaks" and "Night of the Living Dead."
(No performances on Sunday, Oct. 10.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"$1,000,000 Duck" and "The Boatniks."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Kotch."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Desperate Characters."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Glen and Randa."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Devils."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Début."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Telephone Book."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Oct. 6: "The Bear and the Doll."
From Oct. 7: "It Only Happens to Others."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 7: "Wife Versus Secretary" and "Libeled Lady."
Oct. 8-12: "China Seas" and "Reckless."
From Oct. 13: To be announced.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 12: "The Crook."
From Oct. 13: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 7: "The Panic in Needle Park" and "Little Murders."
From Oct. 8: "Walkabout" and "Escape from the Planet of the Apes."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 12: "The Anderson Tapes" and "Rider on the Rain."
From Oct. 13: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" and "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Millhouse: A White Comedy."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 12: "Women in Love" and "The Fox."
From Oct. 13: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" and "The Great Bank Robbery."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 6: "Camille" and "Anna Karenina."
Oct. 7-12: "A Day at the Races" and "A Night at the Opera."
From Oct. 13: "Grand Hotel" and "Dinner at Eight."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Oct. 7: "East of Eden" and "The African Queen."
Oct. 8-11: "Jailhouse Rock" and "I Want to Live!"
Oct. 12-14: "Splendor in the Grass" and "Shock Corridor."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn, as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. (Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of the director, John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt.) (Olympia; through Oct. 7.)

The Anderson Tapes—An energetic but coarsely made comic melodrama about an attempt to rob all the tenants of a New York apartment house. Sean Connery is the gang leader; most of the rest of the cast plays in a broad style. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Gramercy and Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; through Oct. 13.)

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Thalia; Oct. 6.)

The Anonymous Venetian—And let everyone connected with the film be anonymous, too. (Plaza.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Sutton; Oct. 7-10.)

The Bear and the Doll—With Brigitte Bardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel, directed by Michel Deville. Dim stuff, though you wouldn't think Cassel as a cellist could fail. In French. (Paris; Oct. 6.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite took over the movie, which is on the dismal side. (Sutton; Oct. 6 and Oct. 11-13.)

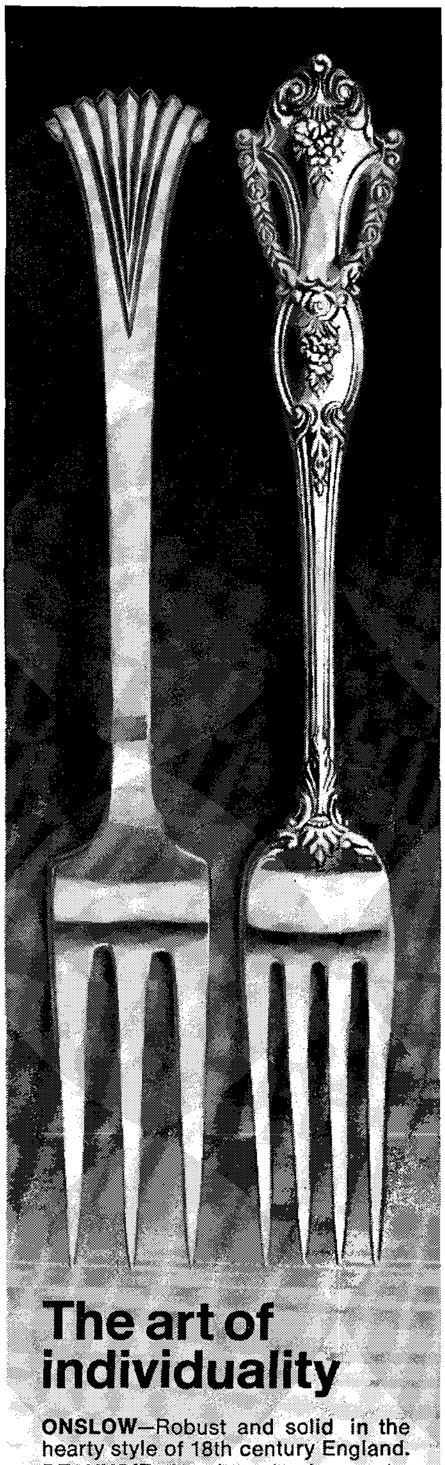
Black Jesus—Woody Strode, in a fictionalized version of the kidnapping, torture, and murder of Patrice Lamumba. Strode is a lucid, unpretentious actor, but the religious analogy (the redemption of a thief, and so on), which is intended to give the story deeper meaning, inflates it and makes it trite. Directed by Valerio Zurlini. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Oct. 12.)

The Boatniks (1970)—From Disney: Robert Morse, Stefanie Powers, and Phil Silvers in a comedy about the Coast Guard and a trio of crooks. (Guild.)

Born to Dance (1936)—Eleanor Powell, the chief woman tapper of the thirties, had little natural grace and a rather horsy manner—all wholesome high spirits—but she was certainly proficient. She danced the way José Iturbi played the piano; that is to say, people who didn't ordinarily care for dancing were her greatest fans. In the finale to this musical she tapped on a battleship; the number is called "Swinging the Jinx Away." Fortunately, Buddy Ebsen is around, and also James Stewart and Frances Langford. Roy Del Ruth directed; there are eight Cole Porter songs, including the great "I've Got You Under My Skin." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 10-13.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 8-10.)

Broadway Melody (1929)—When talkies were new, this was the musical that everyone went to see. It's the one with "The Wedding



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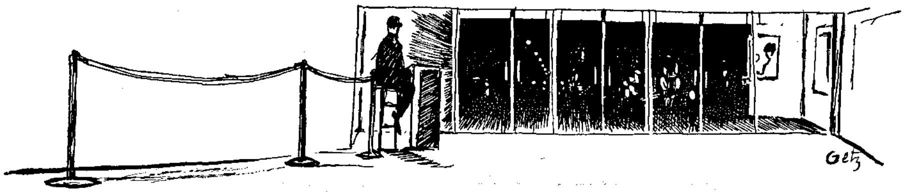
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



of the Painted Doll" and "Broadway Melody," of course, and "You Were Meant for Me." It's the one with Anita Page and Bessie Love as the sisters from tank-town vaudeville whose hearts are broken in the big city. (Bessie Love can be seen, looking much the same, as the telephone-answering-service operator in "Sunday Bloody Sunday"). With Charles King, Jed Prouty, and Mary Doran. Harry Beaumont directed. (It was originally in Technicolor.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 6.)

Broadway Melody of 1940 (1940)—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Norman Taurog directed. A half-dozen good Cole Porter songs, including "I Concentrate on You" and "Begin the Beguine." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 6.)

Camille (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Thalia; Oct. 6.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

Cartouche (1963)—Philippe de Broca's spoof of cape-and-sword romance almost makes up in high spirits and occasional beauty what it lacks in wit and apparent purpose. Jean-Paul Belmondo is admirable as the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 13-14.)

China Seas (1935)—Classy-lady Rosalind Russell, and Jean Harlow as tough, hard-drinking "China Doll," compete for the affections of ship's officer Clark Gable. Russell can't compete, of course, 'cause that common girl is *funny*. Sleazy but likable M-G-M melodrama based on the formula that had proved a big hit in 1932 in "Red Dust." Tay Garnett directed. (Paramount; Oct. 8-12.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Oct. 13.)

Cometogether—A photographer's idea of a beautiful romance: a fellow (Tony Anthony, a stick), two girls who look alike, and scenery, scenery, scenery. Directed by Saul Swimmer. (Juliet 2; through Oct. 7.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Art. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Oct. 7.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, sometimes maddening film about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey." With Brigitte Bardot, Michel Piccoli, and Jack Palance. In French. (Elgin; through Oct. 7.)

The Crook—The hero of Claude Lelouch's new film, a thriller, is played by Jean-Louis Trintignant and called Simon the Swiss because he is invincibly methodical. Once a lawyer, he has turned criminal. The plot, romantically sadistic, is about the kidnapping of a child whose rabbit-faced parents are tricked into leaving him alone while they pick up a prize in a Simca-promoted television show. Skillful, well acted, impossible to leave, topped with a cruel piece of nursery morality at the end. (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 12.)

Cry Uncle—With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. Sex satire. Cry off. (Kips Bay.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped"). He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Sutton; Oct. 6 and Oct. 11-13. . . . ¶ Thalia; Oct. 7-12.)

The Deadly Affair (1967)—A stylish thriller, directed by Sidney Lumet and boasting a cast that includes James Mason, Simone Signoret, Maximilian Schell, Kenneth Haigh, and Lynn Redgrave. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Oct. 13.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (86th St. East and Waverly; through Oct. 12.)

The Début—Directed by Gleb Panfilov. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

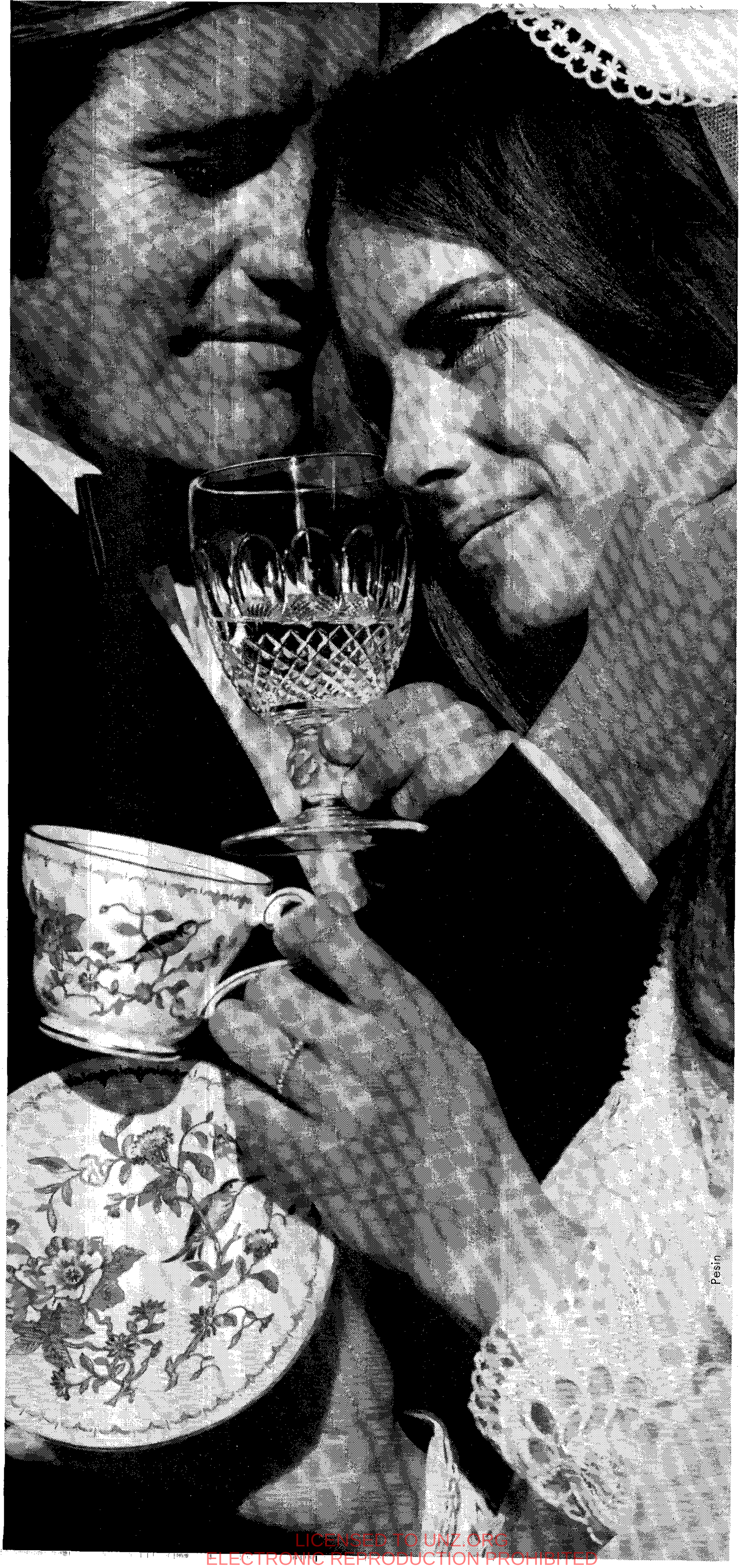
Desperate Characters—One of the best American films for months, gifted with insight and speed. The story is bang-on about a certain kind of New York middle-class self-hatred and wit. Its core is a hungry, sophisticated married dialogue between Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars. Written and directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (Festival.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (34th St. East and Little Carnegie.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tiny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a fabulous cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. (Thalia; starting Oct. 13.)

East of Eden (1955)—The famous, fevered Kazan movie of the Cain and Abel story, from Steinbeck, laid in California, with the haunting presences of James Dean and Julie Harris. (Olympia; through Oct. 7.)

Escape from the Planet of the Apes—Through a bend in time, the intellectual chimpanzee couple we have come to know and love arrive on earth right now, the previous film in the series having flung us into the fourth millennium. Roddy McDowall and Kim Hunter play the chimpanzees, who are immensely intelligent, English-speaking, fond, and seduced by



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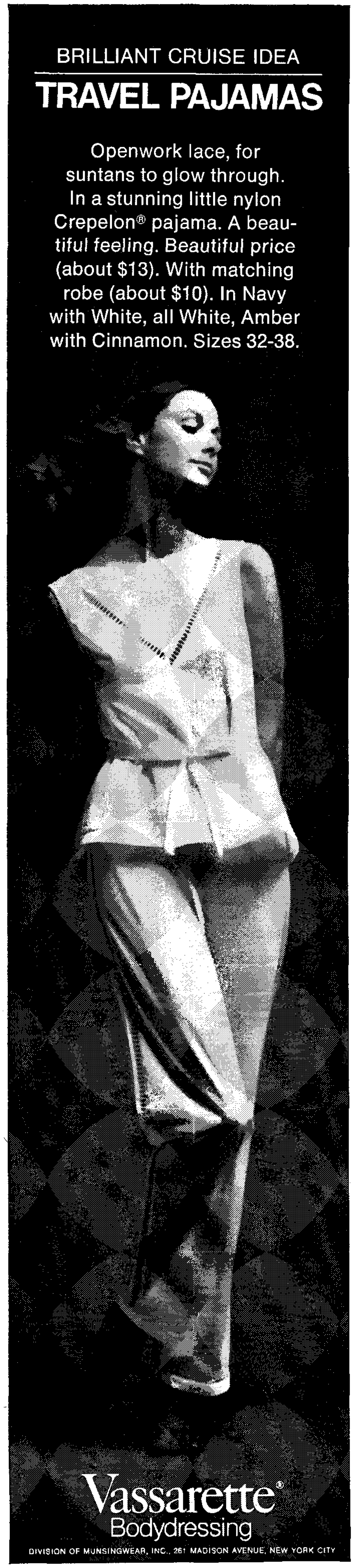
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lousy spangled clothes, as the greatest left-wing minds often are. They land by spaceship near Los Angeles and, after a stint in the zoo, eventually stay at the Beverly Wilshire. The thoughtful wife chimp, a psychiatrist, is pregnant, and rather upsetting things happen in the end. Good script—funny, and seriously applied—by Paul Dehn. (Regency; starting Oct. 8.)

The Fox (1968)—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a marauding fox (Keir Dullea, with his voice lowered). If you haven't read the D. H. Lawrence novella, you might think that this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Symphony; through Oct. 12.)

Freaks (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naïve, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (72nd St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Bijou Cinema. No performances on Sunday, Oct. 10.)

The French Connection—With Gene Hackman, directed by William Friedkin. (Orpheum; starting Oct. 7.)

Friends—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-age couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Oct. 8.)

Les Girls (1957)—George Cukor directed this overproduced musical. Nobody connected with it was really at his best—not Gene Kelly, who was the star, nor Kay Kendall (though she does a good drunk "La Habanera"), nor the scenarist, John Patrick, and certainly not the choreographer, Jack Cole. He hit rock bottom. Even the Cole Porter score is weak. The cast includes Henry Daniell, Taina Elg, and that bane of movie musicals—the movie executives' idea of "adorable"—Mitzi Gaynor. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 7-9.)

Glen and Randa—Steven Curry and Shelley Plimpton, directed by Jim McBride. Skip it. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned woman briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the current Crawford. Edmund Goulding directed. (Thalia; starting Oct. 13.)

The Great Bank Robbery (1969)—With Zero Mostel and Kim Novak, directed by Hy Averback. (Symphony; starting Oct. 13.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Murray Hill.)

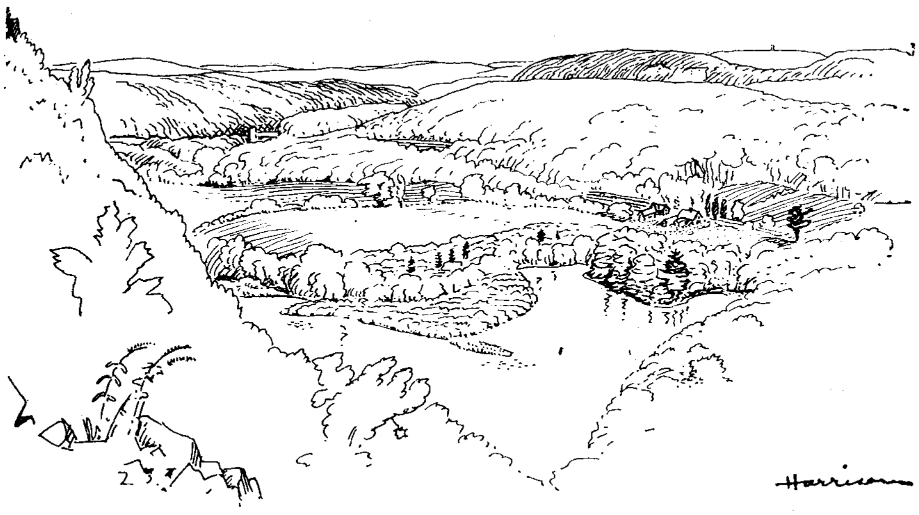
The Hollywood Revue (1929)—M-G-M put this lavish revue together (it originally had Technicolor sequences) and threw in their biggest stars. Jack Benny and Conrad Nagel (always pallid but peculiarly prestigious) were the masters of ceremony. Joan Crawford sings; Marie Dressler and Polly Moran do a skit; Marion Davies sings and taps; Norma Shearer and John Gilbert do a flapper "Romeo and Juliet," and so on and on, with minstrel choruses and the Albertina Rasch Ballet. The quality is extremely variable, but it contains so much of the history of popular theatre that it's invaluable. Charles Reisner directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 14.)

If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium (1969)—Said to be the first cartoon caption ever made into a full-length movie. Suzanne Pleshette and Mildred Natwick are among the stereotyped American tourists; Ian McShane is their guide. The director, Mel Stuart, keeps everything moving cheerfully and there are a few passable one-liners, but the comedy is low-grade, and you feel as if you've seen the picture before. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 13.)

The Immortal Story (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Oct. 12.)

It Only Happens to Others—With Marcello Mastroianni and Catherine Deneuve, directed by Nadine Trintignant. In French. (Paris; starting Oct. 7.)

It's Always Fair Weather (1955)—Comden and Green's tart follow-up to "On the Town," with Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, and Michael Kidd as three buddies who swear eternal friendship at war's end. At their reunion ten years later, they discover they hate each other and themselves and go looking for the hopes they abandoned. The movie, compromises on some of its best ideas, but it's still a top-notch musical, full of exhilarating numbers, most notably Dan Dailey's Chaplin-



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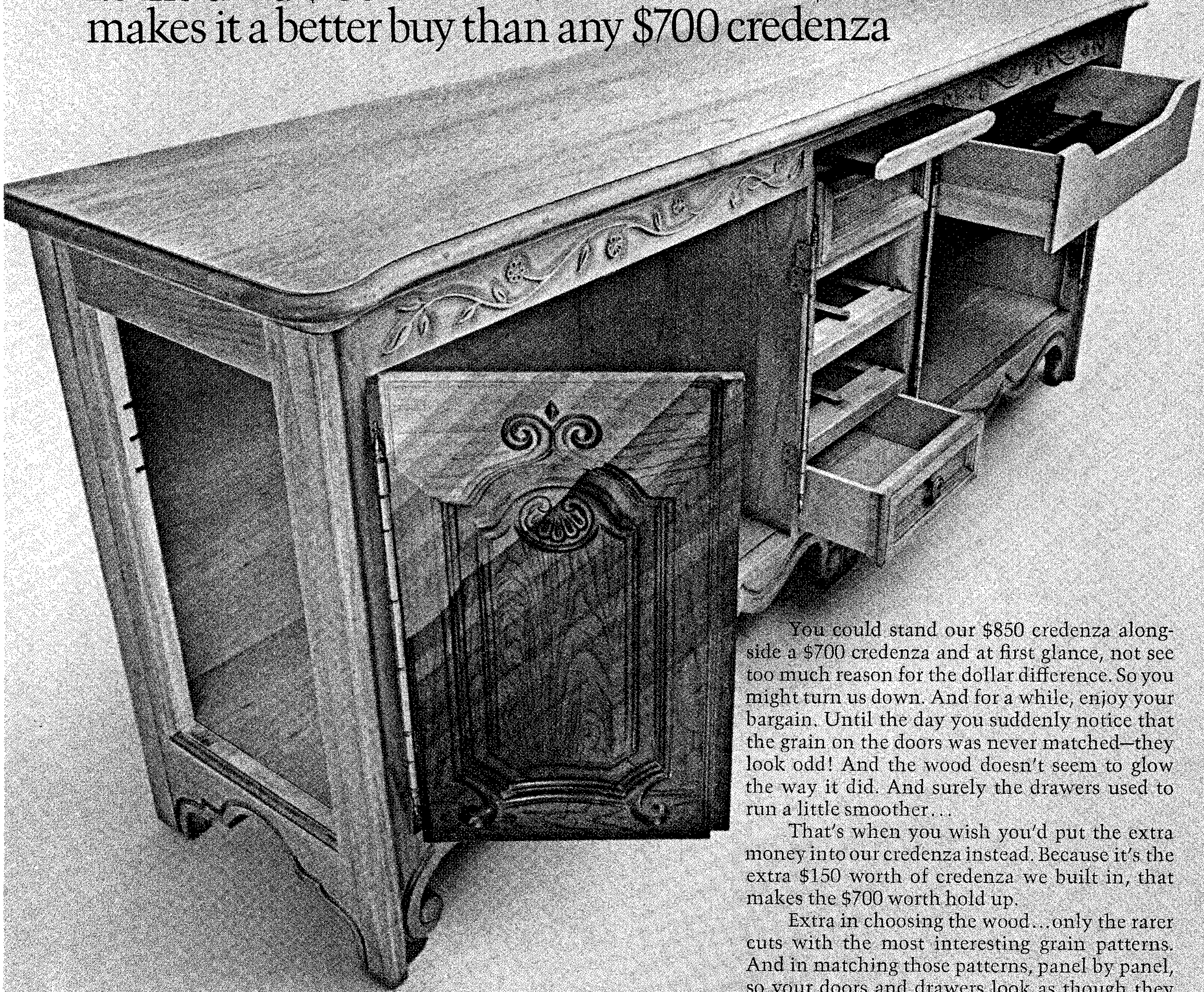

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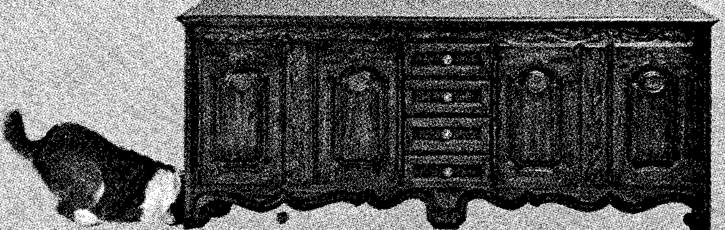

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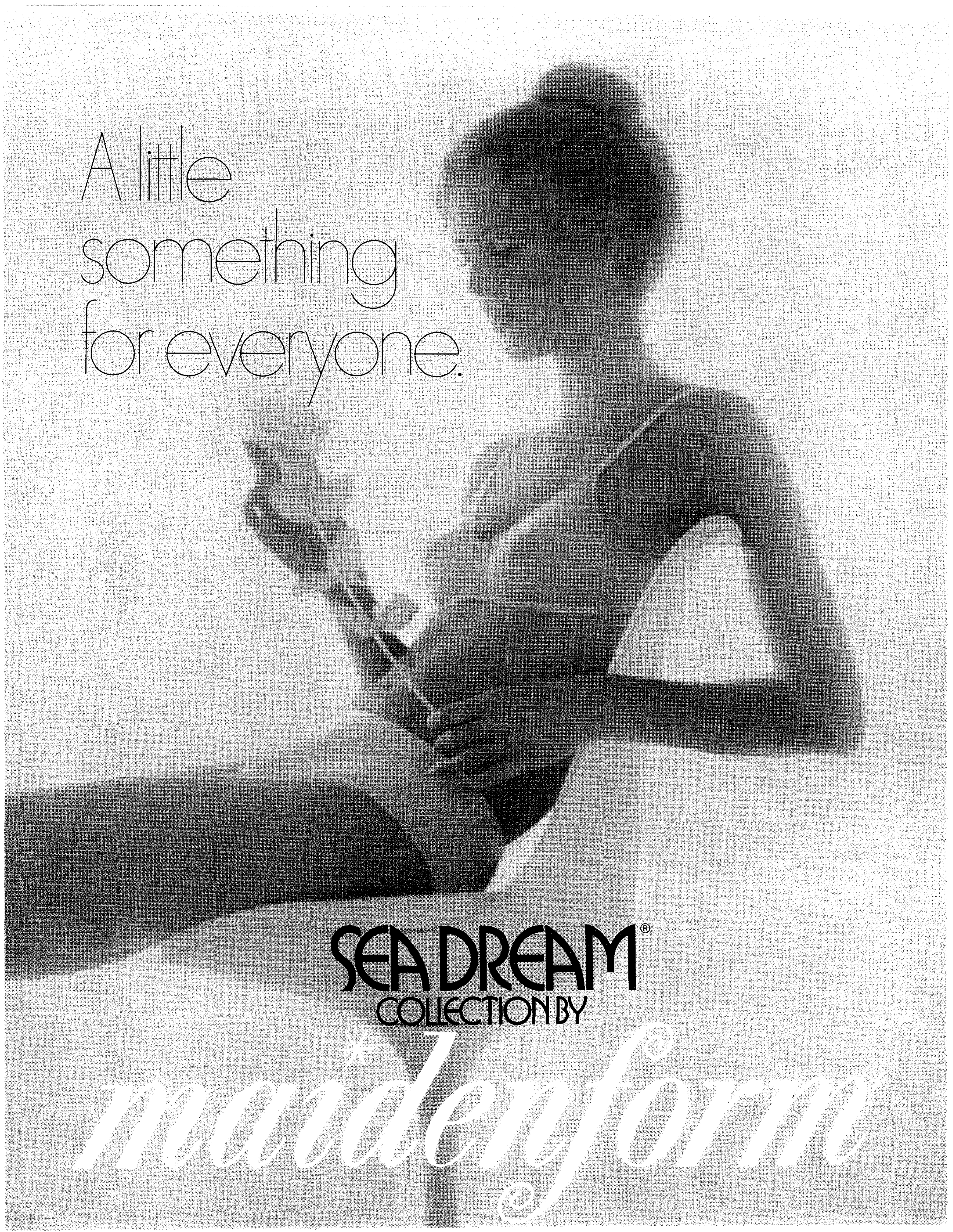
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esque satire of "advertising-wise" jargon, brazen Dolores Gray singing "Thanks a lot but no thanks," and Cyd Charisse in a song and dance about Stillman's Gym. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 7-9.)

I WANT TO LIVE! (1958)—Susan Hayward in a brassy treatment of the life of Barbara Graham as she made her way to the California gas chamber. Tabloid journalism that has the nerve to get pious about detesting capital punishment. Robert Wise directed. (Olympia; Oct. 8-11.)

JAILHOUSE ROCK (1957)—Elvis Presley, convicted of manslaughter and shorn by a jailhouse haircut, sings and plays the guitar to entertain the prison inmates. At one point he strips to the waist and is flogged by the guards, though not for his singing. Richard Thorpe directed this package, shrewdly designed to give satisfaction to the new raunchy rock generation. The story ends happily, and the movie made millions. (Olympia; Oct. 8-11.)

JOURNEY INTO FEAR (1943)—Orson Welles directs Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, and Agnes Moorehead in a spy story about smuggling munitions into Turkey. The film comes from the Hollywood period of Welles' life, when he was prevented from going into the Army because of flat feet, and rather regretting it. The movie isn't as inadequate as he thinks; his command of film vocabulary gleams through. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Oct. 12.)

KLUTE—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu.)

KOTCH—With Walter Matthau, directed by Jack Lemmon. (Music Hall.)

THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane), a criminal lawyer, is himself a criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). The movie has a trilling surface, like all Welles' films; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery. It is also rather serious about plutocracy, and witty, and enjoyable. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Oct. 10.)

THE LAST MOVIE—Directed by, and with, Dennis Hopper. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW—With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges, directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Columbia I.)

LIBELED LADY (1936)—Jack Conway directed this entertaining M-G-M newspaper comedy-melodrama with Spencer Tracy as the editor whose paper is being sued for libel by Myrna Loy. Jean Harlow has some great wisecracking lines, and William Powell has a fly-fishing scene that Howard Hawks must have liked, because in 1964 he did his version of it in "Man's Favorite Sport?" With Walter Connolly. (Paramount; through Oct. 7.)

LITTLE MURDERS—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Regency; through Oct. 7.)

LONG AGO TOMORROW—With Malcolm McDowell and Nanette Newman, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Beekman.)

MACBETH (1948)—Orson Welles' outrageous but lively version, shot on a shoestring in twenty-three days. With Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Oct. 6.)

MCCABE & MRS. MILLER—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Embassy 72nd St. and Symphony; starting Oct. 13.)

MILLHOUSE: A WHITE COMEDY—A documentary about Richard Nixon (Richard *Milhous* Nixon, that is), directed by Emile de Antonio. (New Yorker.)

$1,000,000 DUCK—From Disney: Dean Jones, Sandy Duncan, and a duck that lays gold eggs. (Guild.)

MR. ARKADIN (1955)—Orson Welles directed and starred in this story of a fabulously wealthy dope smuggler who hires a man to trace his past. Ambitious and flamboyant but, whether because of technical problems or script problems or both, a fiasco. With Michael Redgrave, Akim Tamiroff, Mischa Auer, and Katina Paxinou. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Oct. 11.)

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (1953)—Tall, eccentric Jacques Tati stars in his own dry, light slapstick comedy about the ghastliness of a summer vacation at a seaside resort. A poignant movie, with a sweet, nostalgic score. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 11-12.)

LOLA MONTÈS (1955)—Max Ophuls' masterpiece, shown in its full form. His command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 13-14.)

MY UNCLE (1958)—Jacques Tati's gentle satire about depersonalization, plastics, and modern design. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 11-12.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Sutton; Oct. 7-10. . . . ¶ Thalia; Oct. 7-12.)

NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS—For those who don't get enough of the series "Dark Shadows" on television. With David Selby, Lara Parker, and the ever-tormented Grayson Hall. Directed by Dan Curtis. (86th St. East; starting Oct. 13.)

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever made in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living. Duane Jones is the lead; George A. Romero photographed and directed. There's no point pretending he doesn't have talent. (Bijou Cinema. No performances on Sunday, Oct. 10.)

ON ANY SUNDAY—A breezy documentary on motorcycle racing, directed by Bruce Brown. (Cinema II.)

THE PANIC IN NEEDLE PARK—Boy (Al Pacino) meets girl (Kitty Winn), but he is a heroin addict and she becomes one. The movie doesn't tell you much you don't know. Worthy, but a drag. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Regency; through Oct. 7.)

THE PEACE KILLERS—With Clint Ritchie and Jess Walton, directed by Douglas Schwartz. (Juliet 1.)

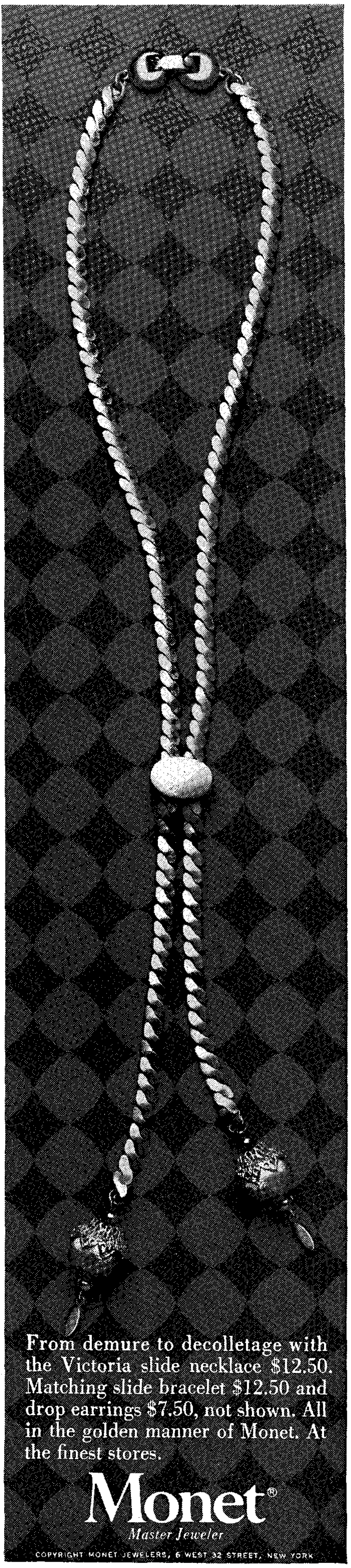
THE PIRATE (1948)—Judy Garland is a nineteenth-century maiden on a Caribbean island, dreaming of a famous pirate, and Gene Kelly, bouncing with élan in the manner of Fairbanks, is a travelling actor who pretends to be that pirate. This Minnelli musical, based on an S. N. Behrman play that the Lunts had performed, is flamboyant in an innocent and lively way. Though it doesn't quite work, and it's all a bit broad, it doesn't sour in the memory. The Nicholas Brothers join Garland and Kelly in the celebrated "Be a Clown" number. The score is by Cole Porter. With Walter Slezak, Reginald Owen, Gladys Cooper, and George Zucco. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 10-13.)

THE PROJECTIONIST—Chuck McCann as a projectionist, and Rodney Dangerfield as a theatre owner. Harry Hurwitz wrote and directed this movie-infatuated movie, which includes bits of old serials and features. With Ina Balin. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Oct. 12.)

RECKLESS (1935)—Jean Harlow in a misguided picture that is best forgotten. Victor Fleming directed. (Paramount; Oct. 8-12.)

THE RED TENT—The old-guard Russian director Mikhail Kalatozov, who made the marvellous "The Cranes Are Flying," here sinks into the mud of international co-productions in a dopey adventure story about General Nobile stuck in the Arctic in 1928. Peter Finch, Sean Connery, Claudia Cardinale. The cliff-hanging about the rescue is an agony to small children. (Juliet 2; starting Oct. 8.)

RIDER ON THE RAIN (1970)—René Clément's thriller has a beautiful heroine called Mélancolie. The picture is as much about that state



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of mind as about the plot, in which she murders a rapist and dares not tell her husband. Some of the details are gentle and ironic, but there are too many mechanical thriller ploys. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 12.)

Sacco and Vanzetti—With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Baronet.)

School Play—Directed by Charles Rydell. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Oct. 14.)

See No Evil—Mia Farrow blind. (Orpheum; Oct. 6.)

Shock Corridor (1963)—An action-packed film, written and directed by Samuel Fuller, that has acquired a considerable reputation. The hero is a reporter who has himself committed to a mental institution so he can investigate a murder there; his experiences include being attacked by a gang of nymphomaniacs, being put in a straitjacket, losing the power of speech, being subjected to shock therapy, etc. He gets a Pulitzer Prize, and he goes mad. (Olympia; Oct. 12-14.)

Shoot Out—With Gregory Peck and Pat Quinn, directed by Henry Hathaway. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Oct. 13.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Oct. 14.)

Skin Game—Lighthearted and charming story of con artists in the Old South. With James Garner and Lou Gossett, directed by Paul Bogart. (Loew's Ciné.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Cinema Village.)

Splendor in the Grass (1961)—William Inge wrote this primer-Freud story about the frustrations of adolescent sexuality, set in a small town in Kansas in the nineteen-twenties, and Elia Kazan whipped it up. The parents of the adolescents are loaded down with so many meannesses that the movie becomes Freudian baroque. Natalie Wood is the high-school girl who flips out when she loses Warren Beatty. The extraordinary cast includes Sandy Dennis, Barbara Loden, Zohra Lampert, Pat Hingle, Phyllis Diller, and Inge himself. (Olympia; Oct. 12-14.)

The Steagle—Crass stuff about a don with fantasies in the middle of the missile crisis. With Richard Benjamin, directed by Paul Sylbert. (Tower East.)

The Stewardesses (1970)—One of the half-dozen top box-office successes of the year—maybe because men have shifted their fantasies from nurses to stewardesses. Written and directed by Alf Silliman, Jr. In 3-D. (U. A. East; through Oct. 12.)

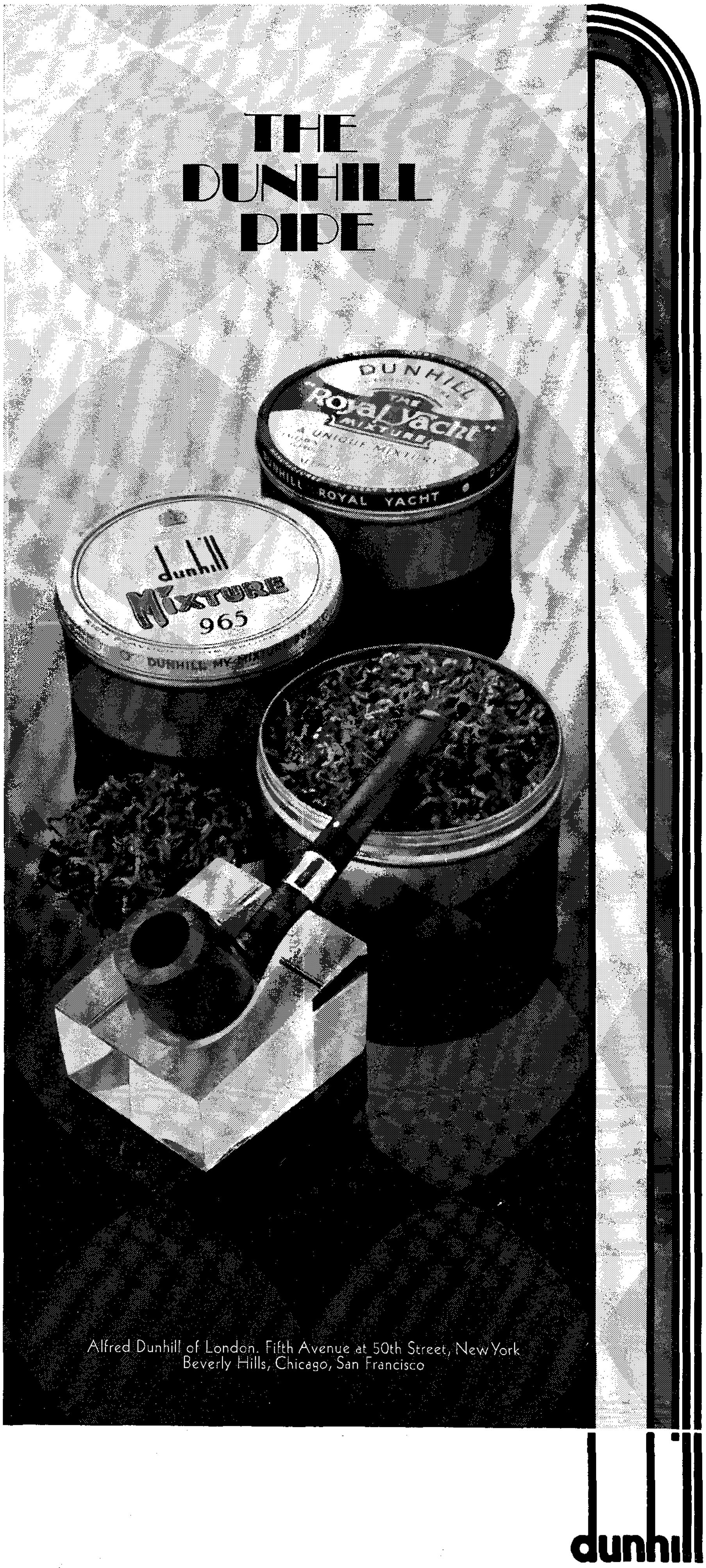
The Stranger (1946)—Directed by Orson Welles and starring Welles as a Nazi in New England who comes to perhaps the most garish of all bad ends. A well-made thriller, though somewhat poky, with Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Oct. 7.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 12.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Coronet.)

The Telephone Book—With Sarah Kennedy, directed by Nelson Lyon. (Lincoln Art.)

The Third Man (1950)—Orson Welles, the Vienna sewers, and the famous, maddening zither tune. Directed by Carol Reed from Graham Greene's script and novel. Trevor



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Howard is a stylish Englishman who instructs Joseph Cotten in life's darker truths. The quiet American at large again. A thriller of highest class. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Oct. 8.)

The Touch—A new Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. They live on bits and pieces of time, between gentleness and rage. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made, exact and very touching. Gould speaks English to Bibi Andersson; the married couple speak Swedish between themselves. The practical solution is aesthetically eloquent: two worlds, one closed, one raw and hesitant. (Waverly; starting Oct. 13.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—Orson Welles' marvellous, garish thriller which has something to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. The credits appear over a brilliant opening sequence (which, incidentally, contains the key to the mystery). Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Oct. 9.)

The Trojan Women—With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Fine Arts. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Walkabout—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Regency; starting Oct. 8.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Elgin; through Oct. 7.)

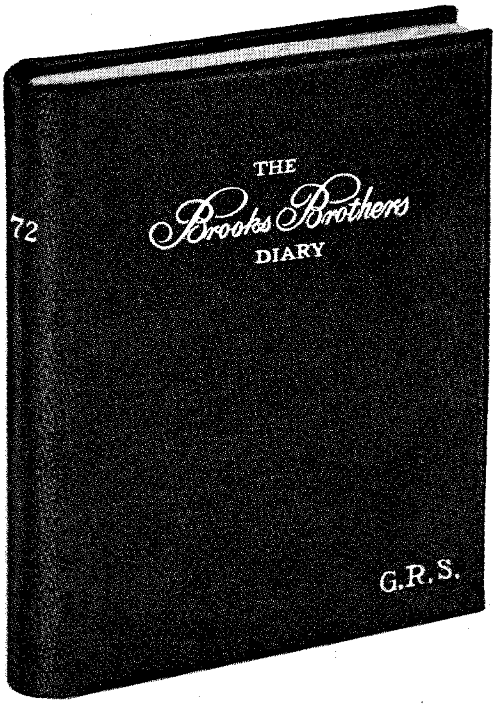
Wife Versus Secretary (1936)—Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, James Stewart, and Myrna Loy in the kind of picture M-G-M was famous for. The Faith Baldwin story still shows, but Norman Krasna, John Lee Mahin, and Alice Duer Miller all worked to give it a brittle shine, and Harlow the comedienne is best when the surface is hard. Clarence Brown directed. (Paramount; through Oct. 7.)

The Wild Child (1970)—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor, played by Truffaut himself, who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (Elgin; Oct. 8-10.)

Winning (1969)—The private life of a driver in the Indianapolis "500," with Paul Newman as the driver, and Joanne Woodward as his wife. Two fine actors, a thin script, and a very good presentation of the race itself. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Oct. 13.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild-Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Symphony; through Oct. 12.)

A Young Couple—The ads say "All you need is a beautiful body and the ability to say yes." With Anna Gael and Alain Libolt, directed by René Gainville. (Trans-Lux East.)



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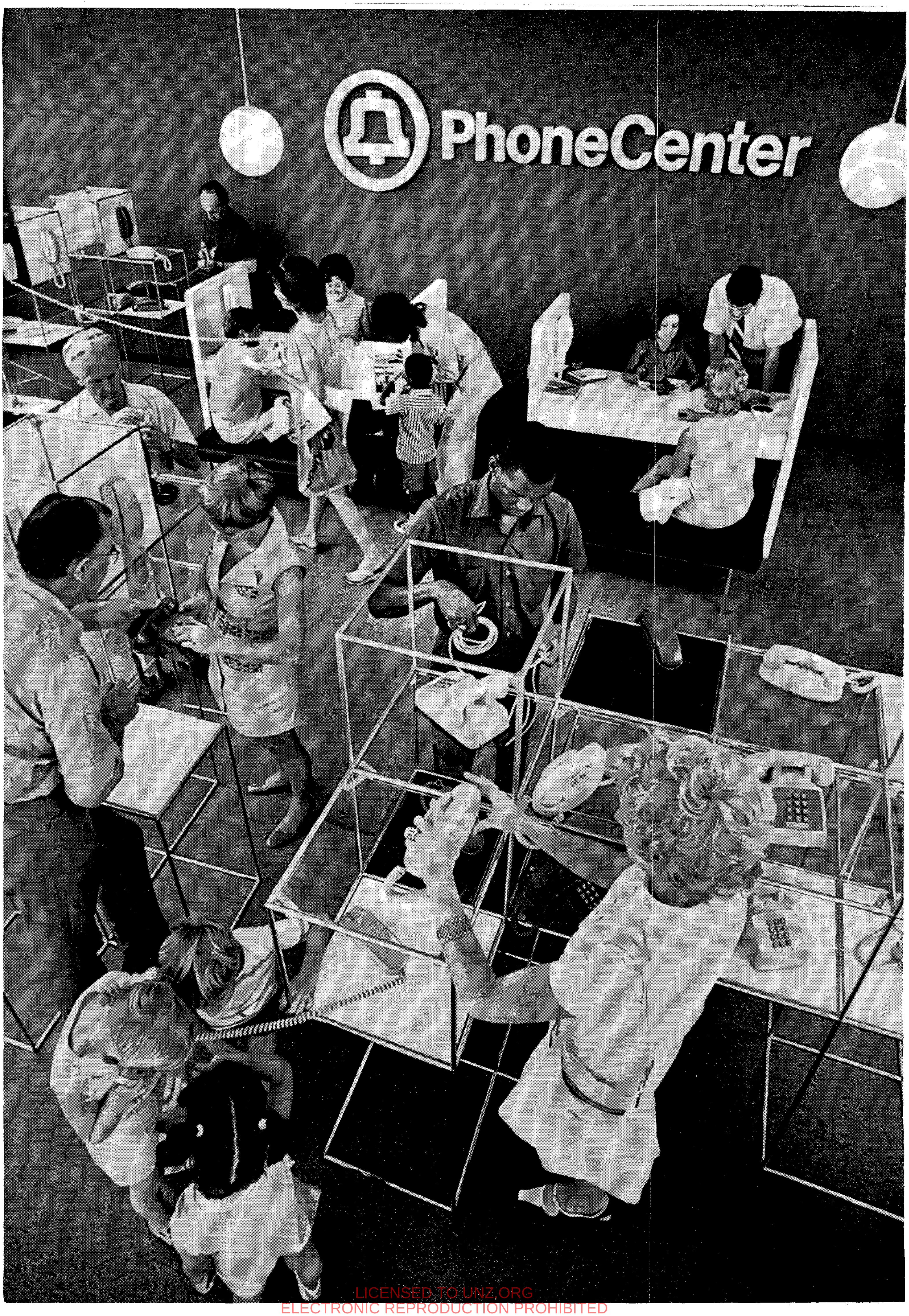

PhoneCenter

In Florida we have a telephone store where you pick out your own phones.
Then take them home and plug them in.

We're trying an experiment in a new apartment community in Hallandale, Florida. We've set up a PhoneCenter where you can browse among phones of 113 styles and colors. So you can see how they match your drapery swatches and paint chips.

Then, just pick up the phones you want and take them with you. Once home, you simply plug them into special phone jacks provided in your apartment.

Make a quick call to the PhoneCenter to verify that everything's working, and your new phone's ready to use.

Because the jacks are already in place, you can go back to the PhoneCenter for an extension phone any time you want one.

If you get an urge to redecorate, you can unplug your old phones and pick up new ones to match your new decor.

Hallandale residents have responded to the experiment very well...and we'll be trying it in other places.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are always looking for new ways to improve telephone service.

One way is experimenting with the convenience of a self-service PhoneCenter.

AMERICAN MOTORS BUYER PROTECTION PLAN.

It makes a big difference in what happens _after_ you buy a car.

WE KNOW WHAT'S BEEN BUGGING YOU.

For more than a year now, we've been talking to car owners all over the country.

From all that we've heard, what bothers them most is the frustration of getting a car that isn't right in the first place. Plus the inconvenience and expense of getting it fixed.

This year, we're changing all that.

IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG WITH ONE OF OUR '72'S, WE'LL FIX IT FREE. ANYTHING.

For years, car warranties have been filled with so much legal mumbo-jumbo that the car owner couldn't tell exactly what he was getting.

Then when something went wrong, he had to go through a hassle about who was going to pay for what.

This year, American Motors and its dealers are backing their '72's with a strong guarantee in plain English.

It covers the cost of parts and labor for 12 months or 12,000 miles.

Except for tires, it's good for everything we put on the car.

Simply put, this means that, except for gas, oil and oil filters, you shouldn't have to pay for anything the first year you own one of our '72's.

When you buy a new 1972 car from an American Motors dealer, American Motors Corporation guarantees to you that, except for tires, it will pay for the repair or replacement of any part it supplies that is defective in material or workmanship.

This guarantee is good for 12 months from the date the car is first used or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first.

All we require is that the car be properly maintained and cared for under normal use and service in the fifty United States or Canada and that guaranteed repairs or replacements be made by an American Motors dealer.

And if something we did goes wrong, we promise there'll be no hassling and quibbling about getting it fixed.

Because the whole idea of American Motors Buyer Protection Plan is to make our customers the most satisfied customers in the automobile business.

WE'VE PAID TO HAVE YOUR '72 CHECKED AND DOUBLE-CHECKED.

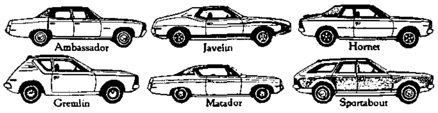
This year, we've spent a lot of time and money making sure our '72's are as perfect as man and machine can make them before they leave the factory.

But that's not all.

At the dealers, every single car (not just one of 50, one of 5, every one) is checked, double-checked and road-tested before it's delivered.

Then the man who tested the car signs his name to a 32-item checklist and puts it right on the car where you can see it.

We're paying the dealer for his time and labor, so we know this job is being done, and done right.



A LOANER CAR WHEN YOU NEED IT. FREE.

Along with our dealers, we've set up a system to back up our guarantee without inconveniencing you.

If you have to leave your '72 overnight for guarantee repairs, over 1900 dealers will loan you a nice, clean, well-equipped car in good condition.

At no cost to you.

No other company works with its dealers to give you this kind of service.

YOU HAVE A DIRECT LINE TO DETROIT. TOLL-FREE.

These days, a lot of car companies are asking you to write them, but we're the only car company offering you a chance to call us direct.

When you buy a '72, you get a name and number of a person in Detroit to call if you have a problem.

And you don't pay for the call.

If you call, we promise you you'll get results. And fast.

We've got too much at stake to let it happen any other way.

DOES ALL THIS MAKE OUR CARS COST MORE?

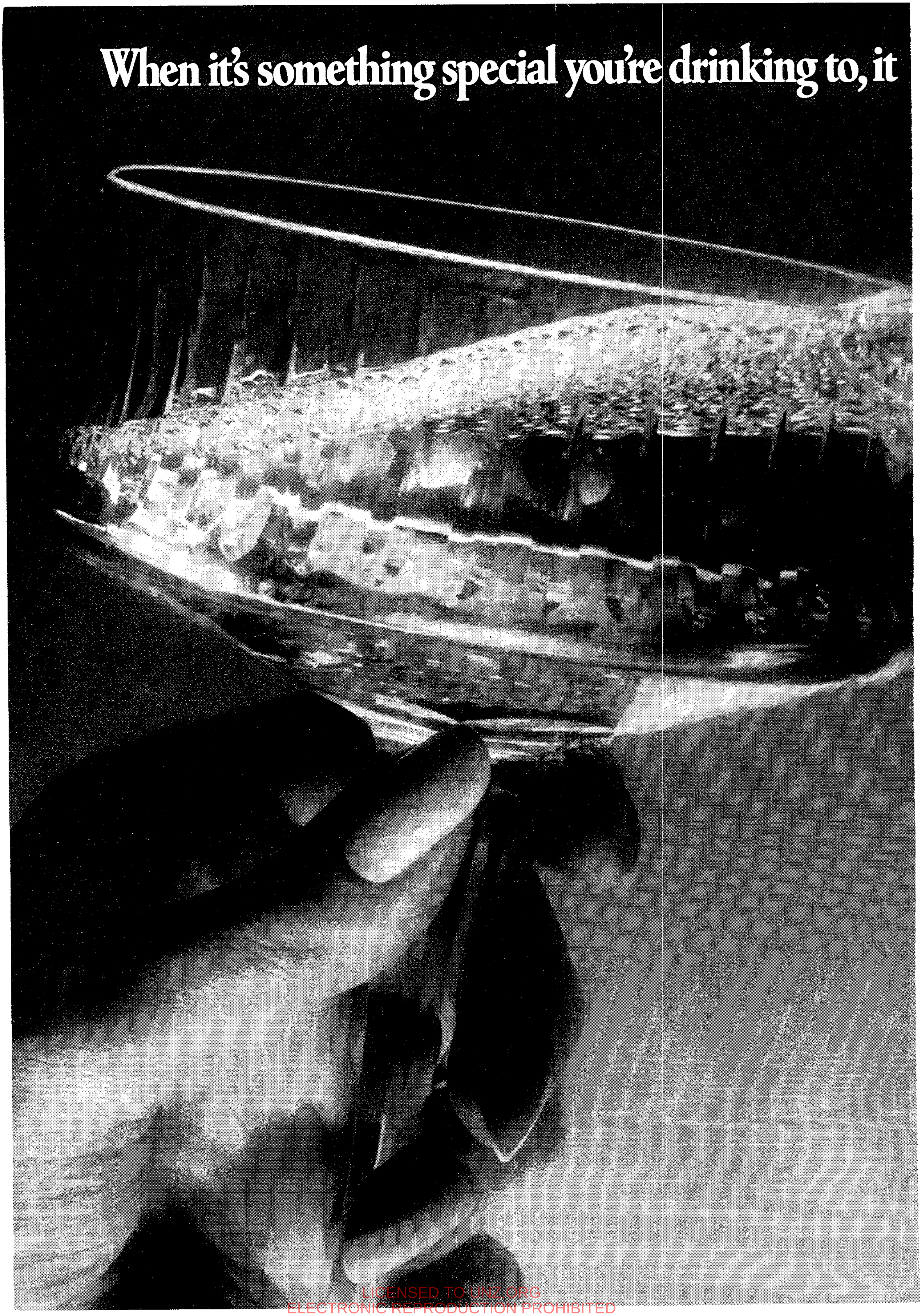
No.

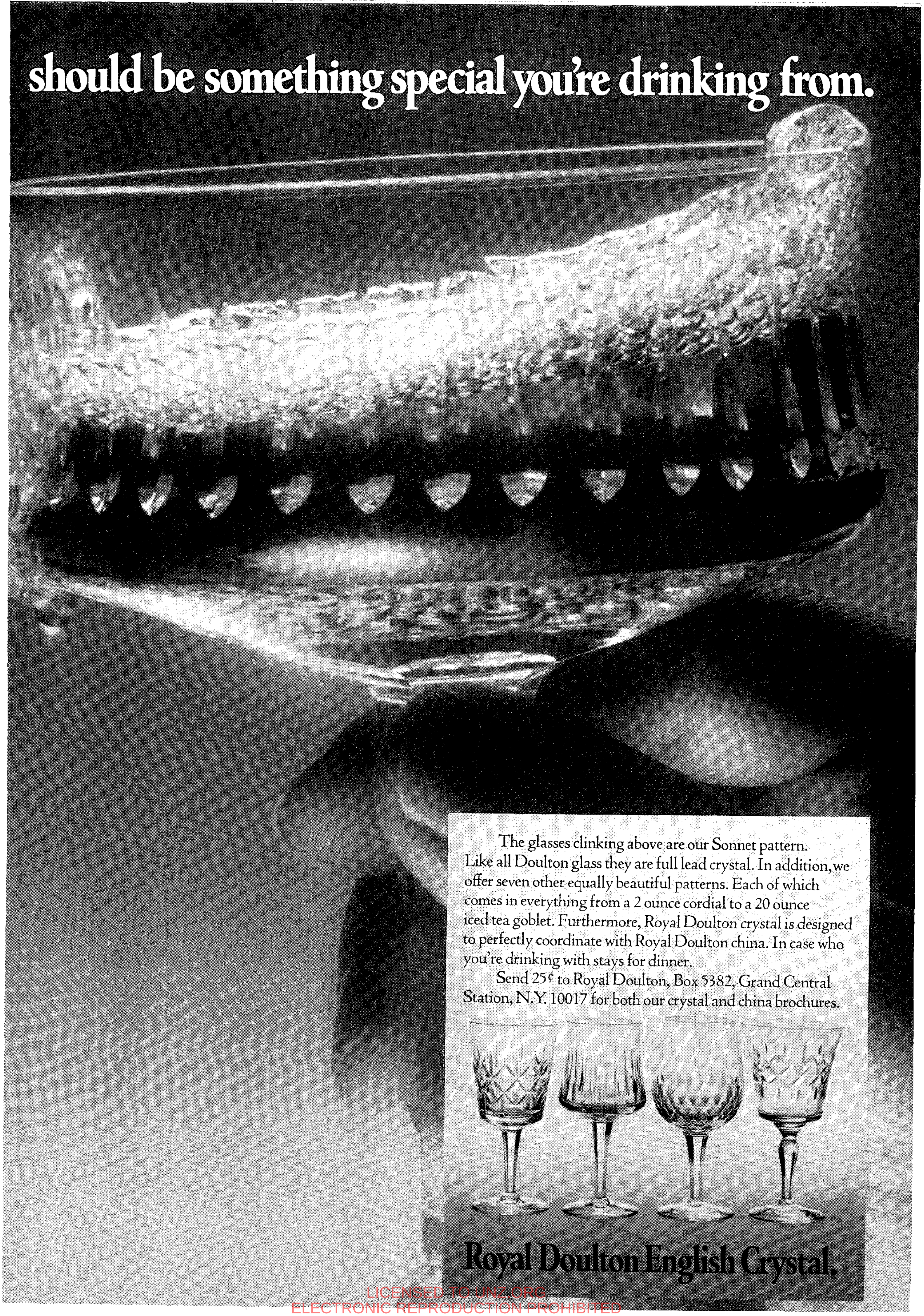
It takes a lot of time, men and money to make American Motors Buyer Protection Plan work.

But the way we figure it, since nobody in the business does all this for you after you buy a car, you have a better reason to buy from us than you ever had before.

So we should sell more cars than we've ever sold before.

American Motors


When it's something special you're drinking to, it



should be something special you're drinking from.

The glasses clinking above are our Sonnet pattern. Like all Doulton glass they are full lead crystal. In addition, we offer seven other equally beautiful patterns. Each of which comes in everything from a 2 ounce cordial to a 20 ounce iced tea goblet. Furthermore, Royal Doulton crystal is designed to perfectly coordinate with Royal Doulton china. In case who you're drinking with stays for dinner.

Send 25¢ to Royal Doulton, Box 5382, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017 for both our crystal and china brochures.

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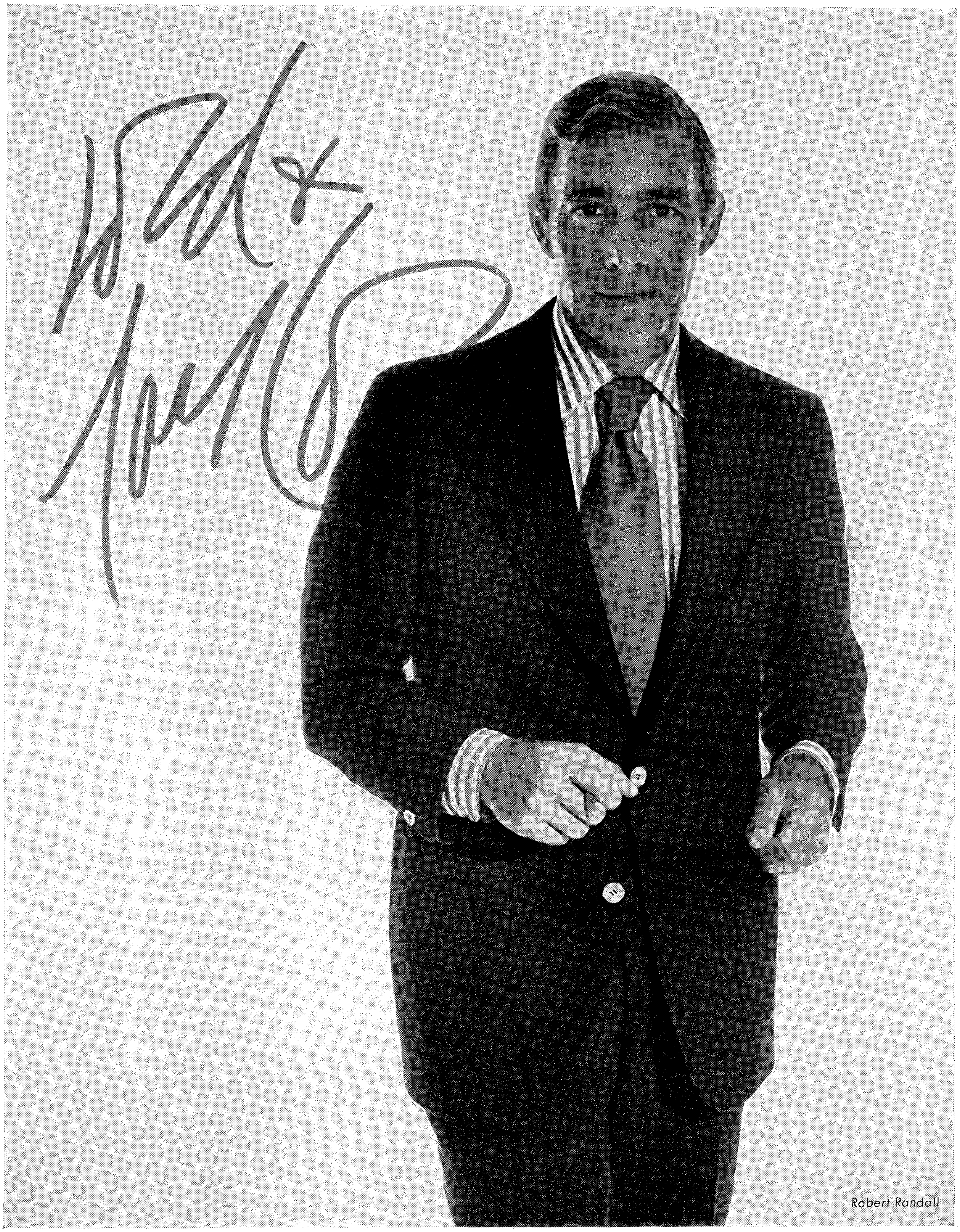

Robert Randall

Here's John Weitz who knows how to make a man look great, wearing his own blazer suit—and looking great. By Palm Beach, of navy wool twill—wool, it's got life. 100.00 in The Man's Shop, Tenth Floor, Lord & Taylor. And at all Lord & Taylor stores.

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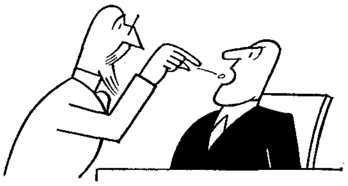
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FEW weeks ago, Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, the eminent psychologist, proposed that "all power-controlling leaders" be required to take a pill that would impel them to peaceable thoughts. This interesting idea has come in for a number of predictable criticisms, but none that we have seen has addressed itself to the question that most troubles us; namely, who is to be our President's pusher? Who will decide when to administer the drug and when to withhold it? Who will regulate the dose? A doctor, of course, but which doctor? The president of the A.M.A., perhaps? People say, and rightly, that nowadays the President is not as accountable to the electorate as he ought to be. But he remains immensely more accountable to it than does, say, the White House physician. We incline to believe that Dr. Clark's proposition will not solve the problem of power but merely move it one step backward, out of the light. A leader who is manipulated is not a ruler. His manipulator is. And the door is opened to a reign of regents and gerents. It would be the culminating irony of this century of ghastly ironies if the final war were to be presided over by a set of transmogrified healers.



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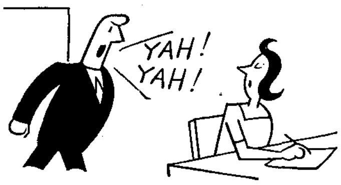
CHANGE is life. Life is change. The old order passeth. O.K., O.K. White whiskey. Did you hear that? *White. White* whiskey. O.K. Levi's in funny colors. Puce Levi's. Aqua Levi's. Any day now, probably pink taffeta Levi's. Did you ever dream of wrangling a steer, or even a large chipmunk, in your pink taffeta Levi's? O.K. We accept change. We embrace change. Now what? you ask. We will tell you. It was in the *Times* a week or so back. A report from B. Drummond Ayres, Jr. "Army Drops 'Kill! Kill!' as Bayonet Drill Slogan," the headline said. Naturally, we read on. "No longer do panting recruits scream 'Kill! Kill!' as they rigidly and precisely drive home the blade into an imaginary, parade ground enemy," wrote B. Drummond Ayres, Jr. "Instead, they are encouraged to yell a less bloodthirsty 'Yah! Yah!' and to thrust and cut in a less exact, freestyle manner." And so forth. *Yah! Yah*? Somebody has to be kidding. For some time now, we have been trying to keep pace with the military's fits of revisionism. First, there was the business of sideburns in the Navy. Pictures in the newspapers of sailors whose jowls were tufted with hair. Lieutenant commanders all got up to look like Sander Vanocur. A bit weird, we thought, but clearly terrific. Then the Army said that it was abolishing K.P. Or maybe it was inspections. Or maybe basic training. Pictures of soldiers with their footlockers covered in gingham. Pictures of soldiers and some general sitting around together and having a man-to-man, doubtless followed by a saunter over to the brigade bistro and a reading by Master Sergeant Hollenbeck from the works of Gandhi. Strange, we thought, but evidently wonderful. Now we have the new report from B. Drummond Ayres, Jr. "Yah! Yah!," is it? We tried it on a girl in the office. "Yah! Yah!" we said in a loud and terrifying voice. "Go away," she said.



Is *that* going to be the final sunset of the American Dream, the fadeout of the Pax Americana? We imagine some dreary afternoon. Probably about three-fifteen. Nothing good has ever happened at three-fifteen in the afternoon. The Battle of the San Bernardino Freeway. Our boys in their magenta puttees. Brocade shirts. Trudging up the hill. The last assault. Stereo cassettes playing in the background. The colonel takes his revolver from his handbag. "Fix bayonets," he says. The click of metal locking into metal. Only the barest sound of whimpering, or possibly humming. "Turn off the damned cassettes!" says the colonel. "But—" says Corporal Mulvaney, always a troublemaker but the best lead-guitar man in the regiment. The colonel directs a withering gaze at him. "Well, don't say I didn't warn you," he says sternly. The charge begins. Captain Featherstone begs off halfway up the hill. "I don't think there's anyone up there," he says. "Who do you think is shooting at us?" the colonel asks. "I don't know," says Featherstone. "But it doesn't feel right to me." "*Please*," says the colonel. "Some other day," says Featherstone. The men are in a slow run. Their rifles extended. An undercurrent of sound is coming from their ranks. Now and then, you hear a sergeant exhorting his charges. "No, the accent is on the *last* syllable! Not '*Yah!* Yah!' Like this—'Yah! *Yah!*' " From far down the ranks, you occasionally hear a scattered "Bow wow!" and once a "Pooh pooh!" The colonel frowns but shrugs it off. They are close to the top. "All together now, men!" the colonel calls. They break over the ridge, yelling one mighty last "YAH! YAH!" In the background, Los Angeles is already being towed out to sea. Knott's Berry Farm is ablaze. The enemy soldiers get slowly to their feet. Their ranks unbroken. Their uniforms trim but dusty. "Go away," they say. "*Go away*." It is the end. Our men march slowly back down the hill, except for Mulvaney, who rolls most of the way. Knott's Berry Farm continues to burn. The President announces Game Plan 3 from Catalina Island.

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WE'VE seen a number of comments in the press lately on the "spirit of compromise" that apparently animated Cardinal Mindszenty's departure from our Embassy in Budapest and his subsequent arrival in Rome. It seems a damned shame to us, notwithstanding the pretty pictures of the Pope greeting the Cardinal in the Vatican garden, and notwithstanding the pieties from official and journalistic sources to the effect that the Cardinal had been a "valiant and courageous fighter for freedom" and that now the world can get on with its business, which in this particular instance apparently means that the Catholic Church can now manage better in Hungary and that the Americans and the Hungarians can continue to thaw their way to everlasting happiness. We are all for enabling people to get on with each other, peaceful coexistence, rapprochement of East and West, and so forth, but we are *against* subverting individual men or women out of a deeply held, difficult, courageous position in the interests of creating more smoothly working technocracies while the audience stands by muttering righteous goodthink, or nonthink, to the effect that yes, isn't it too bad that Farmer Jones, after farming his own land for a hundred and nine years, has to be displaced by the new Cleveland-to-Las Vegas expressway, and it sure was a wonderful fight he put up these past few months, camping out there in the rain and brandishing a revolver at the 5th Infantry Division (sure is a courageous, intransigent, lovable old folk type, isn't he?), but now that the TV crews have left, and the governor has gone up there personally to offer Jones a duplex in the new Robin Hood Village springing up just west of town—well, it certainly *is* a shame, and all that, but isn't it just a whole lot more sensible to start those cars and wagons moving toward the big new interchanges and cloverleafs, and to have old Jones start taking advantage (and one means a well-deserved advantage) of the fine new year-round swimming pool and built-in sauna? Enough about Jones, who is a fictional character. As to Mindszenty, it seems to us he is a great man. There have not been many great men. There are not many now. We doubt whether we'll ever hear a complaint about any of this from him. We assume that he packed his own suitcases, and that there are probably movies in somebody's lower desk drawer to prove it. It nevertheless seems a damned shame. If anybody has earned the right to live in his own land, it is certainly he.

1971 School Story

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD boy named Erik came home from his first day at school sporting a red and swollen nose.

"A kid punched me in the nose," Erik told his mother.

"Did you hit him back?" she asked.

"No, she ran away," said Erik.

•

DIALOGUE between a woman passenger and a conductor on a train headed for New York from Yonkers:

W.: When will this train get to New York?

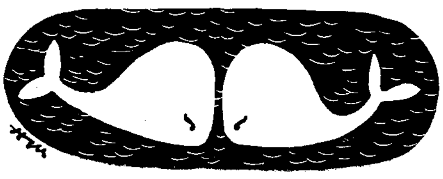
C.: It should be there an hour ago.

W.: I hope we make it.

The Herald

EVERY week since April 18th, a new Sunday newspaper called the *Herald* has quietly appeared on newsstands in New York and elsewhere in the metropolitan area. Like the *Daily Mirror*, which we wrote about a couple of weeks ago, the *Herald* borrows its name from the city's glorious journalistic past. But, unlike the *Mirror*, which has little to recommend it other than the improbable fact that it exists, the *Herald* is an imaginative and generally commendable piece of work. It is one of the handsomest papers in the country, as arresting to look at as the *PM* of the forties or the *Herald Tribune* of the early sixties. The *Herald's* editorial approach, emphasizing interpretive reporting and cultural coverage (especially pop music and films), resembles that of the British "posh Sundays"—the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*—with echoes of *Rolling Stone's* trendiness and mild iconoclasm.

The *Herald's* editors and reporters work in a six-room office suite on the twenty-seventh floor of a black monolith of a building that towers over the P. J. Clarke saloon, at Third Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. We went up to their offices the other day to pay our respects. In a carpeted reception room, where a Reuters teleprinter ticked away discreetly in a corner, we said hello to Anthony King, the president and founder of the *Herald*. We followed Mr. King to his office, an almost ostentatiously unpretentious cubicle next to the newsroom, and asked him what had made him start a newspaper.



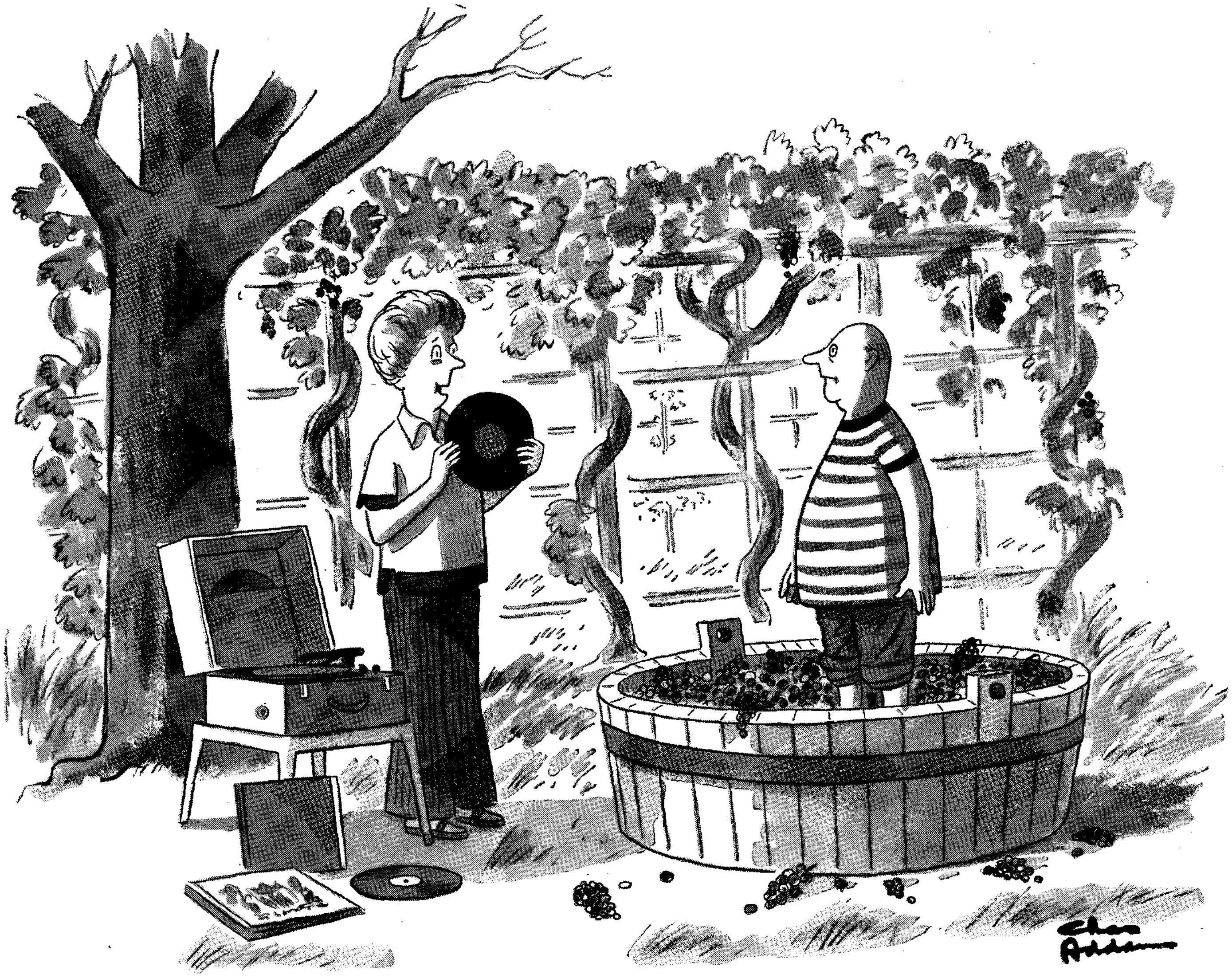
"I used to be a management consultant, first at James D. Landauer Associates and then at Nickerson & Waterman," said Mr. King, who is thirty years old and as clean-cut and collected-looking as the paper he publishes. "I did a feasibility study of the possibility of starting up a good national supplement for Sunday newspapers—something on the order of *Parade* but more sophisticated and literate. The answer to that question was no, but the project involved a study of Sunday newspapers across the country, and there did seem to be a need, in several cities, for a new kind of specialized Sunday paper, giving background and analysis of the news. People tend to read the existing papers for business reasons. In a house where the *Times* is the only thing to read on Sunday, there may be a wife and a college-age son and a high-school-age daughter who are looking for someplace to find out what's happening in a way that's meaningful to them. There are lots of specialty publications that cover parts of their lives but nothing that ties the parts together and puts them in perspective."

"How's the paper selling?" we asked.

"We've been printing an average of thirty thousand a week, and we expect that to double this fall. There are a couple of trends going for us. One is that people are getting out of the habit of reading daily publications and into the habit of reading weekly publications. Another is that while older people—people aged thirty-five to fifty-five, who were in their teens or twenties when television first made its impact—don't read newspapers so much, younger people read them more and more. On the basis of all these patterns, we think that we should be able to reach a circulation of about three hundred thousand."

"Where did you get the staff?"

"When we started, we got a lot of newspaper people from famous newspapers. As the changes went on week by week, a lot of them would reach a stage where they'd say, 'I *know* the right way to do it, and this is *not* the way.' The people we have who are poets or have experience on underground papers or college papers find it



"Is John Philip Sousa O.K.?"

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easier to evolve as the paper evolves."

"How come you don't run editorials?"

"That's something we're thinking about every single week. The question in my mind is: Who are we? Who cares what we think? I think we have to establish ourselves as a responsible newspaper before we start issuing pronouncements about how to run the world."

Mr. King took us to meet James Gaines, who is twenty-three, and whose title, News Supervisor, appears on the masthead where the managing editor's name would normally be found. "We don't *have* a managing editor, or any of that," Mr. Gaines said. "It's confusing, but any lack of hierarchy in any organization is confusing. It's worth it, though, for the freedom it gives you."

"What does your job involve?" we asked.

"It involves about eighteen hours a day," Mr. Gaines said. "It's a glamour job, though." He smiled ruefully.

We asked him where he found news, and he said that some stories—especially local ones—were staff-written, and others came from news agencies. The *Herald* subscribes to about two dozen agencies, including Reuters, Agence France-Presse, the Community News Service, the Liberation News Service, Universal Science News, the Copley News Service, the North American Newspaper Alliance, and the foreign services of the London *Express*, the Toronto *Telegram*, and the *Neue Zurcher Zeitung*.

We met Jim Brodey, the editor of "See," as the *Herald's* excellent cultural section is called. Mr. Brodey is twenty-nine; like most of his young colleagues, he has long hair and he wears a suit and tie infrequently, if at all. We asked Mr. Brodey, who was one of the founders of the *East Village Other*, how working for the *Herald* compared with his days in the underground.

"Well, it's a lot easier," he said. "The money's regular, for one thing. At *E.V.O.*, the only way to get paid was to arrange to be the one who had the key to the safe that week."

Finally, we talked with the *Herald's* art director, George Delmerico, who is a slim, relaxed man of twenty-six, with long dark-brown hair set off by the wispy suggestion of a beard and mustache. "The *Herald* was designed by Massimo Vignelli, who has a hell of a reputation internationally," he said. "He'd never done a newspaper. At the time, he was working on things like redesigning the whole New York City subway system."

"How did you happen to come to work here?" we asked.

"I went to the Pratt Institute and the Royal College of Art in London, and then spent a couple of years at *New York* magazine," he said. "I started free-lancing, which, given the recession, was none too cool an idea. I came here when Massimo wanted someone to handle the day-to-day layouts. I had no newspaper experience, either, so I entered it kind of naïvely. 'Yes, very young, very fresh.' " Mr. Delmerico slipped briefly into an Italian accent. "There's nothing mysterious about the way I work. We use a module system—six columns per page, seventeen modules per column. I simply do a drawing of each page. I'm concerned about content, and I don't want the layout to work against it; I wouldn't design a page just to have a good design. The aim is to avoid runover, and keep everything within a kind of rectangle. If that means using white space at the end of a column, that's what we do. It's kind of daring, in a way."

Mr. Delmerico walked with us to the elevator. "It's in the nature of my job to see the paper as a whole," he said. "I think the *Herald's* main problem is identity, which is the problem of the twentieth century. Right?"

"Right," we said.

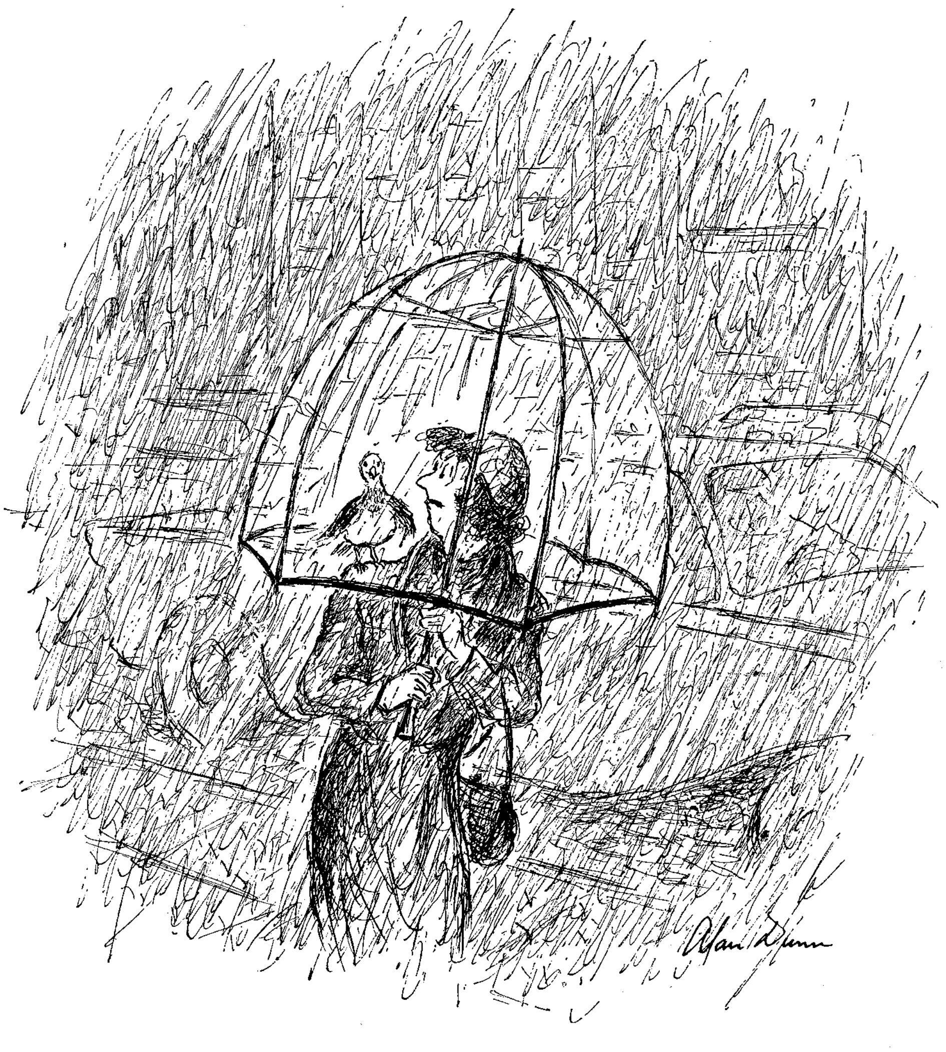
◆

EXCERPT from a letter sent to its customers by the Keith Prowse Group of Companies, a theatrical ticket agency in London:

> I hope that you will welcome our decision to abandon computers in the future and revert to the personal service, giving all the relevant information, that our customers have enjoyed for the past 100 years.

Gilbert and George

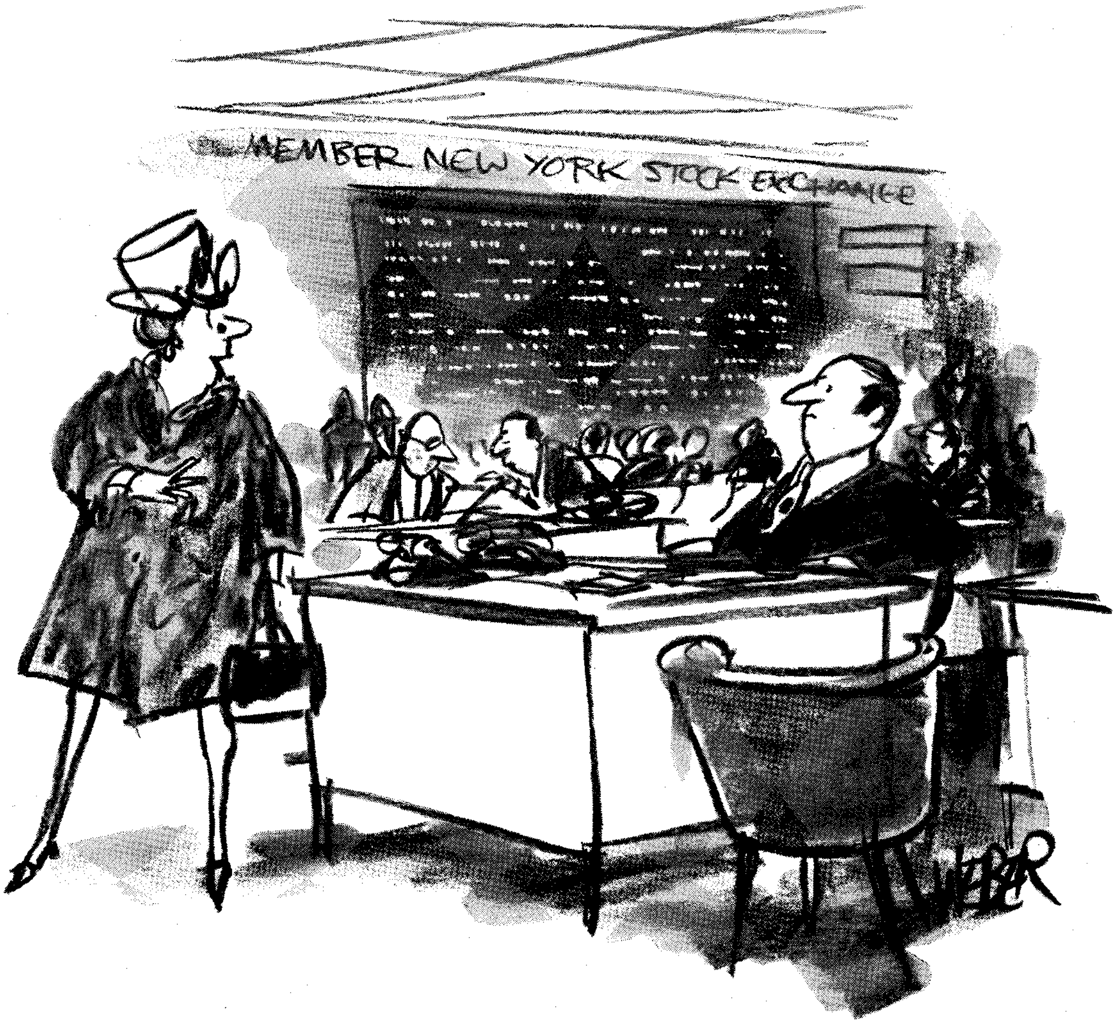
"DON'T miss Gilbert and George" was the phrase most bruited at the opening, last week, of 420 West Broadway, a lavishly remodelled warehouse building in the SoHo (south of Houston Street) area, in which three well-known uptown art galleries and one well-known newcomer have just established downtown headquarters. We heard it on the stairs, where hundreds of art lovers in festive denim waited as long as an hour to squeeze into the packed galleries. We heard it from Leo Castelli, whose beautiful new showrooms occupy the second floor of the building—the other floors being occupied, in ascending order, by Michael Sonnabend, John Weber (the newcomer, who used to run the now defunct Dwan Gallery, on West Fifty-seventh Street), and André Emmerich. We heard it from John Coplans, the editor of *Artforum*, and from Ivan Karp, the ever-ebullient director of the O.K. Harris Gallery, which broke sod in SoHo two years ago. "I'm not quite sure what a 'singing sculpture' is supposed to mean," Mrs. Leo Castelli confided to us, "but don't miss it."



At about four o'clock in the afternoon, we fought our way at last into the Sonnabend Gallery, and there were Gilbert and George, standing on a small table in the center of a crowded room, singing, to a tape-recorded accompaniment, a sentimental English music-hall ditty called "Underneath the Arches." They wore neat gray wool suits, white shirts, drab neckties, and plain shoes. Their features, under a coating of metallic bronze paint, looked youthful and implacably earnest. The taller one held a walking stick with a green handle, his partner held a rubber glove, and as they sang they moved and turned atop the table with the small, stylized gestures of mechanical toys. When the song was ended, the short one took the cane from the tall one and handed him the glove; then he climbed down from the table, removed the cassette from the tape recorder, turned it over and replaced it, restarted the recorder, climbed back on top of the table, returned the cane to his partner, and took back the rubber glove. The music started, and, with the same expressionless gestures and mechanical movements, never smiling, they began to sing again, in the same way, the same song. They had been doing this since one o'clock in the afternoon, we learned, and they would keep on doing it, without a break, until six that evening.

The walls of the room were covered with large, square charcoal drawings that showed Gilbert and George in a variety of mostly sylvan landscapes. Similar drawings filled the gallery's two other rooms, in one of which the Sonnabend management, in the spirit of the occasion, was serving tea and cucumber sandwiches. There were twenty-three drawings in all, executed jointly by Gilbert and George, and purchasable as a unit only. The series was entitled "The General Jungle, or Carrying On Sculpting." We had a cup of tea and then went back to the room where Gilbert and George (who, we had ascertained, were not themselves for sale, either singly or as a unit) were carrying on singing. A man in the audience surrounding them kept yelling "Faster!" but Gilbert and George, in their bronze makeup, never missed a beat.

A few days later, hoping to reach a deeper understanding of singing sculpture, we arranged to have a talk with Gilbert and George themselves. The


MEMBER NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
WEBER

"Don't forget to give me a buzz when Mr. Nixon has another rally."

• •

talk took place in a private office at the Sonnabend Gallery on West Broadway, and although they had not yet put on their bronze makeup, they looked and acted very much as they had in performance. George, the taller of the two, spoke with an English accent. Gilbert's accent sounded as if it might be German, but it was hard to be sure, because both of them spoke so softly. Their politeness was excruciating. We started by asking how it felt to be a singing sculpture.

"We like it very much," Gilbert murmured.

"Yes, we enjoy it tremendously," said George.

Was it true, we inquired, that they became self-hypnotized by the repetition, in the manner of Indian sages chanting a mantra?

No, it was not. "We're quite conscious all the time," George said. "It's a very *real* pleasure." In fact, they agreed, after singing for five hours they felt "quite marvellous," and "not tired a bit," and they were looking forward very much to doing it every day, Tuesday through Saturday, until October 8th, when they would go back to England. George said that on opening day he had been slightly bothered at first when the man started to shout "Faster!" but only because he thought the man was shouting "Bastard!" "As soon as I found out what he was really saying, I didn't mind at all," George said.

We asked how their collaboration had come about.

George looked at Gilbert, smiled, and said, "Gosh." It was hard to say exactly. They had met in 1968, at the St. Martin's School of Art, in London, where George had grown up. Gilbert, who was born in 1943 in "a small Dolomite village," had lived in Austria and Germany before coming to London, in the nineteen-sixties. The worship of art—a rather unusual sentiment among contemporary artists—became the bond between them. They both loved "all periods of art," none more than another, and they had both "always" wanted to be artists. At art school, they started working together on abstract sculptures, and then, having left school at the same time, they simply continued working together.

Going from abstract to singing sculpture was what Gilbert described as "an easy transition." It came about more or less by accident, when one of them bought a recording of "Underneath the Arches," a popular song written in 1932 that has to do with being cheerful about being down and out. ("The Ritz we never sigh for, the Carlton they can keep,/ There's only one place that we know, and that is where we sleep./ Underneath the arches we dream our dreams away,/ Underneath the arches on cobblestones we lay.")

"We found that song very biographical," George told us. "The song had meaning for us—each line meant something."

"We didn't really choose it," Gilbert said. "We just took it. Not in preference to something else but because it had a great deal of accuracy in our terms."

"There was no satirical intent at all," George assured us.

Ever since their discovery of "Underneath the Arches," Gilbert and George have concentrated on making each moment of their waking life a work of sculpture. They are quite serious about this, and their dealer insists that they are not putting anybody on. Although they have done several other series of drawings, one of which was recently bought by the Museum of Modern Art, singing sculpture remains their central preoccupation, and they have no desire to sing any other song or alter in any way their manner of singing "Underneath the Arches."

"It's a completed work, like a painting," George informed us. "We wouldn't like to change it. We try our best to do everything the same way each time. It's not theatre, you see; it's sculpture. The bronze makeup is really more for us than for the audience; it makes us feel more like sculpture. Sometimes we think of ourselves as sculptors and sometimes as living sculptures. We tend to slip from one to the other, so to speak. We feel very devoted to art, you see."

"That's true," Gilbert said. "Totally devoted."

DEPARTURES

1.

I CASHED a fifty-dollar Defense Bond given me by my grandfather and ran away from home. We stood by the roadside, myself and a colleague who was also running away from home, holding out our hands. This was in Texas, during the War. An old Hudson stopped. Inside were a black man, who was driving, a white man, who was sitting in the death seat, and a small Oriental-looking woman, who was sitting in back. "Where you goin'?" the black man asked. "Mexico City," we said. We were wearing jeans and T-shirts. "O.K.," the black man said, "get in." The white man in the front seat began telling us about himself. He was a songwriter, he said. He had written "Drinking Lemonade in Kentucky in the Morning." Had we ever heard that one? We said no, indicating that the fault was ours—pure ignorance. He had lived in Hawaii for a long time, he said. His wife back there was Hawaiian. The black man was a professional jazz drummer. They were headed for Mexico City, by a striking coincidence. They all lived together in Mexico City, D.F., and had a business there.

We crossed the border at Laredo. My friend Herman and I had changed all the money we had into one-peso notes with a fifty-peso note on the outside of the wad. We showed the wad to the border officials demonstrating that we would not become a burden upon the State. We had learned this device from the movies.

After the second border checkpoint had been passed, the car stopped at a house and everybody got out to change the tires. The drummer and the songwriter pried the tires off the rims. Herman and I helped. Copper wire, hundreds of feet of it, was wound round each of the rims. Our friends were smuggling copper wire, a scarce item during the War. The benefits of leaving home were borne in on us. We had never met any absolutely genuine smugglers before.

When we got to Mexico City, the songwriter and the drummer gave us jobs in their business which was importing American jukeboxes and converting them into Mexican jukeboxes. Our job was to file the coin slots of the jukeboxes into larger slots so that they would accept Mexican coins, which tend to be large. We stayed there a week. Then we went home.

2.

ARMY PLANS TO FREEZE
3 MILLION BIRDS TO DEATH

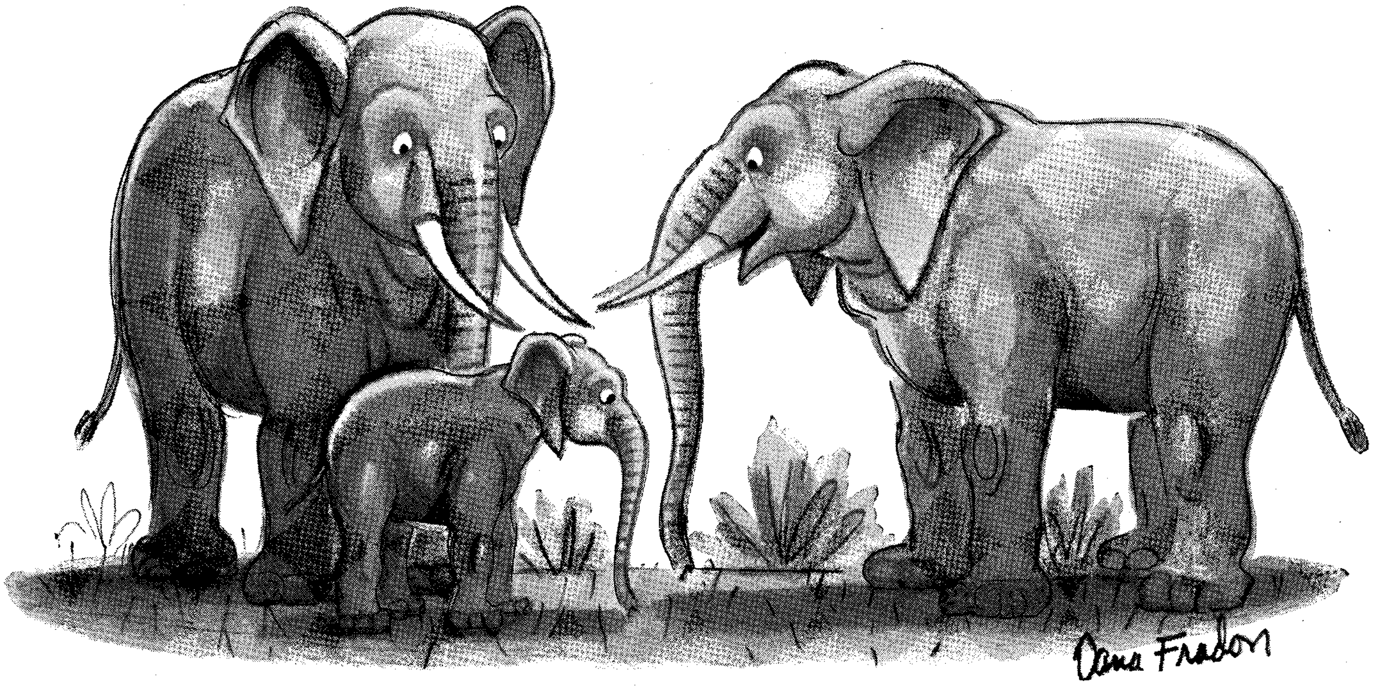
MILAN, Tenn., Feb. 14 (AP)—The Army is planning to freeze to death three million or so blackbirds that took up residence two years ago at the Milan Arsenal.

Paul LeFebvre of the US Department of the Interior, which is also working on the plan, said yesterday that the birds would be sprayed with two chemicals, resulting in a rapid loss of body heat. This will be done on a night with sub-freezing temperatures, he said.

3.

THERE is an elementary school, P.S. 421, across the street from my building. Now the Board of Education is busing children from the bad areas of the city to P.S. 421 (our area is thought to be a good area) and busing children from P.S. 421 to schools in the bad areas, in order to achieve racial balance in the schools. The parents of the P.S. 421 children do not like this very much, but they are all good liberals and feel it must be done. The parents of the children in the bad areas may not like it much, either, having their children so far from home, but they too probably feel that the process makes somehow for a better education. Every morning the green buses arrive in front of the school, some bringing black and Puerto Rican children to P.S. 421 and others taking the local, mostly white, children away. Presiding over all this is the loadmaster.

The loadmaster is a heavy, middle-aged white woman, not fat but heavy, who wears a blue cloth coat and a scarf around her head and carries a clipboard. She gets the children into and out of the buses, briskly, briskly, shouting, "Let's go, let's go, LET'S GO!" She has a voice that is louder than the voices of forty children. She gets a bus filled up, gives her clipboard a fast once-over, and sends the driver on his way: "O.K., José." The bus has been parked in the middle of the street, and there is a long line of hungup cars behind it, unable to pass, their drivers blowing their horns impatiently. When the drivers of these cars honk their horns too vigorously, the loadmaster steps away from the bus and yells at them in a voice louder than fourteen stacked-up drivers blowing their horns



"He's got my eyes and your trunk."

all at once: "KEEP YOUR PANTS ON!" Then to the bus driver: "O.K., José." As the bus starts off, she stands back giving it an authoritative smack on its rump (much like a coach sending a fresh player into the game) as it passes. Then she waves the stacked-up drivers on their way, one authoritative wave for each driver. She is making authoritative motions long after there is any necessity for it.

4.

DUNKIRK

5.

EXT A LARGE CHURCH
Wedding party standing on the steps. The bride and groom are young, handsome. The bride hurls her bouquet at the bridesmaids. Photographs are taken. Flashbulbs flash.

EXT MUSEUM GROUNDS, JEU DE PAUME
Two guards or attendants open the museum's doors. They begin throwing large lyrical abstractions through the doors. The paintings litter the steps of the Jeu de Paume. The artist stands at the bottom of the steps, stricken. The bride and bridegroom from the previous scene appear, running hand in hand.

EXT MUSEUM GROUNDS
The camera pans across the orderly hedges, the iron benches. Shot of a large tiger lurking behind a hedge.

EXT MUSEUM GROUNDS
The bride and bridegroom, laughing, fall behind a hedge and begin to strip each other.

EXT MUSEUM GROUNDS
Shot of tiger watching bride and bridegroom.

EXT MUSEUM GROUNDS
A mother, member of the wedding party, holding bouquet with ribbons, runs up to the bridal pair.

MOTHER (*scandalized*): Stop that! Stop that this minute!

EXT MUSEUM GROUNDS
The tiger begins to move toward the group.

EXT MUSEUM GROUNDS
The mother has dropped her bouquet and is running off down the road shrieking, the tiger in pursuit.

EXT MUSEUM GROUNDS
Shot of naked lovers under the hedge.

EXT STEPS OF THE JEU DE PAUME
The artist is throwing his lyrical abstractions back into the museum, through the open doors. The attendants are trying to stop him.

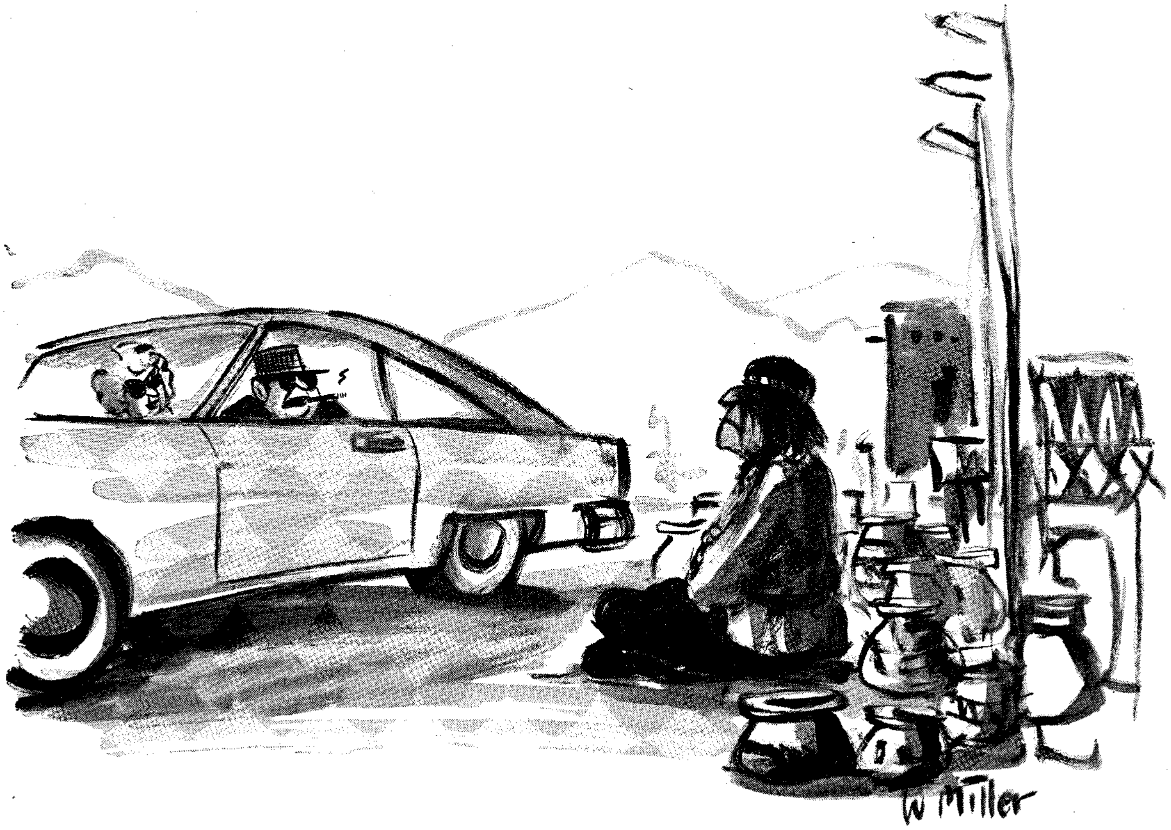
EXT MUSEUM GROUNDS
The museum attendants are running off down the road shrieking, the tiger in pursuit.

6.

I WAS on an operating table. My feet were in sterile bags. My hands and arms were wrapped in sterile towels. A sterile bib covered my beard. A giant six-eyed light was shining in my eyes. I closed my eyes. There was a doctor on the right side of my head and a doctor on the left side of my head. The doctor on the right was my doctor. The doctor on the left was studying the art. He was Chinese, the doctor on the left. My doctor spoke to the nurse who was handing him tools. "*Rebecca! You're not supposed to be holding conversations with the circulating nurse, Rebecca. You're supposed to be watching me, Rebecca!*" We had all gathered here in this room to cut out part of my upper lip into which a basal-cell malignancy had crept.

In my mind, the basal-cell malignancy resembled a tiny truffle.

"Most often occurs in sailors and farmers," the doctor had told me. "The sun." But I, I sit under General Electric light, mostly. "We figure you can lose up to a third of it, the lip, without a bad result," the doctor had told me. "There's a lot of stretch." He had demonstrated upon his own upper lip, stretching it with his two forefingers. The doctor a large handsome man with silver spectacles. In my hospital room, I listened to my Toshiba transistor, Randy Newman singing "Let's Burn Down the Cornfield." I was waiting for the morning, for the operation. A friendly Franciscan entered in his brown robes. "Why is it that in the space under 'Religion' on your form you entered 'None'?" he asked in a friendly way. I considered the question. I rehearsed for him my religious history. We discussed the distinguishing characteristics of the various religious orders—the Basilians, the Capuchins. Recent outbreaks of Enthusiasm among



"Hey you! Chief! Which way to that London Bridge?"

the Dutch Catholics were touched upon. "Rebecca!" the doctor said, in the operating room. "*Watch me, Rebecca!*"

I had been given a morphine shot along with various locals in the lip. I was feeling very good! The Franciscan had lived in the Far East for a long time. I too had been in the Far East. The Army band had played, as we climbed the ramp into the hold of the troopship, "Bye Bye Baby, Remember You're My Baby." "We want a good result," my original doctor had said, "because of the prominence of the—" He pointed to my upper lip. "So I'm sending you to a good man." This seemed sensible. I opened my eyes. The bright light. "Give me a No. 10 blade," the doctor said. "Give me a No. 15 blade." Something was certainly going on there, above my teeth. "Gently, gently," my doctor said to his colleague. The next morning a tiny Thai nurse came in bringing me orange juice, orange jello, and an orange broth. "Is there any pain?" she asked.

My truffle was taken to the pathologist for examination. I felt the morphine making me happy. I thought: What a beautiful hospital.

A handsome nurse from Jamaica came in. "Now you put this on," she said, handing me a wrinkled white garment without much back to it. "No socks. No shorts."

No shorts!

I climbed onto a large moving bed and was wheeled to the operating room, where the doctors were preparing themselves for the improvement of my face. My doctor invited the Chinese doctor to join him in a scrub. I was eating my orange jello, my orange broth. My wife called and said that she had eaten a superb beef Wellington for dinner, along with a good bottle. Every time I smiled the stitches jerked tight.

I was standing outside the cashier's window. I had my pants on and was feeling very dancy. "Udbye!" I said. "Hank you!"

7.

I WENT to a party. I saw a lady I knew. "Hello!" I said. "Are you pregnant?" She was wearing what appeared to be maternity clothes.

"No," she said, "I am not."

"Cab!"

8.

BUT where are you today?

Probably out with your husband for a walk. He has written another beautiful poem, and needs the refreshment of the air. I admire him. Everything he does is successful. He is wanted for lectures in East St. Louis, at immense fees. I admire him, but my admiration for you is . . . Do you think he has noticed? What foolishness! It is as obvious as a bumper sticker, as obvious as an abdication.

Your Royal Canadian Mounted Police hat set squarely across the wide white brow . . .

Your white legs touching each other, at the banquet table . . .

Probably you are walking with your husband in SoHo, seeing what the new artists are refusing to do there, in their quest for a scratch to start from.

The artists regard your brown campaign hat, your white legs. "Holy God!" they say, and return to their lofts.

I have spent many message units seeking your voice, but I always get Frederick instead.

"Well, Frederick," I ask cordially, "what amazing triumphs have you accomplished today?"

He has been offered a sinecure at Stanford and a cenotaph at C.C.N.Y. Bidding for world rights to his breath had begun at $500,000.

But I am wondering—

When you placed your hand on my napkin, at the banquet, did that mean anything?

When you smashed in the top of my soft-boiled egg for me, at the banquet, did that indicate that I might continue to hope?

I will name certain children after you. (People often ask my advice about naming things.) It will be suspicious, so many small Philippas popping up in our city, but the pattern will only become visible with the passage of time, and in the interval, what satisfaction!

I cannot imagine the future. You have not made your intentions clear, if indeed you have any. What is the point of all this misery? I am a voter! I am a veteran! I am forty! My life is insured! Now you are climbing aboard a great ship, and the hawsers are being loosed, and the flowers in the cabins arranged, and the dinner gong sounded. I am sure you will eat well aboard that ship, but you don't understand—it is sailing away from me!

—DONALD BARTHELME

GRIEF

WAS it summer? Was it spring or was it fall? One window of the living room was open. It was warm enough, at any rate, for that window to be open, but it was not really warm.

Down below, at the corner, a Madison Avenue bus came to a stop. The doors wheezed open, the nickels clanked down their steel chutes. A momentary silence, and then my grandmother screamed.

She sat in a rocking chair by the window, head thrown back, both hands holding her head, the right one tightened into a fist crumpled over a handkerchief.

She screamed again.

Niobe, I thought. Wounded Niobe. Thermae Museum. Rome. Fifth century. The good century, but late fifth, the teacher had said, because the drapery that covered the lower part of the body was on the verge of becoming opaque. I was very involved with History of Art at the time, and even more involved with the Egyptians than I was with the Greeks, but there was nothing of the classroom in that moment, except that I sat cross-legged at my grandmother's feet like the scribe in the Cairo Museum, and kept my mind crowded with all this irrelevant, or relevant, information, because I did not want to think about my grandmother.

Grief has an economy of movement, a sparseness valid from the beginning, and, I suppose, to the end, of time. Under the thin black dress my grandmother wore I could see the strain, the terrible pain in her body—a pain that was not physical and that I had never seen before.

Why was I home and not in school? Did I have a cold or was it Saturday?

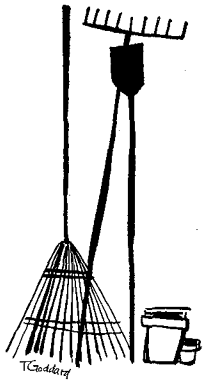
The doors of the bus wheezed shut and off it went. Then came the sound of hoofs: the mounted police, either coming from or going to the armory across the avenue.

My grandmother rocked, quite violently, in silence. I watched her legs and feet and, more particularly, her slippers. They were of patterned felt, like the ones usually worn by French concierges. My grandmother had not told me about them. They seemed to be new. In fact, I had never seen them before. This was not the moment to ask, but I wondered where she had found them. The rocker squeaked slightly, back and forth, back and forth. I thought that later, much later, I would oil it with the oil we used for the sewing machine.

As my grandmother continued to rock, the letter that lay folded in her lap slid off, silently, and lay, still folded, at her feet. I did not move to pick it up. When she rocked all the way back, her feet in their concierge slippers came off the ground. I could see that the letter, a single sheet of airmail paper covered on both sides, was in Russian. To think that I had bothered to go downstairs to get that letter, that I had unlocked and locked the mailbox, that I had brought it up and given it to her.

The hand that held the handkerchief came to rest in my grandmother's lap, taking the place of the letter. Her fist tightened, and she moaned, just once. She still continued to rock; her left hand still held her head, the elbow at a sharp angle, the only corner in that otherwise perfect circle of despair.

Another bus came and went, and took forever, it seemed, and I kept wondering if I should shut the window. Before I could make up my mind, my grandmother spoke, and the voice that came out of her was not her own. I had heard of mediums, and trances, and mediums in trances, but I did not know that my grandmother, whose voice was usually light and held little depth, could suddenly turn into a dark contralto.



"Burned. My children. *Burned!*" she said, or shouted, or screamed, in that newly found voice; it was hard to tell what she was doing, the sound of her was so foreign to me. And then her left hand fell into her lap.

"Burned," she said once more, and was silent. The rocker, poised all the way back, stood suspended for a moment and moved forward again. It was then that I understood, and panic gripped me—not by the throat, but by the spine, somewhere along my back. It rose to the top of my head, only to descend, past a strangely sexual moment, until I could feel it reach the very tips of my toes. And I knew that it would be a long time before I would close the window, a long time before I would move at all.

Would my grandmother have behaved—more or less—as she did had I not been in the room? It is hard to tell. The line dividing truth from drama is weaker than the one that separates acting in public (even before an audience of one) and reacting in solitude. Besides, my grandmother was Russian.

SHE must have been in her early seventies at the time. It is impossible to remember exactly, because she was always so vague about her age. Once, when I questioned her directly, she answered—in the offhand way she had of answering when she was either evading or else not telling the truth—that she did not really know how old she was. She had lost her birth certificate in some pogrom or other, and now she no longer had a point of reference.

I remember clearly that I was fifteen, and that all the arrangements between my grandmother and myself, including our respective ages, had suited me to perfection until a few moments before, when they had become untenably reversed.

Did an hour go by or just enough time to sigh a sigh? It is hard to tell. I kept thinking, Why did she say "Burned"? That, in itself, in the end, seemed unimportant. I bent forward and picked up the folded letter. My grandmother's eyes were closed; she did not see me. The word "Auschwitz," written in the Roman alphabet, seemed to lift itself from the first paragraph. I knew, from the time it had taken her, that she had been unable to read much beyond it. I did not bother to decipher the written Cyrillic, which, from lack of experience, I found so much harder to read than the printed alphabet. I put the folded letter in my pocket.

I remember an endless silence, and then I said, very firmly, "We shall have to tell my mother."

"No—*no!*" she screamed, in that strange contralto. Her hands went up to her head again. The handkerchief, hopelessly rumpled and small, remained in her lap.

"Why not?" I asked.

She rocked herself, violently, slippers on and off the ground, and her voice, when it finally came, was on all sorts of different levels; it broke and stopped, and then it started again, and each time the pitch was different. This is what she said: "We can't. She's an artist—she's on tour—we must let her do what she's always done—play the piano—you mustn't interfere—she earns your living, mine—she's always earned everybody's living— Oh my children!" she said, and her slippers came to rest on the floor. "My poor children!"

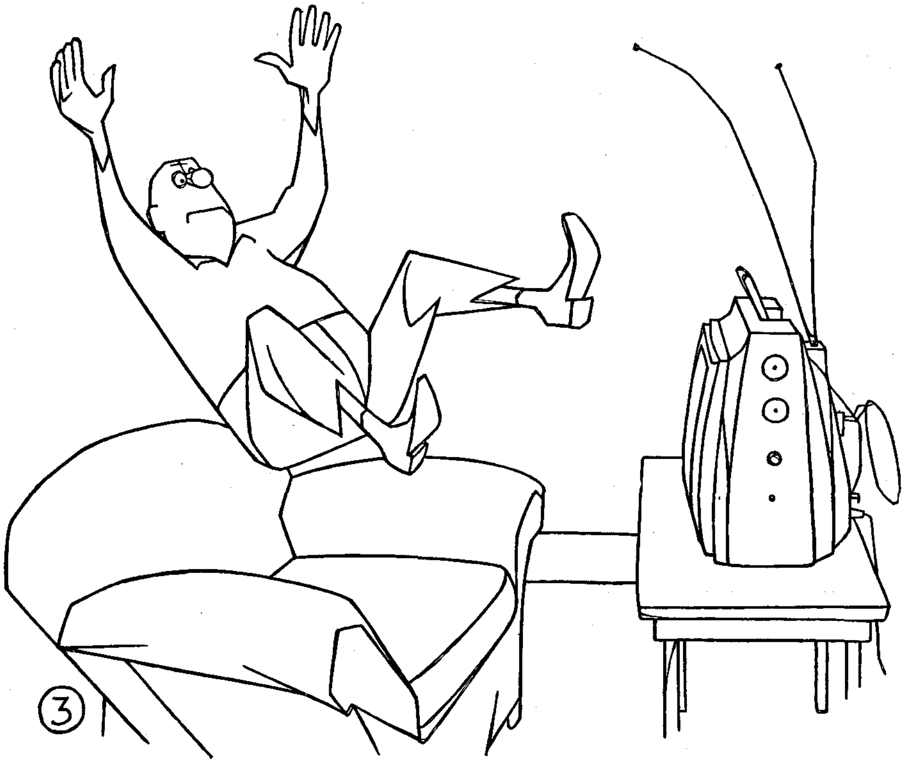
I SHUT the window and made a telephone call. It never occurred to me to call a doctor, although my grandmother now sat back silent, grey, still, and almost lifeless. All I knew was that she was *not* sick. I called H——, a woman I admired and loved beyond any other, in the way that a child can only love and admire her best friend's mother. She was then an editor on the New York *Times*, and I thought that she would know what to do, where to turn, where to get help, and most important, it seemed, how to get news.

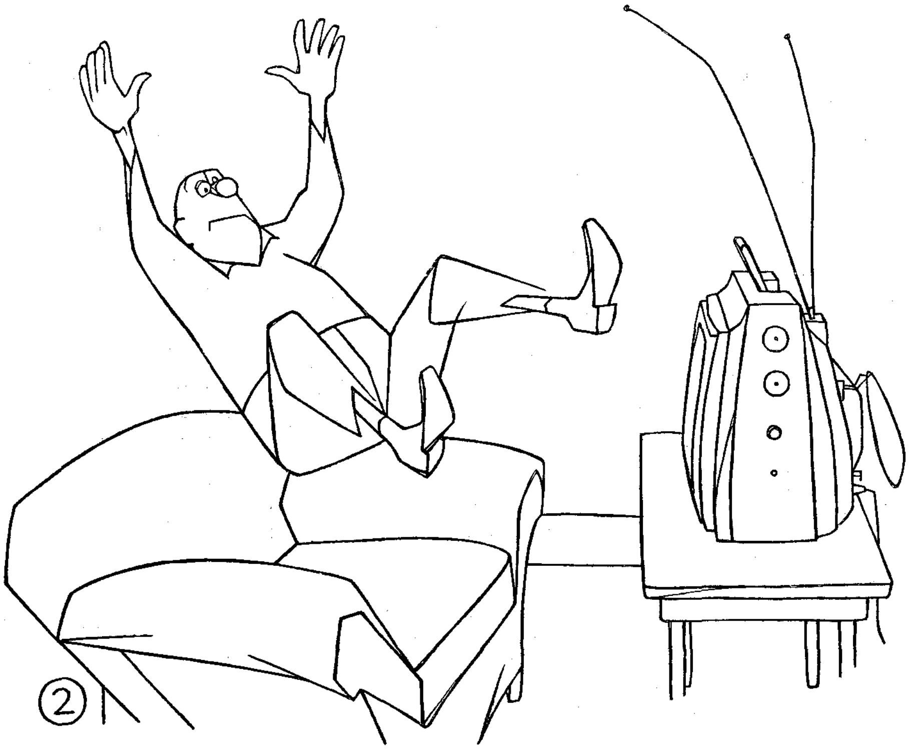
It must have been morning still, and not even late morning, because H—— came right away. She lived two blocks uptown from us, and she must have been about to go down to her office. She sat on the maroon couch by my grandmother's rocking chair, and crossed her legs, and smoked a cigarette. Did she actually smoke a cigarette? I think that she began to smoke much later, but when I try to remember, I find her on the maroon couch with her legs crossed, smoking. She wore a mannish suit of grey flannel (was it fall, then?) and a frilly white silk shirt; her mother's seed pearls and a small jewelled coral-and-gold hand pinned to her jacket. I sat on the floor and watched her run a comb through her hair, put out her cigarette, cross and uncross her legs. They were lovely, and she wore bold net stockings, which very few women dared wear at the time, and brown crocodile sandals. (Perhaps it was spring, after all, because of the sandals.) Spring or fall, I thought, *This day must pass, and I must stop sitting on the floor where one is inextricably faced with peoples' legs and feet.* I wanted time to pass immediately, so that this day would become long ago and I would be old enough to wear net stockings and hit life head on.

H—— said there was nothing to be done that she could do now and here. She would try to get news. She would call later in the day. And then she was gone. And there was only my grandmother left; and I. Grandmother and I.

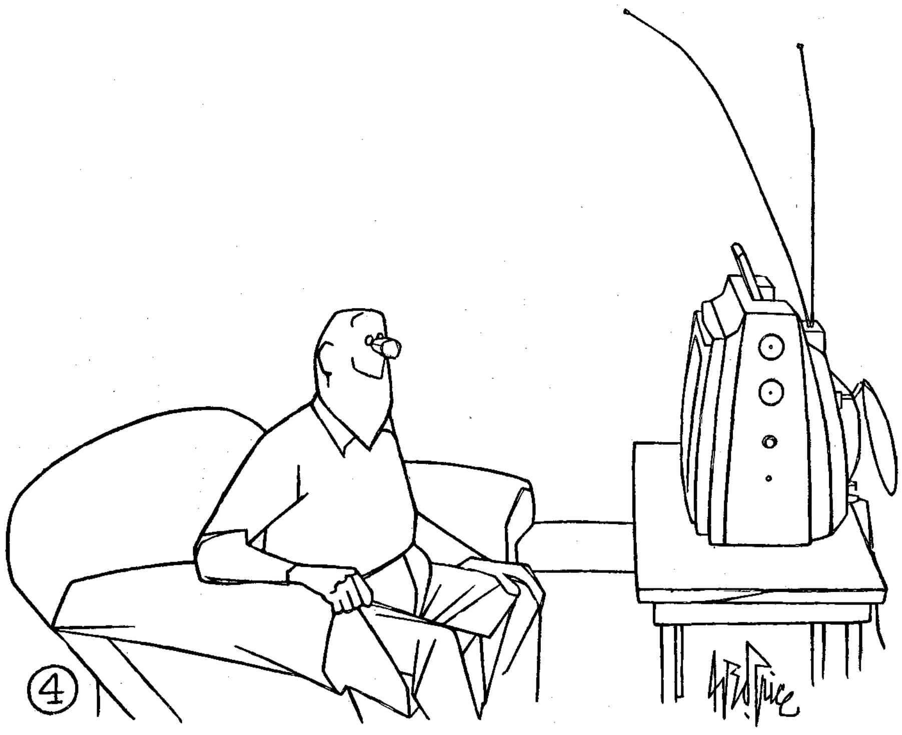
MY uncle was the only playmate of my early childhood. I cannot remember another. He was not a blood relation but the husband of my mother's sister. We all lived together—my mother, my grandmother, my aunt, my uncle, and a transient nurse for me—in a series of equivalent Paris apartments with little sun and long corridors. I managed the nurses, rather demonically. My mother was often absent. When she was not away, I see her bent over my crib or my bed, dressed in long satin. The train of the dress had a serpentine way of lingering in the crack of the door, and I hit the pillows reeking of Arpège. My mother, however, dressed at Lelong's. And, in the evening, all was plunging necklines and subdued satin, the shades leaning toward plum. Any further embellishment came separately, in the form of pearls and diamonds. Our only source of income

"Touchdown!"





② *"But hold everything! There's a flag down on the play."*



④ *"The penalty is declined and the score is now six to nothing."*

• •

was what my mother earned playing the piano. That's why she was away so much. I don't know how much my uncle contributed; I would rather not think about that.

The nurses I remember ruling with blackmail. "If you let me do that, I won't tell my grandmother that you . . ." My mother ruled me by her absences. My grandmother ruled by the force of her love. My aunt held no power, nor did my uncle, and I had none over them. They were my closest friends. They always lived at the end of a corridor.

My uncle had something to do with jewels. He kept precious and semi-precious stones folded away in the dead center of two thicknesses of white paper. First tissue paper (that one made a sound) and then thick paper (that one remained silent). The stones seemed small. They were of little value, probably. But, of course, they were magical.

My uncle had a pair of copper scales, exactly like the ones Justice holds but very small. The weights were minute, and my uncle let me weigh the stones. We played store. He would mark down the weight on large sheets of paper as I called it out; then he would think. Finally, he quoted a price. I bargained. He gave in. He wrapped the stone of my choice, and I could take it with me to my room. The envelope was quite flat. There was something written on it. It was not unlike the letter that my grandmother received toward the end of the Second World War.

My aunt was wide, gay, warm, funny, and prone to hysteria. At times I heard her screaming behind the closed door of her room. This did not happen very often, and there were long calm stretches in between. I asked my grandmother an urgent set of questions. My grandmother hesitated; then she came right out with it and told me my aunt was rolling on the floor. She was in pain and couldn't help it; different people reacted differently to pain, and my aunt's way was to roll on the floor. My grandmother also said that it was nothing to worry about, and that it would only happen for a few hours at a time, perhaps a dozen times in a year. I adored my aunt. She loved to laugh and was always home. She had many women friends who came to see her and who kissed me, Russian fashion, on the mouth. This I did not like. I called my aunt Tutu (pronounced "Tyootyoo") and my uncle Dudu ("Dyoodyoo").

One day Dudu and I were walking hand in hand by the Bourse. A persistent and distinct hum came from that building. It frightened me. I asked, "What are they doing in there?"

He said, "Killing each other."

I hurried him off.

Later, many years later, Dudu asked, "What single object, beyond any other, can improve a woman's face?"

"Love," I said, tentatively, because Dudu had used the word "object."

"*Entirely wrong!*" Dudu practically jumped on me, he was so angry. "The answer is *glasses!*"

I was about ten and had worn glasses before I was nine, and now I needed newer, thicker ones. I thought, Surely Dudu is trying to comfort me. But he wasn't. I suddenly realized that he wasn't. And at that moment, very coolly, affections and loyalties intact, I decided that Dudu must be slightly mad, or else mistaken, or else both at the same time.

SUDDENLY I was eleven and packing to go to the States. I was going with my grandmother. My mother awaited us in New York. I looked forward to the Île-de-France and to nothing else. I felt the war would come, because everyone spoke of little else.

I was putting neat piles of underwear into my suitcase, and Dudu sat on a small straight chair, facing the wrong way, watching me, and he asked, "Supposing you found yourself in a city that was being bombed. Now, where would you go?"

"Into a shelter, of course."

"Wrong; all wrong, *entirely* wrong. Do you know what *I* would do? I would climb, or ride the elevator, to the very top of the very tallest building in that city, and sit down the way I am sitting right now, and await my fate."

At that point I sensed, for the first time in my life, a new kind of danger. It made me acutely uncomfortable. It was not physical danger—neither one of us was threatened; there was no imminent or even possible catastrophe in sight. And yet I felt that events might be *made* to happen by thought alone. And Dudu was not thinking correctly, I was quite sure of that. And I couldn't change his way of thinking. I wanted to pack him with my underwear so that I need never lose sight of him when he was thinking badly, but that was impossible, and so our parting had, for me, an added element of sadness.

I OPENED the window of the compartment, on the train that was to take my grandmother and me from Paris to Le Havre. We were in the Gare Saint-Lazare, in the month of May, and I wore my mulberry wool coat, with velvet collar and buttons, and short white gloves. I opened the window and there was Tutu, standing just below me, on the platform. It was as if she stood in a hole. She tried to smile. And then the train started, and—horrors!—Tutu started off with it. She walked, she trotted, she cried. The train picked up speed, and so did Tutu; she was running full speed now, her face drenched with tears, while Dudu stood far behind, dim but straight as an exclamation mark through all the smoke. I waved, and then there was nothing left to do but to shut the window and sit down and sob and sob as if the end of life had come. My grandmother hid behind her handkerchief. "Stop it," she said.

"But I shall never see them again. *Never.*"

(Oh those fearful insights children have, and then refuse to acknowledge in their own children.)

"Your gloves are all sooty. So is your face." My grandmother blew into her handkerchief. "Take off your gloves," she said. Then, "Give me your handkerchief."

Sea Breeze
MOTEL
NO VACANCY
CLOSED FOR THE SEASON

She did not have to spit into it. I closed my eyes, and she wiped my face with my tears.

TUTU was my mother's elder sister. My mother, the youngest of four, had come to Paris to study at the Conservatoire in 1912. She had two brothers. The older one—the charming, the promising, the irresistible one—perished in the margin of all his promises, killed in Siberia during the Russian Revolution. The other one, poor adolescent émigré, was left behind, in Paris, while my mother and my grandmother returned to Russia for a vacation, in July, 1914. They intended to stay a few weeks and became stranded there, first by war and then by revolution. My mother says that she

WILDERNESS CHILD

1

Nature was his bread,
water he loved.
The moon shimmered in the stream
he put his hands into to drink.
The moon fell through the trees
when he looked up.
Night was a silvery web.
His world of foliage and sky
trembled like a spider's threads
beneath his hands and legs.
All by himself, he howled,
not knowing how to be secure,
not knowing why the sky drifts past,
not knowing why.

2

The hand of the man
was closer than the moon.
He took it and placed it on his head.
He pressed his cheek to the woman's breast.
What they meant and what he was
was in their eyes, their hands, and his.
His world in the wilderness
had passed him like a cloud—
not this. Here he has found
the touch and nearness with him
when he sleeps and wakes.

3

He stands by the open window
and looks across the meadow
toward the dark wood. He has a bowl
of water in his hands. He weeps.
Is this the first time he is feeling sad?
He cannot speak but like
an animal cries out. For what
he lost? found? For what he never had?

—ARTHUR GREGOR

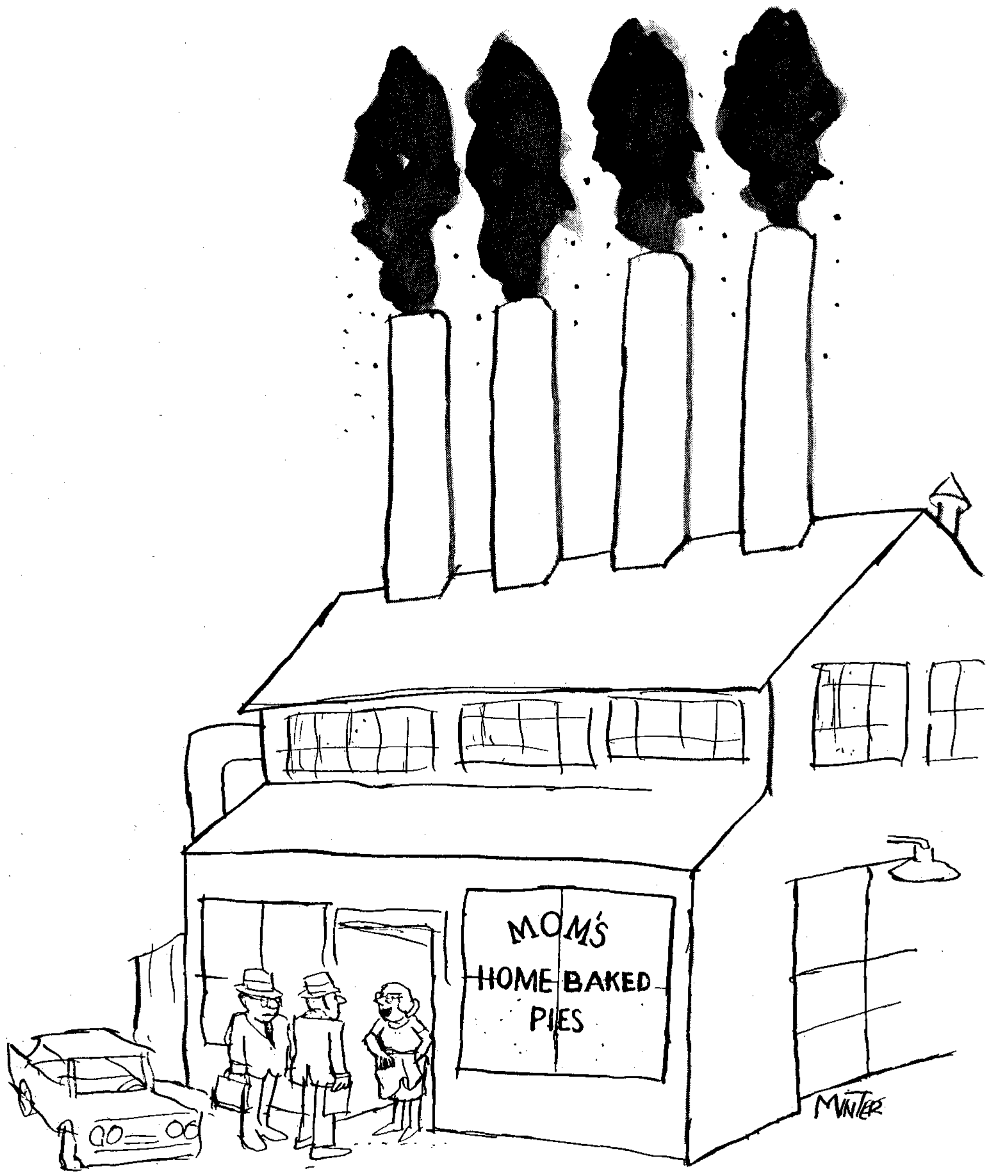
• •

never understood or questioned why her brother didn't come with them. He had a job, and perhaps that had something to do with it. Somehow, in 1917, he managed to rejoin them, and they all three went back to Paris in January of 1920.

This uncle, whose name was Jascha, grew to resemble the solitary representative of a species of small animal no pack in the forest would adopt. He never seemed to attack but was forever defending himself. He managed, but his code was his own; it wasn't mine, and it didn't seem to be anybody else's. Until a numerous assemblage of diseases—including the tuberculosis he contracted during the Occupation—finally killed him off at a respectable age, he always managed to survive.

When the Germans came in the spring of 1940, my uncle fled from Paris into the countryside. For a while he lived off wild plants, and roots, and the bark of trees. Or so he told me later. (He was a great teller of tales.) He wandered around the countryside, hid in forests, settled here and there for short indefinite safe periods, breaking his exile occasionally with short reconnaissance trips into Paris. In that way he survived the Occupation. But Tutu and Dudu did not. They died, gassed in Auschwitz.

Mercifully, there were no details either in the letter my resourceful uncle sent my grandmother, or through surviving friends, or through the Red Cross.



"Goodness me! You mean my little pie shop is polluting the air?"

• •

DID a week go by? Or two, or three? I think that my mother was on tour for about three weeks after the day my grandmother received the letter. Did I stay home, or go to school, or hover between the two? I must have gone to school at some point, because of something that happened. How did my grandmother and I sleep, eat, shop, cook? I do not remember. I remember moving silently through the rooms. My grandmother shuffled about in her slippers. The apartment was small, and neither one of us could get very far from the other. I remember the silence that appeared to envelop us both, a silence that had a strange effect on sound. It stifled the hoofs of the mounted police, throttled the noise of traffic (and particularly of the buses), smothered the telephone, muted our voices, and drowned laughter forever, it seemed. The rest is blank—the benevolent blank of blocked-out pain. Who took care of whom? I do not remember taking care of my grandmother. Yet she took no pills to reduce the range of her pain, no medicine to hinder the mind and make it forget long enough to permit sleep. I remember her silences, her slippers, and her wet handkerchiefs. When everything is still at night and I am alone, I can still hear her shuffling in her slippers.

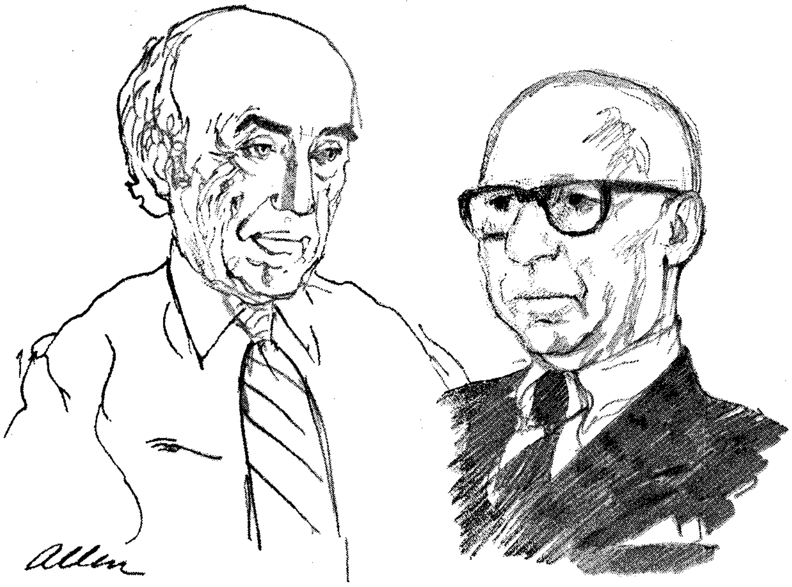
Then, out of hopeless love for a boy most of the other girls in class (and I was one of them) also loved to distraction, a friend of mine threw herself out of the window of her parents' Madison Avenue apartment and landed on top of a bus. When she was put on the stretcher of the ambulance that was to take her to a hospital, she said, "Look, there is a run in my sock." And died. I did not tell my grandmother. So many people died before they were supposed to, for reasons I could—and yet could not—understand. I had only once had a glimpse of a possible reason: Dudu's irremediably faulty thinking. But it explained nothing. The violence around me terrified and pursued me. And I heard my grandmother shuffling in my dreams.

EVENTUALLY my mother returned. We cannot have told her immediately, because I remember that when we did she was wearing a nightgown with a dressing gown over it. We had agreed that my grandmother was to tell her, and then, I was to hand her the letter. My mother sat on the maroon couch, and my grandmother told her. My mother swayed forward a little; then she swayed back. But grief has a fatal economy of movement. All my mother did was what my grandmother had done before her. She put her hands up to her head, and then she screamed.

—NATACHA STEWART

P R O F I L E S

NIGHT CLUBS



Max Gordon *Barney Josephson*

NIGHT clubs, those womblike houses of illusion that came down to us from the eighteenth-century London taverns by way of the Parisian cafés and the New York speakeasies, were long considered by the perspicacious as warm retreats where, the world safely locked out, one could laugh and weep and eat and drink while absorbing a unique and delicate culture, and, particularly in New York, as well-paying, highly exacting finishing schools, whose best graduates have gone on to firm up Hollywood and Broadway and television. Among the graduates of the last twenty years alone are Barbra Streisand, Andy Williams, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, Pearl Bailey, Carol Burnett, Harry Belafonte, Andy Griffith, Diahann Carroll, Phyllis Diller, Shelley Berman, Aretha Franklin, Miriam Makeba, the Smothers Brothers, Dick Gregory, Woody Allen, and Alan Arkin. (And this list does not in any way diminish the countless jazz musicians, folk singers, cocktail pianists, magicians, puppeteers, and divas emeritae who, because of their lack of mass appeal, have remained perennial, endlessly rewarding night-club undergrads.) There were excellent reasons that night clubs were rigorous training grounds. Most good clubs were small, and few performers could get away with fluffing a lyric or fudging a gag or singing flat in front of an audience sitting within kissing distance. Nor, since night-club patrons tended to be habitués, could the performer repeat himself three shows a night, six nights a week. Moreover, the iron law of put-up-or-shut-up was in constant effect, for the customer was paying more for his evening, pound for pound, than for any other kind of entertainment. But night clubs, despite their humanistic virtues, have for some time now been dying out. Television, biting the hand that has so winningly fed it, is the chief cause. It pays its performers more than any night club (the Las Vegas and Miami night spots, which pay plenty, are predigested carnivals rather than night clubs), and it offers Streisand and Griffith and Burnett and Bailey absolutely free—all of which raises an unavoidable irony: Where will television, which has no farm system, get new, young talent when its present stars grow old?

These considerations led me to look up the two men who, between them, have invented and operated three of the most imaginative and enlightening of all New York night clubs—Max Gordon (not the theatrical producer but "the other Max Gordon," as he is sometimes called), the owner of the Village Vanguard, which is not only one of the best American night clubs, past or present, but probably the oldest (it opened in 1934, at 1 Charles Street, in Greenwich Village, and a year later moved a couple of blocks north, to where it is now), and Barney Josephson, the owner of the still lamented Café Society Downtown and Café Society Uptown, which flourished between 1938 and 1948.

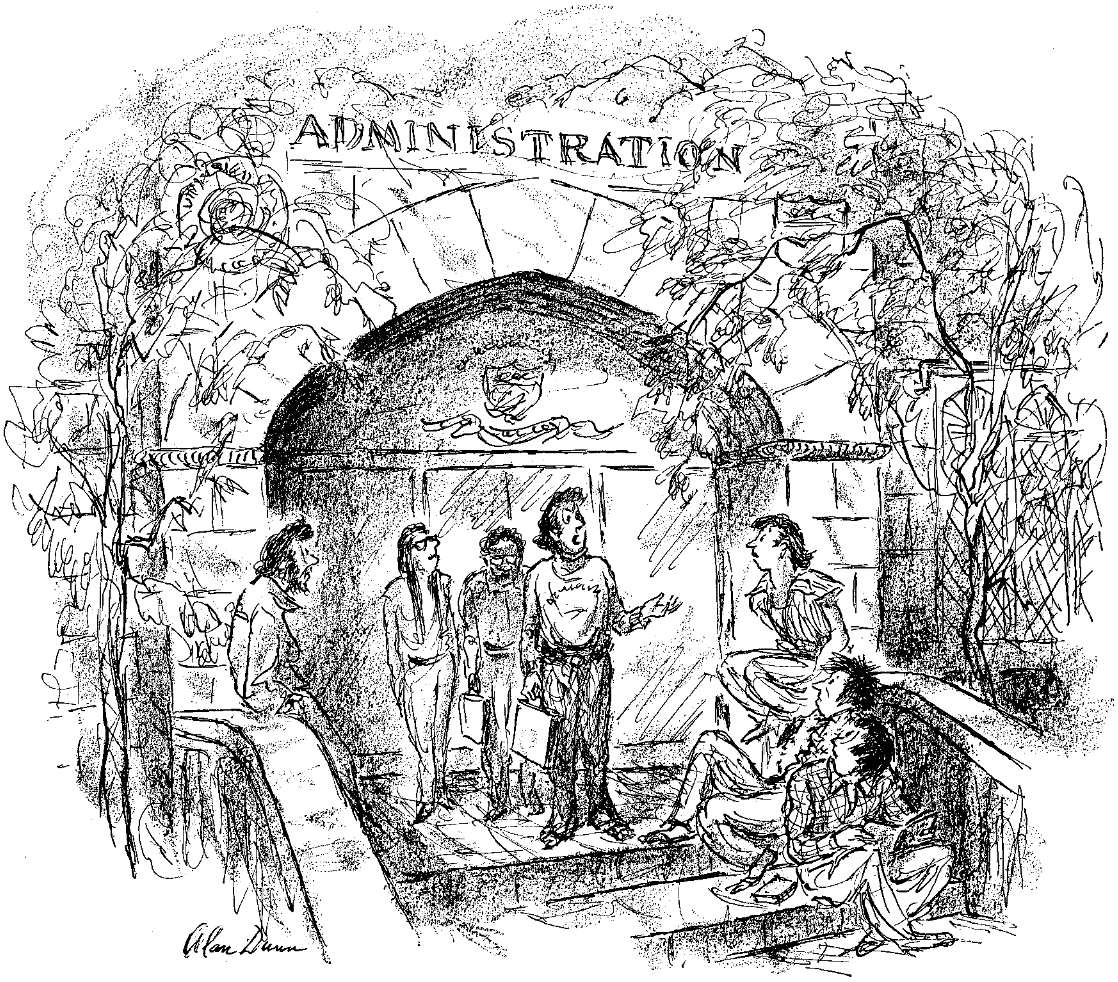
I—MY HOME, MY PALACE

GORDON is unique on several counts. He is, as he is fond of saying, "probably the oldest night-club owner in the world." He is also, in a field that has long been harvested by the underworld, absolutely honest. He pays his performers, who rarely fall below the B level, decent wages, and he charges his customers decent prices for decent booze and food. (To be sure, he has, he says, paid a mysterious monthly "protection" fee to one man for thirty-six years. What with inflation, it was recently raised from two to three dollars.) He has, as well, been a ceaseless, high-class experimenter. At one point, in 1948, he owned the Vanguard and, in partnership with Herbert Jacoby, probably the premier promoter of supper clubs, owned the Blue Angel and Le Directoire. And among the more uncommon acts he has hired were Lenny Bruce, the young and unknown Thelonious Monk, John Carradine, and a band made up of nothing but bass fiddles. He has also put on a series of evenings in the Vanguard called "Speak-Out," in which a panel of such lions as John Simon and Archie Shepp and LeRoi Jones belabored the audience and was belabored in turn to such memorable effect that the proceedings were printed in a monthly magazine. Above all, Gordon, in a quicksand business, is indomitable. He has not only shepherded a wife and two daughters through the vagaries of New York life but has steered the Vanguard through innumerable financial and emotional storms, the "darkest" being the night in the early sixties when, Con Edison having removed its meter from the club that morning, the show went on by candlelight.

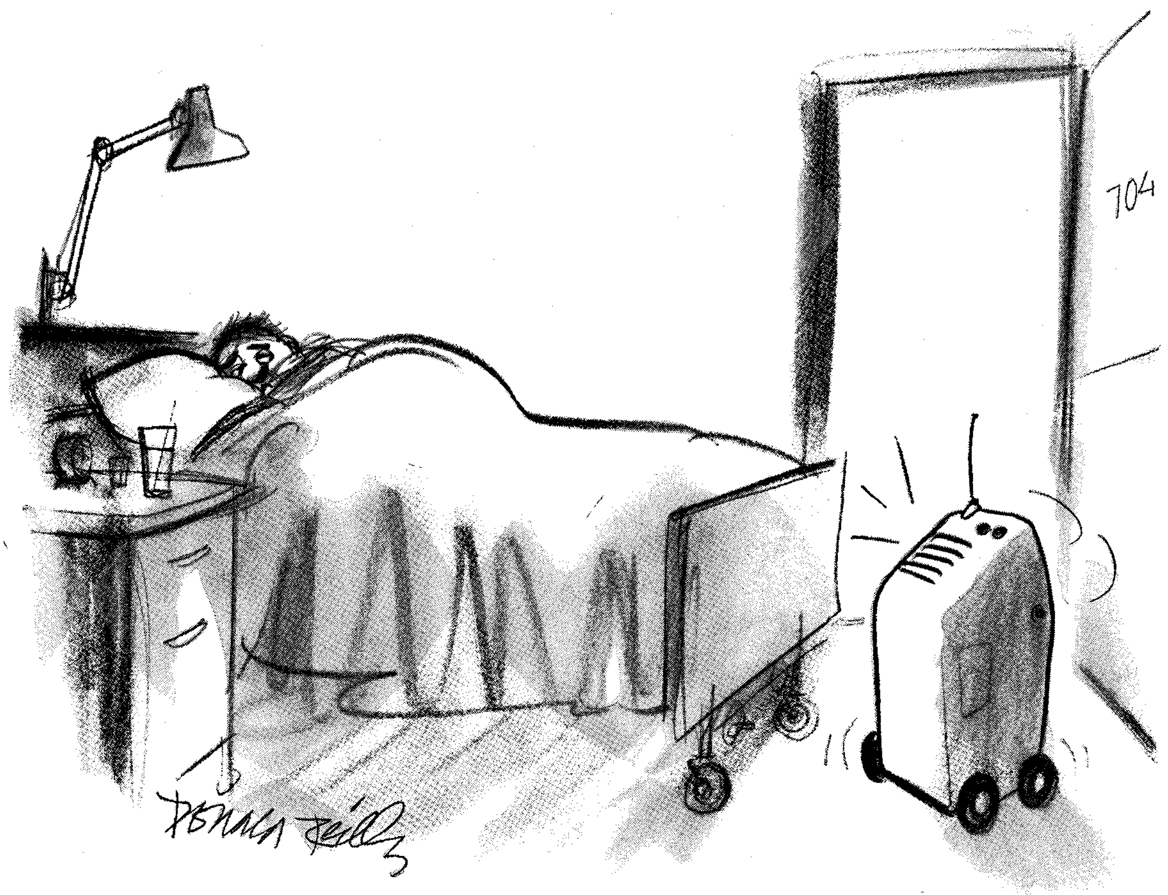
Gordon, a diffident dresser, does not resemble the typical white-on-white night-club operator. (His only comment after recently trying on a handsome new Brooks Brothers suit in front of his mirror was "Gee, I don't know.") He is short and slightly bent and gnomish. His hands and feet are childlike, and he is dominated by a large head, which in turn is dominated by a broad brow and heavy white receding hair. His eyes are sad, and prunelike wrinkles course down his face. (When the comedian Joe Frisco visited Gordon's first club, the Village Fair Coffee House, in the early thirties, he pointed to Gordon and asked a friend, "Who's that miserable guy by the door? He looks like the Wailing Wall.") But Gordon, like many hesitant, inward-gazing people, glows. His Solomonlike visage is constantly ruffled by smiles and laughter, and if he gets excited his voice, which creaks when he breaks one of his occasional long silences, booms. He is a funny, astute, dreaming man who shrugs off victory and laughs at defeat, and who invariably treats the weaknesses in others with respect. He is, not surprisingly, a pithy social observer. One of his many admirers has said, "If I had to spend the rest of my days on a desert island and could take just five people, Max would top the list."

Gordon lives on Macdougal Street with his wife, Lorraine. His daughters, Rebecca and Deborah, are away at school, and Mrs. Gordon, in addition to being a fervent supporter of Women Strike for Peace, manages a smart poster gallery on Seventy-eighth Street. When I stopped in at the apartment late one morning, Gordon was still in his bathrobe and pajamas. "I get home at two or three," he said. "I discovered a long time ago that you can't run a club in absentia. People are apt to tap the till, and anyway the customers need you, the performers need you. I feel guilty about the hours I keep, because of Lorraine, but then I don't go over to the club till ten or so in the evening, and she has her job and her causes. When I came to New York, in 1926, I lived in furnished rooms. I must have lived in twenty or more of them, and they were mostly in a complex, a rabbit warren owned by a man named Albert Strunsky. The N.Y.U. Law School is there now. The side facing Washington Square had big studios, where fancy people paid ninety-five a month, but we lived on the other side, in rooms with hall toilets, for six dollars a week. There was no central heating, just gas heaters, and you took your life in your hands if you went to sleep in the winter and left the gas on. Strunsky was a marvellous man. He'd known Jack London, and he loved creative people. You could always owe him money. He looked like an Irishman, with his beet face and polished scalp. A cousin, Simeon, was an editorial writer with the *Times*, and Strunsky's sister, Anna, was also a writer. One of his daughters married Ira Gershwin. Strunsky was always around, and when someone asked him where his beautiful wife was he'd say, 'Oh, Palm Beach.' Lorraine and I were walking down the street a while ago, and there was an old sofa, all broken down and gaping, sitting by the curb. It made me laugh. It was authentic Strunsky period.

"I'd come to New York from Portland, Oregon, ostensibly to go to Columbia Law School. I was raised in Portland, but I was born, in 1903, in the little town of Svir, in Lithuania. I was the third of four children. My mother brought us over to Providence, Rhode Island, in 1908. My father had already established himself in the dairy and delicatessen business. I remember him churning butter in the window of his shop, and going for rides on Sunday in a surrey with a fringe on top. We spoke Yiddish at home, but I have no memory of the lack of English. I can't read Yiddish now, although I speak it haltingly, and I probably could enjoy a play in Yiddish. We stayed in Providence several years. Then my father moved to Portland, and we followed him. He became a kind of peddler, and he'd go out to the eastern part of the state and buy furs from trappers. He used a horse and wagon first, and then he had a Ford pickup truck. We were poor, and we hustled as children. I sold papers, and we'd save all kinds of boxes during the year and sell them for people to sit on at the Rose Festival parade. Mark Rothko, the great painter, was related to us, and we sold papers together. We talked about it on the phone the day before he committed suicide. I couldn't understand him doing that. He had a big studio, a home, money. When I went to the funeral, his elder brothers were there, and I asked them why they had let Mark sell papers and run the streets as a kid when they already owned a drugstore. They shrugged and said, 'What did we know in those days?' My father



"Remember how quick they were to grant us a responsible voice in management? Well, now they want us to help raise the money to stave off bankruptcy."



"And how are we feeling this morning? Reply when you hear a beep."

• •

worked hard, and he was a good, gentle man. But my mother was hard-bitten. She was not a happy woman. She had a goiter and a heart condition. But she had that Jewish drive to educate her children, and I think I broke her heart when I didn't become a lawyer. When I was in high school I hung around with people who read novels and poetry, and I never studied. But I went to Reed College, in Oregon, and after dropping out and in again finally graduated. I only lasted at Columbia six weeks, but I got to know the intellectuals, like Gus Solomon, who's a federal judge in Oregon, and Ferner Nuhn, who contributed to the *American Mercury*. Then I moved down to Strunsky's. I didn't know what I wanted to do. All I knew was that work was unworthy of me. What *was* worthy I didn't know. So I wouldn't work until I really had to, and then I'd get a job in a mail-order place, running an Addressograph machine or licking envelopes. When I tired of one place, I'd go to another, or if I had scraped enough money together I'd lay off a couple of months. Then I'd spend my days in the Public Library and my nights at Paul's, on Wooster Street, or Sam Johnson's, on Third Street. I stayed up until three or four in the morning and slept until two or three in the afternoon. Paul's and Sam Johnson's were coffeehouses with poetry. Eli Siegel, who has a movement called Aesthetic Realism now, ran Sam Johnson's. He'd won the *Nation* poetry prize in 1925, for 'Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana.' There would be poetry readings and discussion groups, and I met people like Joe Gould and John Rose Gildea and Harry Kemp and Maxwell Bodenheim, whom I'd read in college. There was a lot of drinking—wine, or alcohol mixed with the essence of juniper. It was Prohibition that caused it. The minute Repeal came, everybody went on the wagon. Gildea was a wonderful man. He married an East Side girl, and he'd come to the Village in tails and stay three days. He improvised poetry for drinks, and some of it was marvellous, but I don't think he ever published anything. I remember taking him home and walking under the Sixth Avenue 'L' on a freezing winter night while he spouted this great poetry at the top of his lungs. I took Joe Gould home, too. Malcolm Cowley would give him piles of books to review, but he read very fast, skipping a lot, and his reviews were short and sketchy. Harry Kemp, whose poems you can find in the old anthologies, was a huge, heavyweight, strapping guy. A big, real, impossible man. He'd had an affair with Upton Sinclair's wife, and in 1922 he published 'Tramping on Life,' a very successful autobiography. He followed it with 'More Miles,' but that flopped. He ran Harry Kemp's Poets' Theatre, where Clifford Odets was an actor. Then he lived on the dunes at Provincetown, where he helped start the Provincetown Playhouse, and when he came to town he'd look for me in the coffeehouses and he'd shout, 'Max! Where are you? I have a new poem to read to you!,' and crush me with an embrace when he found me. I was enchanted with Provincetown when I went up there later, in the thirties. Kemp would roar down Commercial Street, talking, talking, talking, and it was like the Village, only with water."

Gordon went out to the kitchen and made a pot of tea. "I'm not much at this sort of thing," he said when he came back, "but it's real tea and it's hot." He lit a big cigar. It made him look top-heavy. He puffed for a while, his eyes narrowed against the smoke, and then put the cigar down and took a sip of tea.

"In 1929, I went home. It was frustration and fatigue, and I went home to recharge my batteries. I stayed four or five months, and came back in November of that year and drifted into my old life of odd jobs with mail-order outfits and writing for little puff magazines. By this time, I had vague visions of being a writer. For the puff magazines, which were a racket, we'd pick out people of the second and third echelon who had been in the news and write congratulatory biographies, about three hundred words or so, and then call them up and read them what we'd written and ask them how many copies they wanted, at thirty-five cents a throw. I also wrote a humorous essay, which had to do with a *schnorrer*, a Yiddish word for a phony promoter. It was printed in the *Menorah Journal*, which was edited by Elliot Cohen, who later edited *Commentary*. Albert Halper, the novelist, was in the same issue, and I noticed a while ago that he's just published an autobiography. I knew I wasn't a writer, but I also knew I had to be *some*thing. I had got to the point where I was sick worrying about my mother, about what she was thinking of me. People didn't have contempt for their parents then, and this guilt was engulfing me. Ann Andreas, who was a good friend of mine, saved me. She suggested I start a decent coffeehouse, since Sam Johnson's and Paul's had gone downhill. My sister Sadye had moved to New York, and between us we raised four or five hundred dollars. I found a half basement on Sullivan Street that seated about seventy-five. I think it's a fraternity house now. We opened in the latter part of 1932, and we called it the Village Fair Coffee House. We served tea and coffee and sandwiches and setups. The waitresses wore pajama-type pants, and it was the sort of place where they'd sit and talk with the customers if they were invited to. But it was all very innocent. The poets, who were always looking for new places, started coming in, and I hired Ivan Black, the press agent, as a master of ceremonies and a bouncer. I fed him and gave him five bucks a week, and he organized everything. He was a newspaperman and a poet and he read his own stuff, including a risqué parody of Joyce and Gertrude Stein that had run in *transition*. I came across a reprint of it the other day in an old file, and, you know, it's pretty funny. It's called 'Mister Weirdy at Home.' "

Gordon shuffled some papers and handed me the reprint. It begins:

> At that time he was constipaching, ins aferment outs abloat, his faceskin a ptomaine green Oily. He was about to write his gratest poem. Pianowing was his livelihoodway and even more his lifeleewayhoot but when he got leadbelly he verscript. He put on a Beethovenfrown as browclasp. He dipt his pen and poised.

"It really went over big, and when he'd finish, Ivan would call on poets in the audience to read. They'd get food or liquor or fifty cents. Graham Norwell, a Canadian painter, did the murals in the place. He was a wonderful, handsome man, but he'd lost his teeth and he was a drunk. I paid him in gin. Once, when he had an exhibition of his stuff over in Brooklyn, he went to the opening, and he looked so awful—I think he'd dyed his hair orange—that they wouldn't let him in. We had other entertainment besides the poets. The late Michael Field's wife danced to records, and so did the painter Oronzo Gasparo. Maggie Egri sang Hungarian folk songs that she said she had learned at her mother's breast in Joplin, Missouri. She was a real, bona-fide witch. I used to stand on the side and wonder what it all meant, and yet in a way I was part of it, too. After a while, things got sort of drunken and evil-seeming. Uptown people started coming down so they could say they'd bought John Rose Gildea a drink, and a lot of the poets became more interested in the bottle than they were in conversations about life and literature. Then, unbeknownst to me, one of the waitresses got caught trying to sell liquor to a cop in plainclothes, so they put a cop on the premises every night, and there he sat in his uniform, and it put a pall on the place. I could have given him twenty-five dollars and he would have gone away, but I didn't know enough. The place had been jammed every night, but in a month's time it was empty, and we closed. We'd been running a year."

Gordon stood up, cigar in mouth, and stretched. "I've got to get over

"Oh, he's, like, primarily a Freudian, I guess you could say, but he vibrates to the other disciplines as well."

to the club. There are some orders coming in, and my day porter is sick. We can have a bite on the way at the old Charles, on Sixth Avenue." Ten minutes later, he reappeared, housed in a dark suit and a lively tie. We walked to the Charles.

"I was out of work for a while," Gordon said. "Then I put in six weeks running a place for a guy named Frankie Starch. He wasn't doing any business in the place he had, and he asked me to come in as a partner at thirty-five dollars a week. I changed the name of the place to the Village Fair Coffee House, and all the same poets and painters appeared, but it wasn't the same, because Starch and his friends were always around. I couldn't handle them. They were a tough bunch, and Starch kept referring to the poets as 'creeps.' I was eating in an all-night cafeteria after work one night and one of his hunkies found me and said, 'Frankie wants to see you.' Oh, boy, I thought. But all he wanted was to fire me, which he did. The last time I saw him, years ago, he was running a newsstand on Sixth Avenue and Third Street. I'd saved a hundred and fifty dollars, and I borrowed another fifty from a friend at Columbia, and in February of 1934 I found another basement place, at 1 Charles Street. Jack Delaney, the Village pubkeeper, had had it one time, and I rented it for twenty-five dollars a month. It didn't have a stick of furniture, but I knew Frances Bell, from Provincetown. She had a place there called the White Whale, and she had another one in an old blacksmith shop on Barrow Street. It had brick walls and belly stoves, and it was so cold—that was the winter when the temperature hit twenty below in New York—you couldn't pick up the silver. She gave me a bunch of barrels—big ones to stretch planks between for tables, and smaller ones to sit on—and I gave her a due bill for seventy-five dollars. I can't remember why, but I called the place the Village Vanguard, and a lot of the old crowd, including Gasparo and Maggie Egri and such, came back. After a year or so, we moved, not losing a night's business, to the present Vanguard. It had been a speak called the Triangle Gardens. It was bigger—I could only seat forty or fifty at the old place, and now I have a hundred and twenty—and it seemed to me that moving there would be like growing up. Then the damnedest thing happened, and it really shook me up. I got arrested and spent a night in jail. Someone had written obscene graffiti on the men's-room wall, and there was a crazy New York ordinance that held a cabaret owner responsible for such things. I had to go to court in a paddy wagon, and when the judge heard from the cop why I'd been arrested and that I'd spent the night in jail, *he* was astonished, and dismissed the case. But I've never forgotten the experience. There must be twenty coats of paint on the bathroom walls at the club, and the only things I don't wash off or paint over are scribblings like the one I found the other day: 'Roland Kirk is a nice cat.' "

DARK RINGS

Young Teddy holds his face
away from the water, tips
his fingers with soap
and washes. The fine hairs
along the jaw darken,
the neck darkens day after day,
and he will not take
off his shirt even to sleep.

*

Who hears my prayers? 8 hrs.
plating toilet fixtures, and now
midnight snows on Bagley Ave.
Let the bus come, let the small deposits
of nickel, the flakes of copper
blacken around the heart, let
it be tomorrow. I talk only
to stars, they're coming down too.

*

Between the lost breath
of the fir trees and the air,
a blue smear. Tinged with
yellow, it is a fire
cleaning the way
of sighs in which they name
themselves.
3000 ft.
below, the day ends in ashes,
in particles of blood streaming
from the eyes of trucks.

*

It will rain today. I waken
hearing the sea, the howl
of old glass against
the wind. The fisherman
upstairs will not get up.
His wife begs, his
daughter cries. The sea wind
breaks again around
my bed with its cargo
of salt, fish tap at
the glass, and, laughing,
we are under way toward
the black dawning.

*

Heart of the cottonwood
I chopped in October. The red ants
streaming away from the face
of the axe. A dark, soft year—
I trace it with my fingers—a year
when the grasses turned
downward and poured into
the roots, a year still
in the white yielding heart.

*

All night in
the bus station in Chicago,
afraid to go out, saw
a cabdriver throw
a woman into the street, saw
her hat like a circle
of blood burning
the snow, the snow sobbing
out of the mouths
of oil drums. When I stopped at last
in the alley and listened,
my heart was silent
and a river of broken glass
moved under my feet.

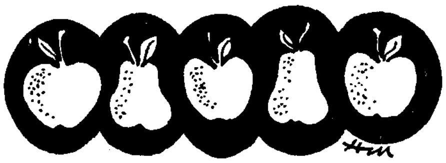
*

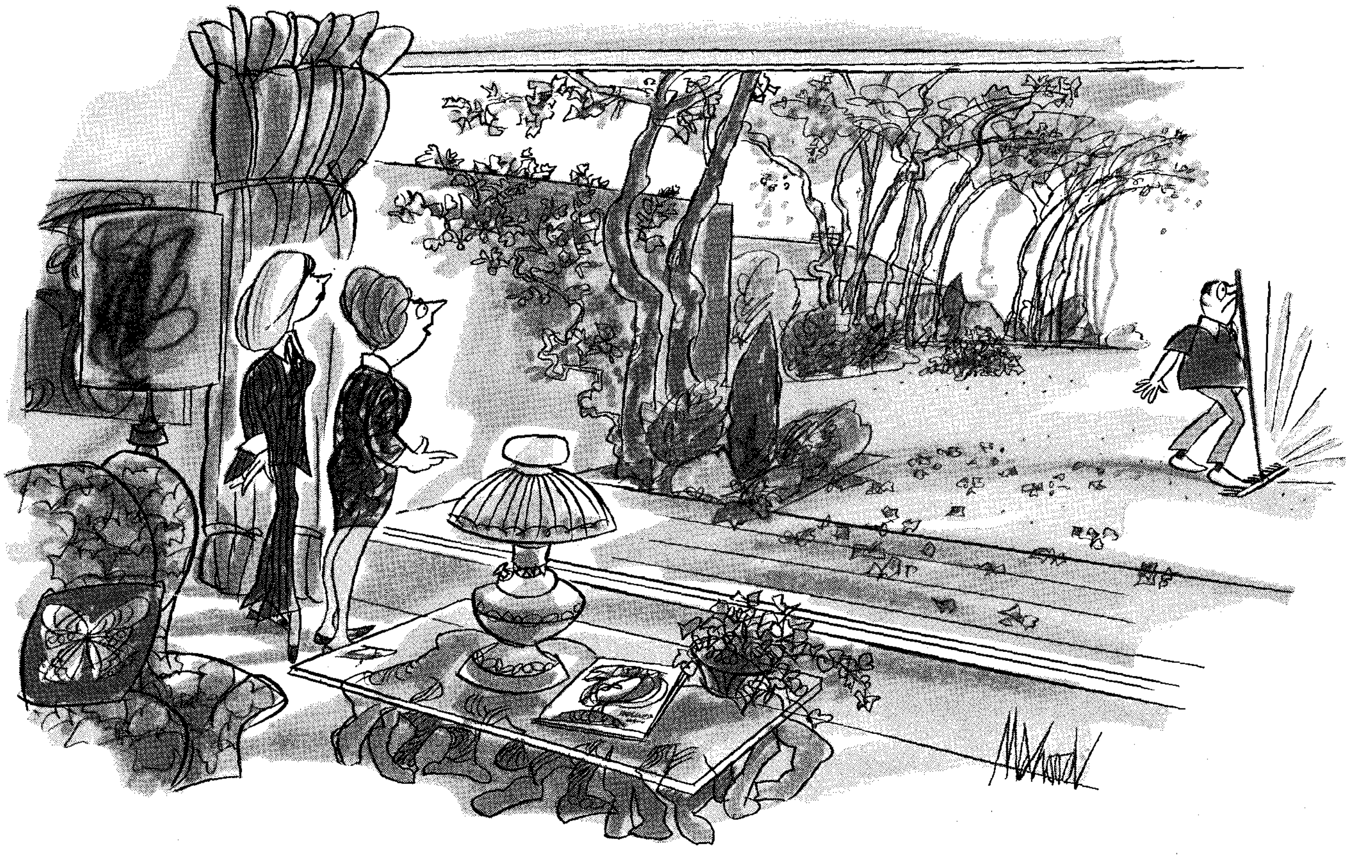
The Bear dozes off
in a dust of stars. I walk
in winter orchards
and the earth creaks
underfoot. No moon and no light
overflowing the black sockets
of the fig. My right fist
pops like a cinder
in the cold. The sun hangs
under the rim of night,
waiting for the world.

—PHILIP LEVINE

• •

GORDON ordered a Scotch-and-soda at the Charles, which is spacious and plush and emblazoned with paintings of nudes. He settled back and waved his hands in front of him. "This place always reminds me of one of my worst disasters—a fancy ice-cream parlor I opened in 1955 on Fifty-eighth Street, near the Paris Theatre. My partner was Michael Field, and we called it Maxfield's. The name was the only good thing about it. Michael had been a pianist before he got into his cooking school and his cookbooks, and he was a friend from the old days. The idea for the place was mine, and Mi-





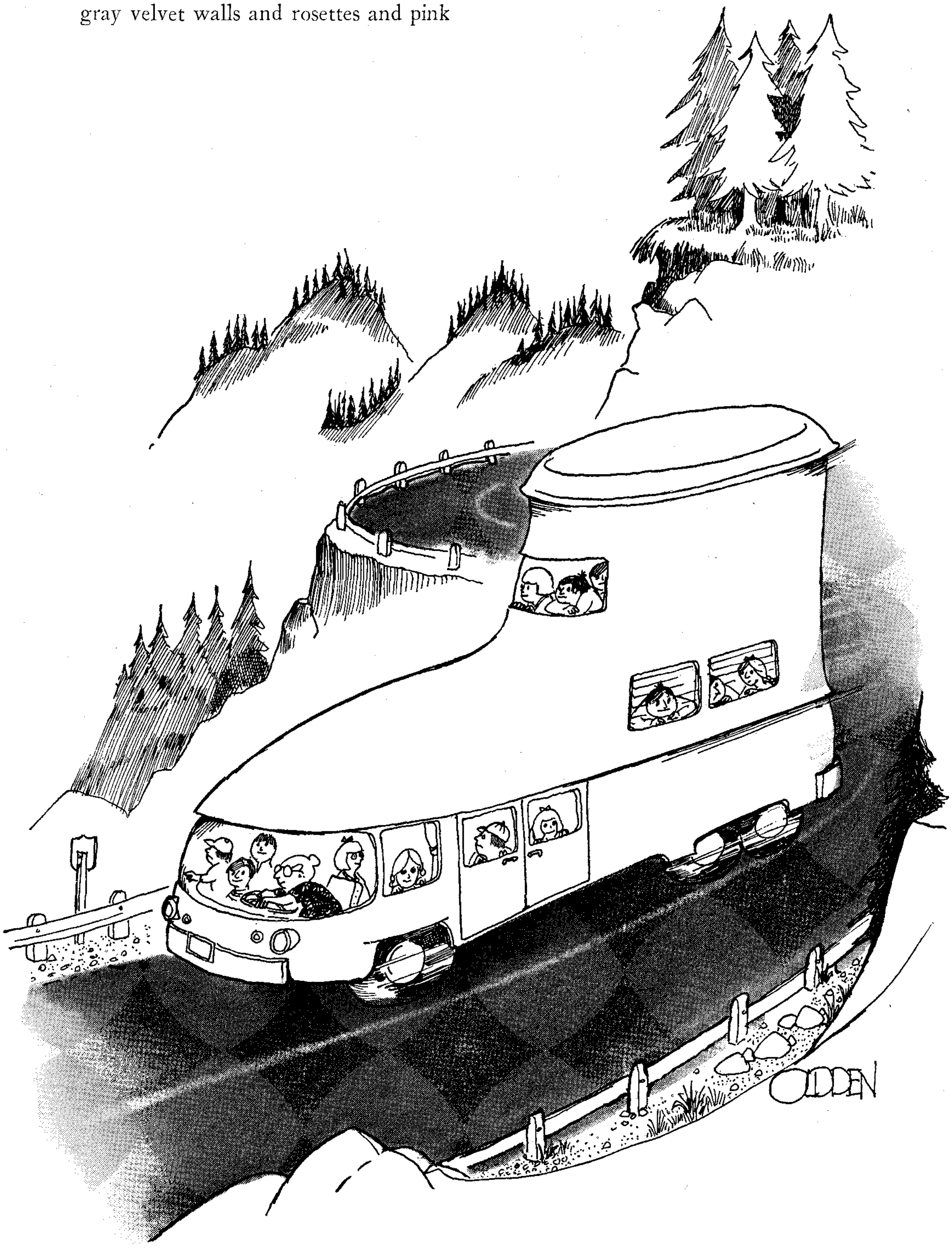
"I don't know. Poor Arthur has lived, but he's never learned."

• •

chael was crazy about it. I wanted a place that would maybe cost ten thousand and that *looked* genuine, but he wanted it to *be* genuine. So we put in a mosaic floor, like the one in the men's room in Penn Station. We found an old Mazda-bulb sign for outside. All the tables and the counter top were marble. I think it took fourteen men to lift that counter into place. The chairs were old ice-cream-parlor chairs, the walls were red velvet and had hand-carved figures on the moldings, and the chandeliers were brass. It was a beautiful place, and it had beautiful food. Michael insisted we make our own ice cream, and he made all the desserts. I never saw so much cream in my life. But beauty is skin-deep. We'd spent thousands and thousands and thousands. The floor alone cost thirty-five hundred and the sign twelve hundred, and all that marble was real. Those genuwine ice-cream-parlor chairs were so uncomfortable you couldn't sit in them for more than ten minutes. We'd found these old glasses for the ice cream in a place down in the Bowery, but they were so heavy you could barely lift them, and they were so big they wouldn't fit into the dishwasher until we had special trays built. The prices were too high. People came around from Bergdorf's for a cup of coffee—*fresh* coffee, never more than twenty minutes old—and it would cost them twenty-five cents, and they'd hit the ceiling. We stayed open until one or two in the morning, trying to catch the late crowd, but we didn't have a liquor license. And then the union started giving us trouble. It turned out that I had to run the place, because Michael was so busy with his other interests, and at the time I had the Vanguard *and* the Blue Angel to worry about. I'd get to Maxfield's at ten every morning absolutely pooped. I told Michael I couldn't put so much time in, and he said he couldn't spare any more, and shortly afterward he walked out and I never saw him again. There's a high-rise going up on the site now."

Gordon downed a second Scotch, neat, and ordered bay scallops. "My other great disaster took place seven years before, and the only difference was that it happened on *East* Fifty-eighth Street. Barney Josephson's Café Society Uptown had started doing poorly, and Herbert Jacoby and I bought it from him for seventy-five thousand, renamed it Le Directoire, tossed everything out, redecorated, and maybe spent another seventy-five thousand. At first, it went like a house afire. We had Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers, and there were literally lines around the block every night. But she left, and Abe Burrows came in, then Pearl Bailey, then Mata and Hari, and everything changed. We charged so much money that people got mad and stayed away, and the reason we charged so much was that when we redecorated we had somehow managed to reduce the seating capacity from over three hundred to a hundred and thirty-six. Business got worse and worse, and finally, after eight months, we gave the place back to Barney for five thousand and got out. We'd poured everything from the Blue Angel into it, and it's a wonder that didn't fold, too."

Gordon speared some scallops with his fork and pushed them through his tartar sauce. "The food isn't bad in this old place. These are *real* bay scallops, not the chopped-up haddock you get most places. At the time of Le Directoire, Jacoby and I had already been in business five years at the Blue Angel, which was on Fifty-fifth, between Third and Lexington. He had managed the Ruban Bleu before that, but there was some sort of ruckus and he had walked out. He started coming down to the Vanguard to watch the acts, and we talked. He wanted to open a place, but he didn't have any money, and he asked me to come in as a partner. I put down five thousand, and he borrowed five thousand. It was a strange relationship. Jacoby had run places in Paris, and I guess he had more to do than anyone else with establishing the supper club over here. He's a man of taste and background and he's a snob, but I was just a downtown Village boy who got dressed up to go uptown. So at first I had to defer to him in many ways. He did the emceeing, at which he was good, and he did the booking, which tended to follow a delicate, almost esoteric line. The very first show included a French singer, Mme. Claude Alphand, and an Ecuadorian baritone, who was terrible, and Sylvia Marlowe, the harpsichordist. The décor reflected Jacoby, too, with its gray velvet walls and rosettes and pink crystal chandeliers. And so did the food. We had a French chef and our own pastries, and Mme. Romaine, the omelette lady, came in every night to cook omelettes for supper. I don't know whether it was ego or what, but as time went on I started making booking suggestions, and it turned out that we tended to agree on most acts. We held auditions one afternoon a week, and eventually the Blue Angel had such a reputation that anyone who had worked there could get a job in any room in the country. In fact, there were acts who'd say they had worked with us when they hadn't, and we'd get verifying calls from bookers and club owners all over the country.



"It's hard to believe now some of the people who worked at the Blue Angel, the acts we helped start off—Josephine Premice, the singer-dancer, and comedians like Kaye Ballard and Carol Burnett and Alice Pearce and Wally Cox and Orson Bean and Phyllis Diller and Shelley Berman. Woody Allen, too, who was so nervous when he started he shook like a leaf, and Nichols and May. There were dozens of singers. Some were established, like Mildred Bailey and Maxine Sullivan, but most were starters, like Andy Williams and the Inca Trio, which had that amazing soprano Yma Sumac, and Martha Wright and Pearl Bailey and Bobby Short and Harry Belafonte and Barbra Streisand. Jacoby doted on French acts, and there were nights at the Blue Angel when I never heard a word of English. Irene Bordoni was an oo-la-la French singer and Odette Myrtil was a French comedienne, and there was a fantastic act, Les Mains d'Yves Joly, who did pantomime with their fingers. There were a lot of English comedians, and one, Douglas Byng, was nerve-racking. He kept twitching his head and looking at his shoulder, as if some sort of bird was sitting there, and he talked so fast I couldn't understand a word. And, of course, there were a great many people—and this is one of the sad things about show business—who performed and did nothing and disappeared. The Blue Angel was a quality room, and we did a good business until we began to feel the pressure from television, in the late fifties. Business dropped off, as it did everywhere. Jacoby got restless, anxious. He wanted to turn the place into a full-time restaurant. We dickered, and I found some buyers from Chicago who were interested in taking over his share, but he couldn't make up his mind, and finally I bought him out for fifteen thousand in cash and a twenty-thousand-dollar mortgage. I changed the

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."

Designed
by
Shannon
Rodgers
in a
Meyer wool.

INGLENOOK VINEYARDS, RUTHERFORD, CALIFORNIA

WHAT TO DO WITH WINE BESIDES DRINK IT.

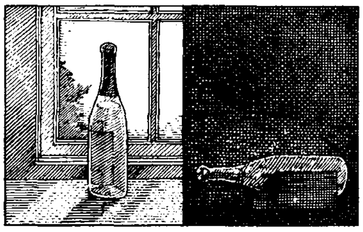
Unfortunately, wine doesn't come with instructions. And lots of people have never known much about its proper care.

We at Inglenook Vineyards would like to take this time to give you a few pointers on the subject.

We spend a lot of time and money in the making of our wine. And once it passes out of our hands, we'd like to feel that it's being given the best possible treatment.

DON'T MAKE THIS COMMON MISTAKE.

Wine should always be stored lying down on its side, never standing up. That's so the cork will always be moist. If the cork dries out, air will get to the wine and spoil it.


Bad. Good.

Keep wine in a cool, dark place. About 55–60 degrees is just right. But the most important thing is that the temperature be constant. It should vary no more than a few degrees year 'round.

DECANTING WINE.

If you have wines five years old and older, they may have a little sediment in them. In order to serve the wine without the sediment getting mixed up in the wine, you should decant it.

To do this, just pour the wine very slowly into another bottle or carafe. Place a candle behind the neck of the bottle and the second you see a little sediment coming across, stop.

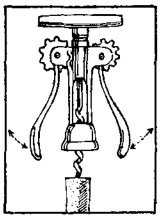
THE ROOM TEMPERATURE MYTH.

White wines and sparkling wines such as Champagne and rosé should be served cold. How cold is cold? 45 degrees is just right. If you don't have a thermometer, put the wine in the refrigerator for 2½ hours before serving. Or in a bucket with ice cubes and water for 15 minutes.

Red wines should be served at room temperature. But this doesn't mean 72 degrees. The "room temperature" standard was established in Europe long before the invention of central heating. At that time, rooms in Europe were about 65 to 68 degrees, which is the perfect temperature for serving red wines. You can bring a wine's temperature down to that level by placing it in the refrigerator five minutes before serving. But never heat a bottle of red wine in order to get it up to the proper temperature. There's no quicker way to destroy a bottle of wine than to heat it up.

AVOIDING THAT METALLIC TASTE.

Remove the metal capsule from the top of the wine bottle below the lip. With a napkin, clean off the top between the cork and the glass. This is done because it's impossible to pour wine from a bottle without spilling a little on the lip. And since the metal cap is sometimes corroded, the wine could pick up a metallic taste if it were to spill over the edge.



Now remove the cork, gently, so as not to disturb the wine. We recommend the wing-type corkscrew because you don't have to jerk it to get the cork out.

A FINAL WORD OF CAUTION.

Now that you know the basics of how to treat wine, you should also know there aren't many wines around that deserve this kind of treatment.

Because there's nothing you can do at home to save a wine if it's been mishandled at the winery.

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This means we do everything from start to finish ourselves, in order to make sure that our wine is never mishandled.

Naturally, this kind of extra care costs extra money.

And we pass the extra cost right on to you.

Inglenook is the most expensive wine made in America. So when you pick up a bottle of it, take good care of it.

And it'll take good care of you.

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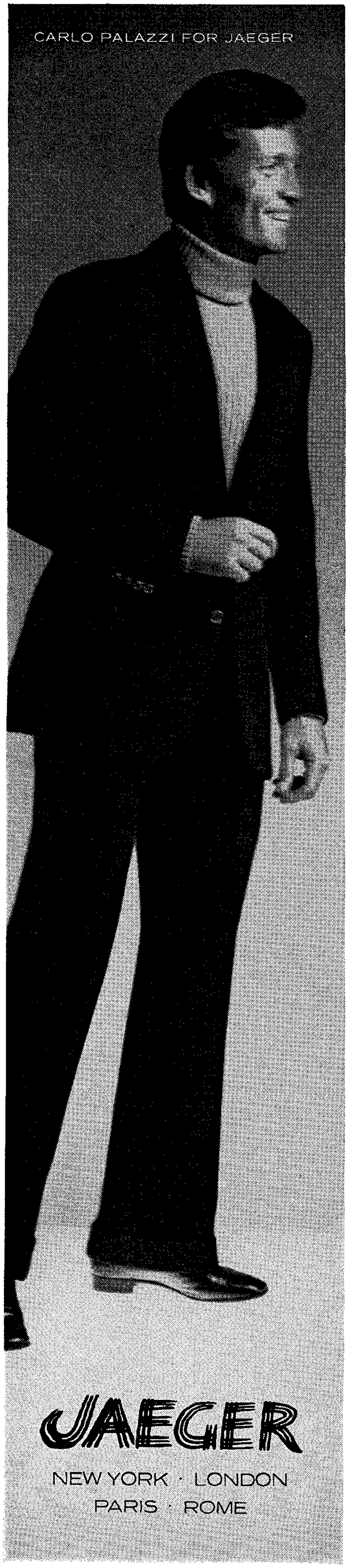
acts a little, bringing in Dick Gregory, Nipsey Russell, and Clara Ward, the gospel singer, and Max Morath, the ragtime pianist. But everything looked musty and dusty to me. I couldn't stand the rosettes on the walls, and the floor had got tacky. We were doing fairly well, but the place needed new blood, a new face. After a year or so, I said the hell with it, and in the spring of 1964 I sold the works to the Living Room people. It was time for me to go back downtown, where I belonged. I'd been neglecting the Vanguard, and it wasn't doing well."

GORDON lit a cigar, and we walked over to the Vanguard. It is in the basement of a triangular two-story building that faces Seventh Avenue and is wedged between Eleventh Street and Waverly Place. The door needs paint, and the awning is tattered and worn. It's the sort of entranceway you could pass at an amble and miss. I followed Gordon down narrow, steep stairs and under a low arch that has probably cracked some of the most distinguished heads in the world. The main room of the Vanguard is, like the building it is in, triangular, and is fifty or sixty feet long. At its apex there is a small bandstand, and its base is flanked by a coatroom and the bar. Behind the bar are the washrooms and a small kitchen. Banquettes line the walls of the main room, and there are a dozen tiny tables. The place didn't look like the Hollywood version of an empty night club. The chairs, instead of being stacked upside down on the tables, were exactly where their last occupants had left them, and the floor was littered with cigarette butts. It was chilly, and the room smelled like a cave.

"I've got to get someone in here to clean up," Gordon said. "I never get spooked when I'm here alone, but I can't stand the cold." He turned on a small gas heater by the bandstand, and we went into the kitchen. It was clean and compact, with two big black stoves, a sink, a worktable, a small wooden desk, and a couple of chairs. Gordon sat down at his desk and made a couple of telephone calls. "My office, my home, my palace," he said when he had finished. "This place has been like a love match to me. I've probably spent more time in it than anywhere else. I've even slept here, stretched out on a couple of tables. I've learned that if you're good to the Vanguard, the Vanguard will be good to you. And I learned that when we moved here. The entertainment then was pretty much catch-as-catch-can. Ivan Black had taken a job over at the Four Trees, which later became



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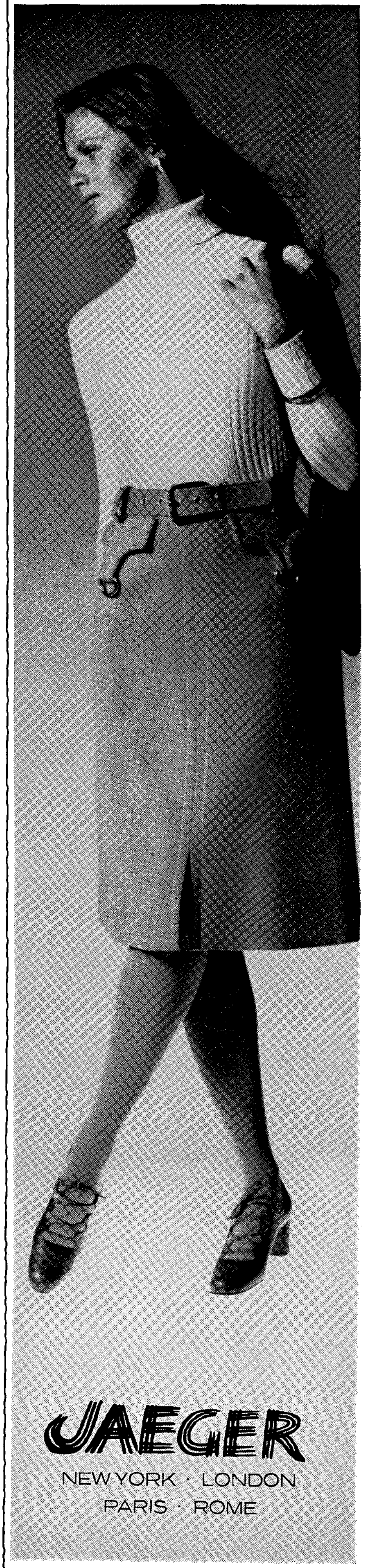

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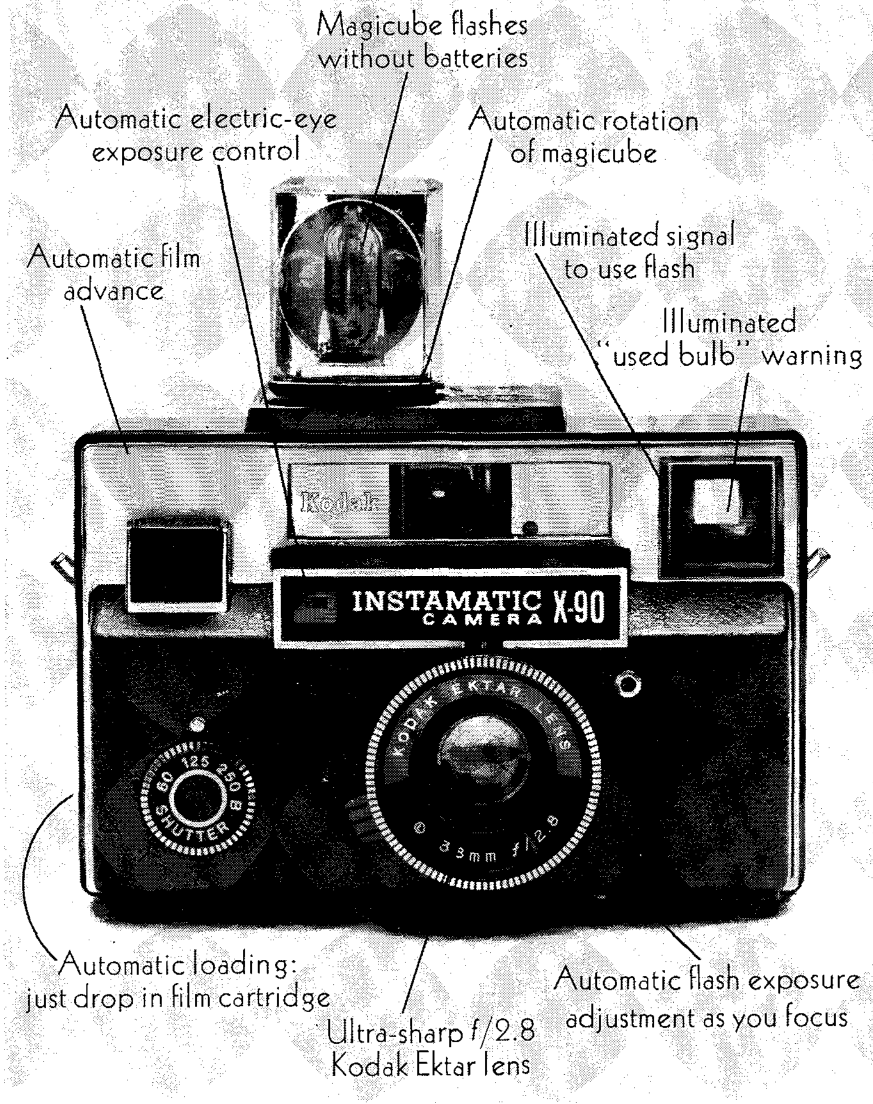
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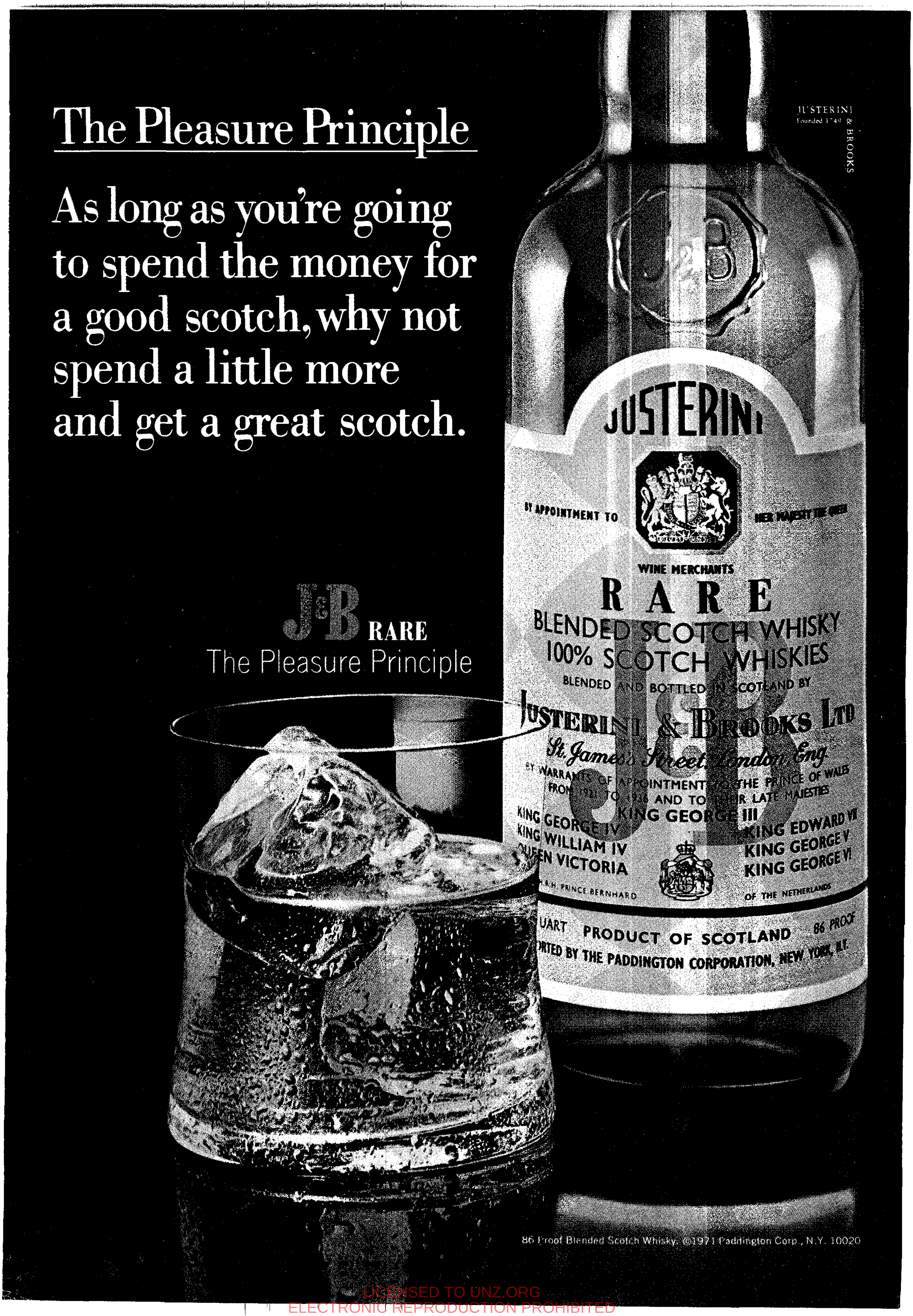
Café Society Downtown, and Eli Siegel replaced him as master of ceremonies. He never drank, so I had to pay him, and he recited Vachel Lindsay at the top of his voice. He wasn't everybody's favorite, but he kept things in hand. In between poetry readings, I played a phonograph for dancing, and we had a lot of itinerant entertainers. They floated all over the Village—operatic baritones, comedians, piano players—and they'd come in and perform and people threw money at them. On Christmas Eves, the Almanac Singers would come in and everybody would join them singing. Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie were in that group. I began to look for real acts to put in, and what I wanted was something that would comment on the social and political scene. There was a girl who used to hang around at this time, and her name was Judith Tuvim, which is Hebrew for 'holiday.' So, naturally, she became Judy Holliday. She was answering telephones with Orson Welles' Mercury Theatre. She brought down Adolph Green, and he brought in Betty Comden, who was a student at N.Y.U. They were part of a group that had been rehearsing uptown called Six and Company, and I hired them for Sunday nights for twenty-five or thirty dollars. They did a lot of topical stuff, like our selling the Sixth Avenue 'L' to the Japanese so that they could make bombs to blow up the Chinese with. They changed their name to the Revuers, and they were so good that the whole town started knocking at the Vanguard door. It got so crowded people had to sit on the floor. So they began performing six nights a week, and they were with me a year. I could have kept them five years, but they were offered more money by the Rainbow Room, and it was a step up for them. They spawned a lot of imitators, but none had that same fresh young quality, that quickness and sparkle. Folk singers started getting big, and Josh White and Leadbelly came in as a team, and I had Burl Ives and Richard Dyer-Bennet. I also began hiring jazz groups, like a marvellous trio with Zutty Singleton and Eddie Heywood and Albert Nicholas. I had calypso groups, and Professor Irwin Corey, the comic, first came in 1945. And, by God, he was back with me only a little while ago. By this time the Blue Angel was going strong, so we began trying out acts here first and then sending them uptown. That happened with Eartha Kitt and Pearl Bailey and Josephine Premice and Harry Belafonte. Eddie Heywood had brought Pearl Bailey to me, which was often the way I got my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best acts, like Aretha Franklin, who was brought here by Major Holley, the bassist. Pearl was a band singer, but she was already doing her thing of switching from singing to talking in the middle of a number, and I encouraged her to do it. I had established a room that was free and easy, and I think *she* felt free and easy. Then, somewhere in 1957, I switched almost completely to a jazz policy, even though I still had acts like the Kingston Trio and Mort Sahl and Nina Simone and Miriam Makeba and Lenny Bruce. I never *did* get completely used to Bruce. The four-letter words stuck to me like burrs, the way they still do when I find them on the printed page."

There was a banging at the street door. "That'll be the Coca-Cola man," Gordon said. "I have to let him in. The door upstairs never used to be locked, and people would wander in all afternoon—singers, comics, musicians, looking for jobs. But I got mugged on the stairs two years ago, so I keep it locked now." Gordon returned in a moment, and there was a tremendous *thump-thump-thump* as the deliveryman eased his dolly down the stairs. Gordon paid him in cash and sat down.

"I probably have the smallest staff of any place this size in New York. My bartender has been with me twenty years, and there's my day porter. I have a couple of waiters who come and go, and my sister Sadye helps out. She'll be in in a while, so that I can go home for a nap. People sometimes ask me who decorated the place. The answer is nobody. It decorated itself. It hasn't changed much. The stage used to be where the bar is now, and an Anton Refregier protégé did the original murals. I remember a horse playing a piano. But the walls crumbled, and the murals with them. People don't seem to care much about eating in basements, so the food end has never been very important. The most ambitious I ever got was when I hired a chef who said he'd studied cooking in Paris. I auditioned him by bringing five or six friends down, and he cooked a beautiful meal. I bought a whole bunch of those utensils for eating snails with and special bowls for onion soup. All that stuff is still packed away in here somewhere. His first night, fifty or so people ordered dinner. The orders kept coming into the kitchen, but nothing came out. The waiters stood around, and when the food was finally ready it was either overdone or underdone or cold. He didn't know what the hell he was doing, but when dinner was over, out he went into the room in his chef's garb, perspiring and covered with gravy stains, and said, 'Well, how was everything, folks?'

"The worst time for the Vanguard came in the early sixties. I had to sell our car and the little place we had built out on Fire Island. One of my daughters was there visiting a friend last summer, and they went by our old house and the friend told her it's still called 'the Gordon house.' One of the axioms of the night-club business is that you have to have somebody to lean on for money. Like the man who lent me the fifty dollars to open the first Vanguard, in 1934. He lent me ten thousand during the bad days in the sixties, and a week ago I paid him the last fifty dollars. I've never been much of a businessman, but we've taken in some money at times. When I could still afford Miles Davis, he'd bring in nine thousand a week. Money is a funny thing. A lot of performers have borrowed from me—twenty-five, fifty, a hundred—and most of them pay it back. The ones who don't, though, will pay me, say, half, and then usually I don't see them for a long time. When they show up again, I think, He still owes me twenty bucks, but I don't say anything and he doesn't say anything, and after a while the unpaid money just seems to disappear, as though it had never existed. It's amazing how money can vanish like that. Business has picked up in the last year or so. The kids are coming in, and they aren't so different from the way we were in the late twenties. The Bill Evanses and Gary Burtons and Mose Allisons just don't do anything for the Vanguard anymore, so I use only strong acts, like Elvin Jones and Roland Kirk and Pharoah Sanders. And the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band is in its sixth year of Monday nights. They jam the place; they keep me going. A lot of people sit in, like Ray Charles, when he's around, and last Monday there were so many visiting musicians in this kitchen I could hardly get in the door. It's like the old jam sessions Harry Lim ran here one night a week in the forties. Of course, I'll never retire. How could I? I couldn't live on Social Security. In fact, I've just renewed the lease for another ten years."

There were steps on the stairs. "That'll be Sadye now," Gordon said.

II—THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF MY LIFE

Barney Josephson, who is sixty-nine, still cherishes and grows eloquent over what he wrought at Café Society Downtown and Café Society Uptown thirty-three years ago. His in-

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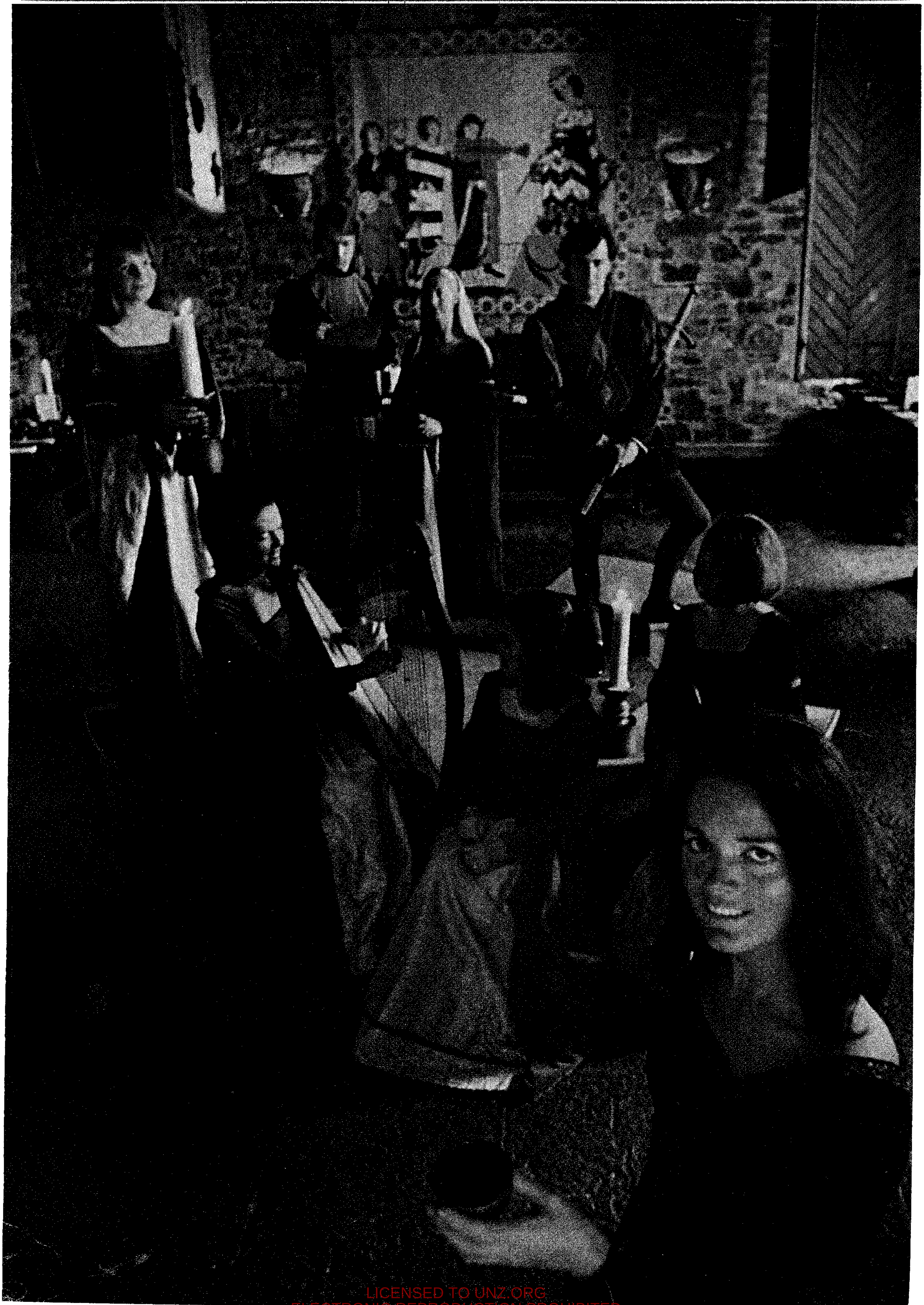

Each holds a love story even before it holds a drop of perfume.

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tent was simple and revolutionary: to present first-rate but generally unknown Negro and white talent to integrated audiences in honest, attractive surroundings. The performers at the clubs were as often as not discovered by Josephson or by the critic John Hammond, who provided the musical talent, and the list is astonishing. Among the singers were Sarah Vaughan, Billie Holiday, Mildred Bailey, Lena Horne, Kenneth Spencer, Joe Turner, the Golden Gate Quartet, Patti Page, Josh White, Burl Ives, Big Bill Broonzy, Susan Reed, and Kay Starr. Among the comedians were Imogene Coca, Zero Mostel, Jimmy Savo, Jack Gilford, Jim Backus, Carol Channing, and Jim Copp. Among the dancers were the Kraft Sisters and Pearl Primus. And among the musicians were Frankie Newton, Red Allen, Bill Coleman, Teddy Wilson, Art Tatum, James P. Johnson, Albert Ammons, Meade Lux Lewis, Pete Johnson, Edmond Hall, Lester Young, Sidney Catlett, John Kirby, Eddie Heywood, Vicente Gomez, Django Reinhardt, Hazel Scott, Mary Lou Williams, Cliff Jackson, and Ellis Larkins. The surroundings in which this galaxy revolved were remarkable. Café Society Downtown, at 2 Sheridan Square, was in a comfortable, L-shaped basement decorated with funny murals by the likes of Adolf Dehn and Abe Birnbaum. The Uptown was between Park and Lexington, in what is now the Fine Arts Theatre. It was an airy, two-story amphitheatre, with surrealistic murals by Anton Refregier. The bandstand was at the rear, and it was flanked by tiers of banquettes and tables that descended to a dance floor. A balcony with more tables ran along the back of the room. There were floor shows at both clubs at nine, twelve, and two, and a typical one at the Uptown included several numbers by Teddy Wilson's band (Joe Thomas on trumpet, Edmond Hall on clarinet, Benny Morton on trombone, John Williams on bass, Sidney Catlett on drums), one of them a flag-waver built around a long and invariably ingenious Catlett solo; half a dozen rushing, helter-skelter vocals and piano solos by Hazel Scott, who liked to jazz up Bach and "In a Country Garden;" Jimmy Savo's inimitable pantomime; and the loose-boned gospel songs and spirituals of the Golden Gate Quartet. In effect, three concerts, or recitals, were offered every night, and each was different. Between the shows, which lasted about an hour, one ate and danced—not to an intermission trio but to Wilson's great band. Both clubs were congenial, clean, and

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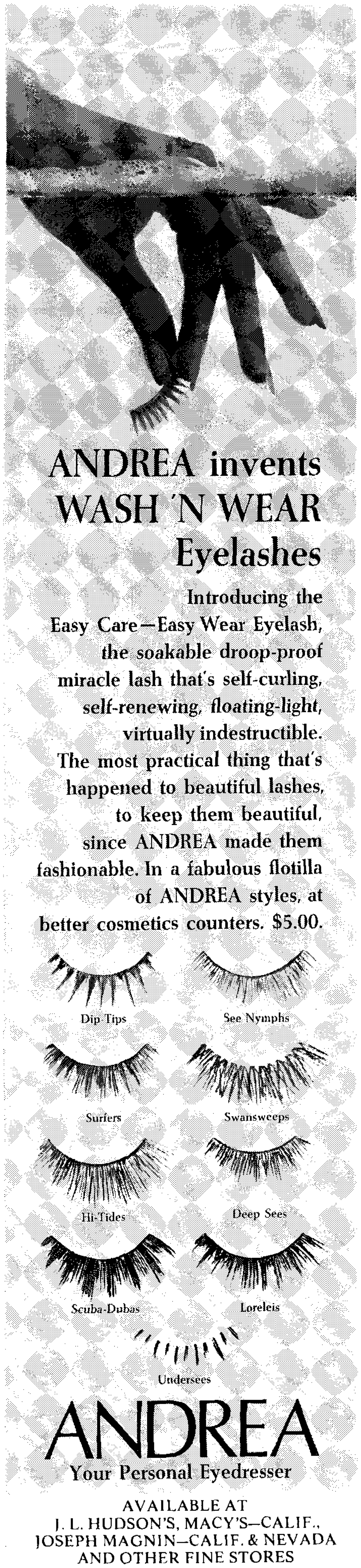
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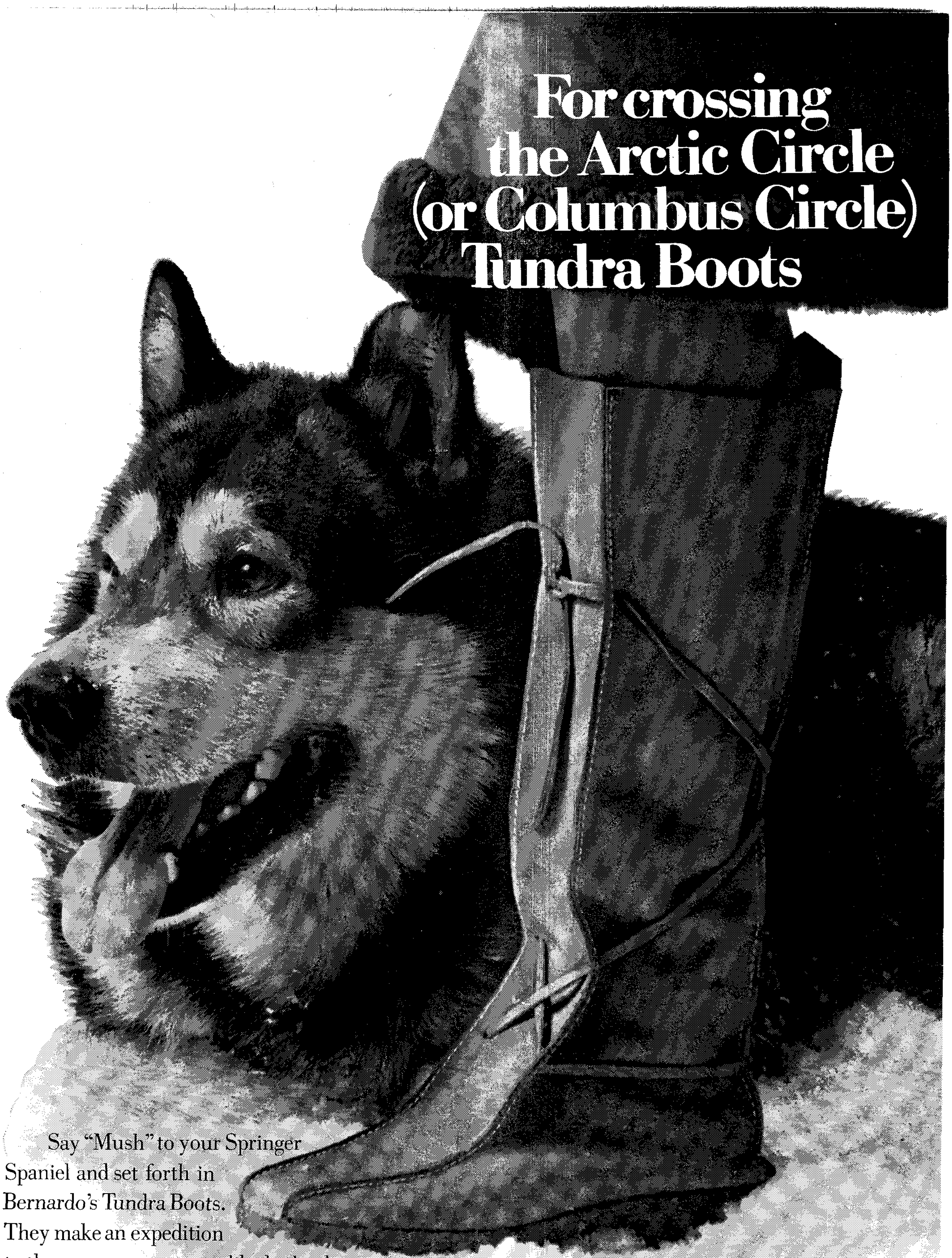
pressureless. One could sit at the bar, nursing a single beer, for an entire evening. And parents actually *sent* their children to them unchaperoned for such state occasions as birthday parties and graduation parties. The food was important. It was fancier at the Uptown, partly owing to the fact that this club brought in a different sort of trade and partly owing to Josephson's belief that "people at the Downtown just didn't pay much attention to eating, because they were in a basement." (*Vide* Max Gordon.) There was no cover charge in either club, and the minimum—a dollar or two—included food and/or drink. At the Uptown, the table-d'hôte dinner ranged from two dollars and a quarter (creamed chicken) to four seventy-five (prime sirloin steak). The service made both eighteen-year-olds and seventy-year-olds comfortable. "Many of the people who came to my clubs were like Eleanor Roosevelt," Josephson has said. "She had never been in a night club in her life, and she never went to another one."

I had heard nothing of Josephson for years, and when it was announced, a while ago, that the equally elusive pianist Mary Lou Williams would be playing at a place in the Village called the Cookery and that it was owned by Josephson, I went down one afternoon to visit him. The Cookery, on the northeast corner of Eighth Street and University Place, is a spick-and-span restaurant furnished with plain, wood-topped tables and an omelette bar, and decorated with Refregier hangings and murals. The prices are reasonable, and both cheeseburgers and steak alla'pizzaiola are on the menu. Josephson was sitting at a table with his wife. She is intense and wiry and fast-moving; Josephson is easygoing. He wears glasses, his cheeks are pink, his hair is white, and he looks like the late Ed Wynn. He speaks softly and quickly, laughs a lot, and is an effortless monologuist. And he doesn't look a day over fifty.

Mrs. Josephson departed soon after I sat down, and Josephson began to talk. "I couldn't have been more bored with this business when I met my present wife, Gloria, fifteen years ago," he said. "I started this Cookery seventeen years ago, and I've had three others uptown. I live in the apartment house upstairs—right over the candy store, you could say, like the immigrants who roomed in the back of their shops and turned down the heat under their soup when the little bell out front rang and they had to go see who was in the store. Gloria's a Brooklyn girl and a lawyer. She would come here for dinner and we would talk, but we never went out together. Then, one evening, I was at the cashier's desk by the window and I saw her going by with her briefcase. I ran out and asked her to have a drink at the steak place across the street. We had a drink at the bar and we had dinner, and I asked her to marry me. We went out every night for three weeks, and two weeks later we were married. I'd been single nine years, and this time marriage took. Right away, we gave a series of Friday-night parties for thirty or forty in our flat upstairs, and Gloria cooked the dinners. They had hot and cold first courses, hot and cold entrées, and each meal was different. I'd married a great cook! She began giving my chef recipes on her way to work, and if they were successful they were added to the menu. Then our two boys, Edward and Louis, whom I consider my greatest achievements, came along, and eventually I suggested that she learn the practical end of the business. I'm twenty-one years older than Gloria, and what would happen if I went? Managers rarely work out, and selling a business like this isn't easy. She thought that was sensible, and she's never practiced law since."

The restaurant was now a third full, and most of the patrons were single women, or children refuelling on their way home from school. The atmosphere—calm, dignified, efficient—was familiar, and suddenly I recognized it. Both Café Societies had the same cool, even when they were jammed and jumping.

Josephson called a waitress and ordered two Cokes. "I can't get over having Mary Lou Williams working for me again," he said. "She was with me five years at the Downtown, and although she was never an overpowering attraction, she had a devoted coterie. Her coming back happened in the damnedest way. A young Jesuit named Peter O'Brien called me and said he had spent a lot of time recently with Mary Lou Williams, and could he come and see me? He did—in fact, he came several times—but he never mentioned just what he had on his mind. I found him a charming man, and if I were an important Catholic layman I'd tell the Pope to keep an eye on him. Then O'Brien appeared with Mary. I hadn't seen her for twenty years. From time to time, she had called me, gen-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erally about someone she knew who was in trouble but never about herself. Well, out it came: 'If I could only work for you again, Barney'—in that funny, chuckling way she has—'the happiest days of my life were at the Downtown.' She was not interested in money, she said. She just wanted to work, and—well, she'd been getting seventeen hundred plus a week when she finally left me. I had never had music here, but I thought about it and looked into it, and I found I didn't need a cabaret license as long as there were no more than three instruments, all stringed. She brought along a bassist, Michael Fleming, and they opened soon after. I can't get over watching my old Cookery patrons watching her, and I can't get over how many of my Café Society customers have come in.

"The way I first got into the nightclub business was even stranger. My parents came over from Latvia in 1900, and I was born two years later, in Trenton. There were already two girls and three boys. My father was a cobbler and my mother a seamstress. When I was eight or nine months old, my father stepped on a rusty nail and gangrene set in, and it was fatal. My mother was left with six children and no money. She went to work for a ladies' tailor, and an Irish lady, who had twelve or thirteen children of her own, took care of me during the day. My oldest brother, David, worked in a shoe store, and my oldest sister in a sweatshop, making ladies' silk bathrobes. We lived in an apartment so small one of my sisters slept in a closet. But my mother was a very frugal woman, and in time she had enough money to buy a house. It had four floors and it even had a bathroom, and the bathroom had a copper tub that David painted white every spring. When I got out of high school, David, who now had his own shoe business, told me that since we already had two brothers who were lawyers and I didn't look like medical material, I had better go into the shoe business with him. He had a keen sense of style. If he picked out a hundred pairs of shoes, they were *all* good. But he always overbought. He showed a profit—but in inventory, not cash. So along came the Depression, and there we were, with all those Whitehouse & Hardy shoes and seventy-five thousand dollars in accounts receivable. We went broke. My brother eventually started up again, but I didn't want any more of being an owner, so by the mid-thirties I was clerking in a shoe store in Atlantic City. I lived in a four-dollar room and ate my meals

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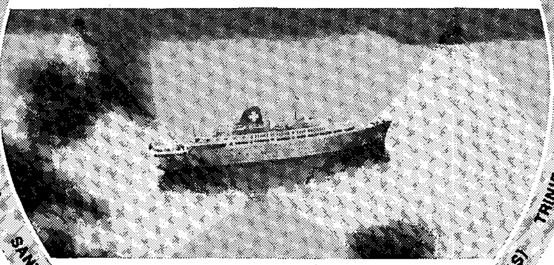

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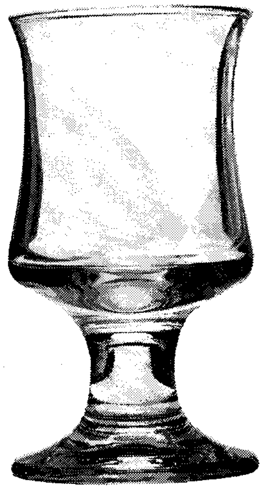

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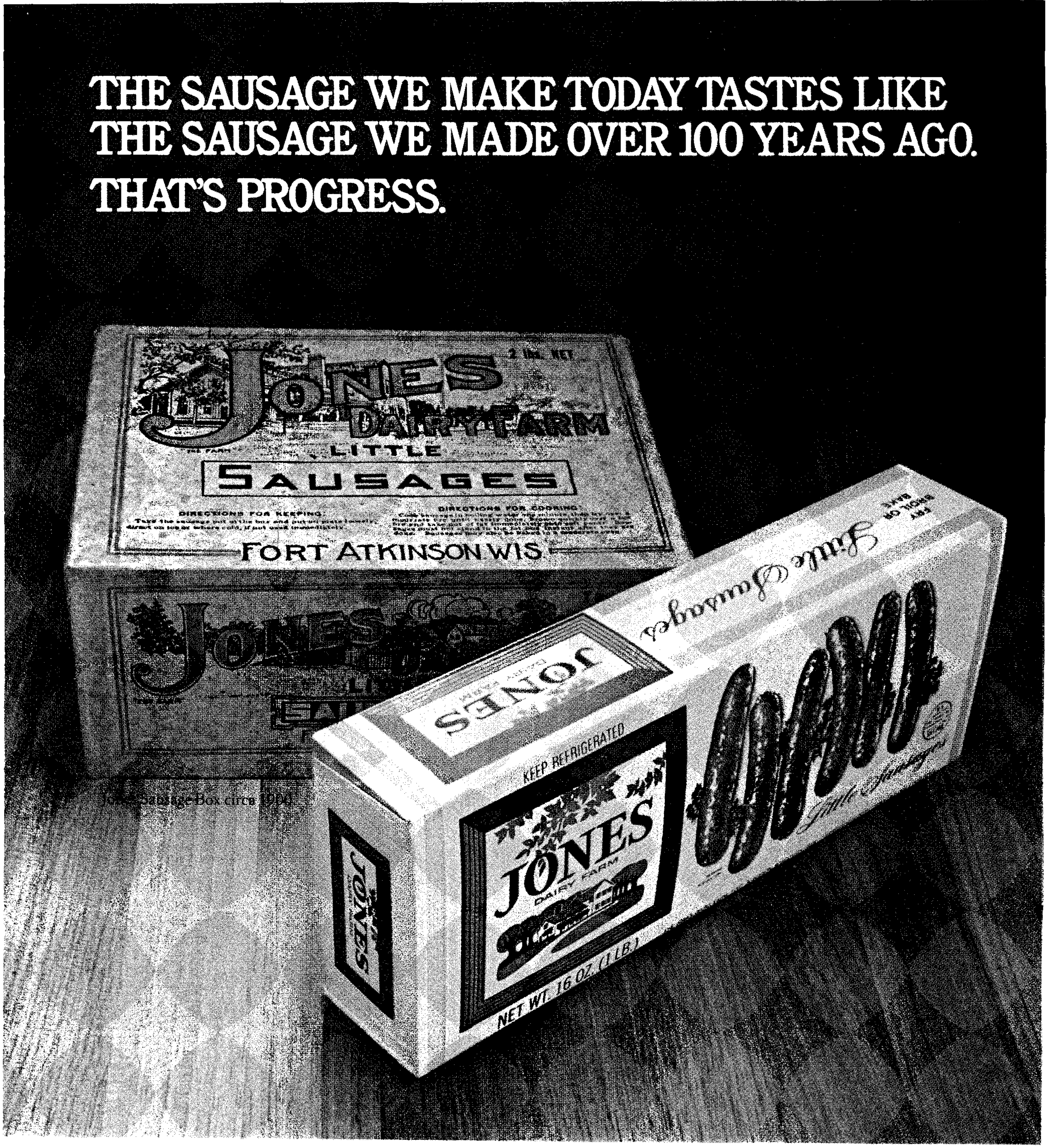
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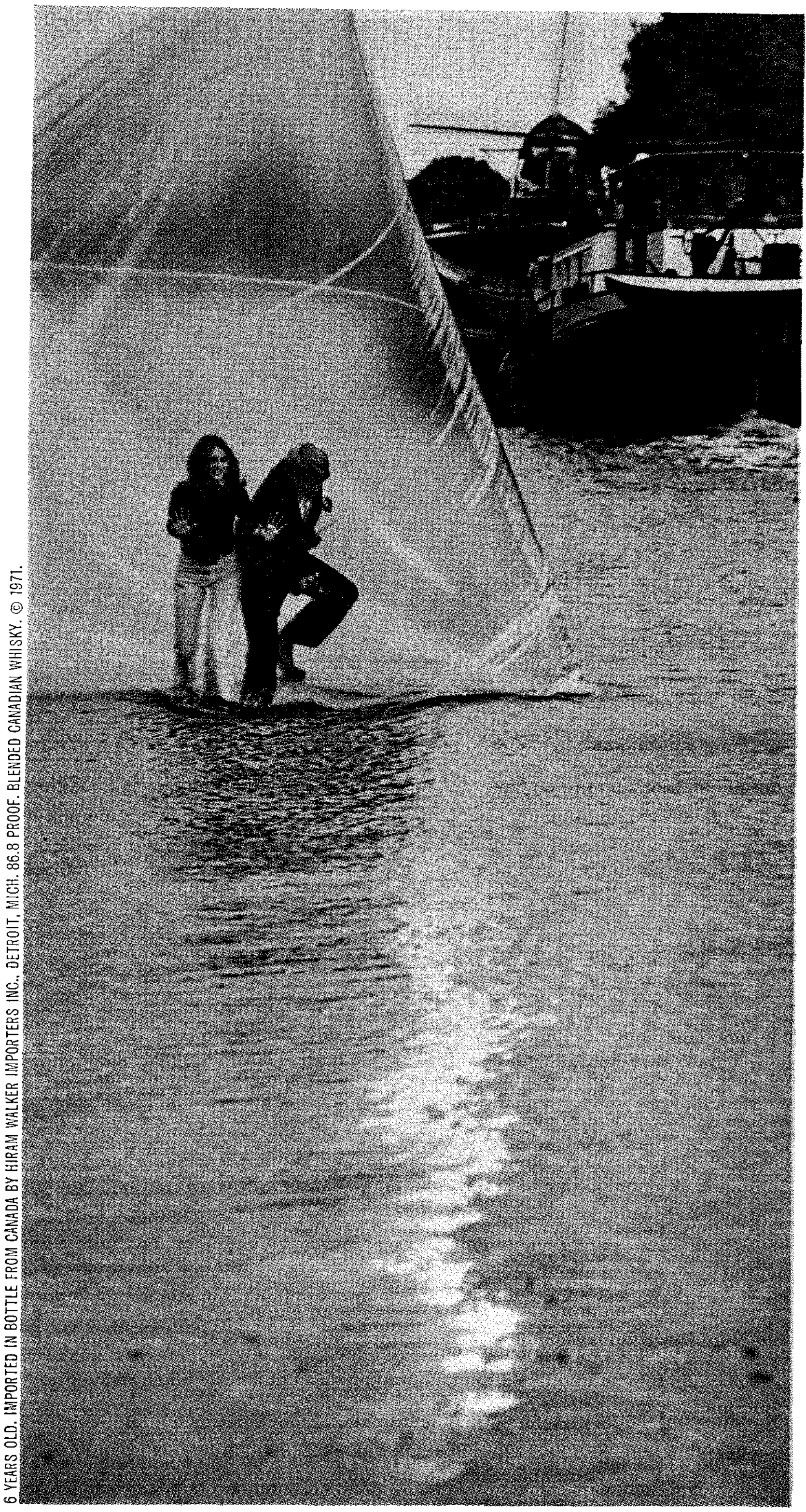

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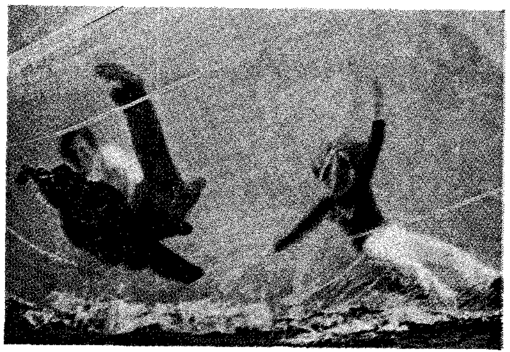
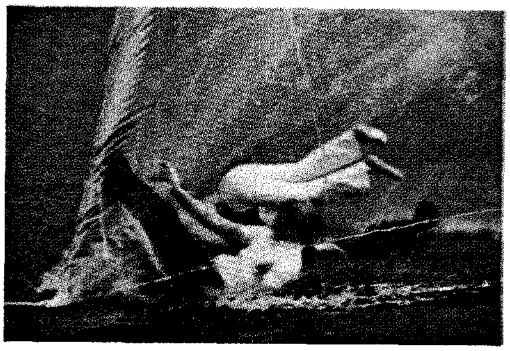


"The trick of the sport is to stay on your feet and keep the bag moving. Rather like doing the tango in an enormous bowl of gelatin.



"Oops! There we go again . . . toppled by the wake of a passing barge. And much to the amusement of the Amsterdamers watching from the stern.

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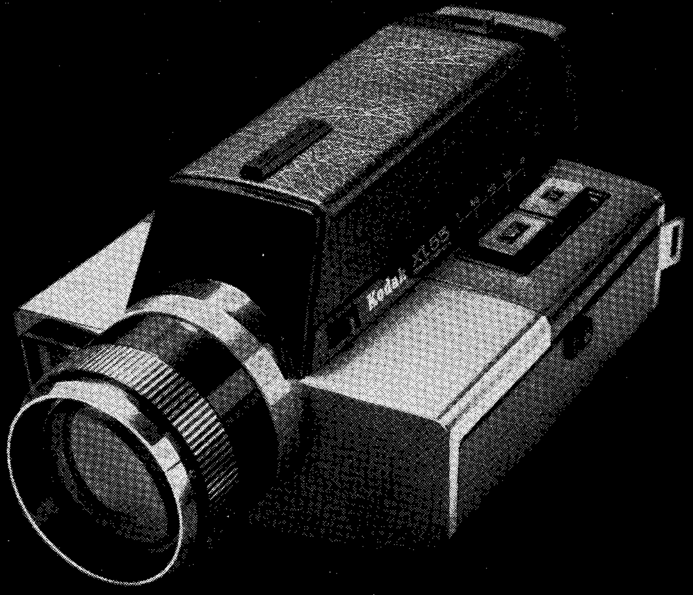
across the street, in Bayliss's drugstore. But all this time I had the notion of starting a night club in the back of my head.

"When I worked for my brother, I used to go to the Marbridge Building, on Herald Square, where all the shoe manufacturers showed their wares. I was an out-of-town buyer, so I was taken out to night clubs. I liked what I saw, at least from a business point of view. A café restaurant has no inventory. The food turns over every day and the liquor once a week. And it's a cash business, or it was before credit cards and charge accounts. I had been to Europe, in the early thirties, and had visited the political cabarets, where there was very pointed satire. And I'd seen Gypsy Rose Lee doing a political striptease at fund-raising affairs in New York for the Lincoln Brigade. I conceived the idea of presenting some sort of satire and alternating it with jazz music. But there was an even more important reason why I wanted to start a club. My fondness for jazz often took me to places like the Cotton Club, in Harlem, to hear Ethel Waters or Duke Ellington. Well, the Negro patrons were seated at the back, in a segregated section—in a *Harlem* night club! And I'd been to the Kit Kat Club, in the East Fifties, which had all-black entertainment, plus black help, and yet not a Negro was admitted to the place. Until junior high, I had gone to school with nothing but other Jews and the Irish. The first day I walked into class, I saw a black boy sitting at a desk. The desk you picked became your desk for the year. Nobody had taken a desk near him, so I did, and we became great friends. And later I argued in a debate against military training in schools. I lost the debate, and afterward eight or ten boys got me in a corner and beat me up for what I'd said. So all those things were in my background, and New York in the mid-thirties echoed my feelings. It was the time of the labor organizers and the Ladies Garment Workers' show called 'Pins and Needles' and the W.P.A. art movement and 'The Cradle Will Rock.' I wanted a club where blacks and whites worked together behind the footlights and sat together out front. There wasn't, so far as I know, a place like it in New York or in the whole country."

Two skinny, shy, dark-haired boys, who turned out to be Josephson's, tumbled in the restaurant door and stopped at the table. They said they had taken the subway all the way from school, on the upper West Side, and hadn't got lost once. Josephson

Now. Movies without movie lights.



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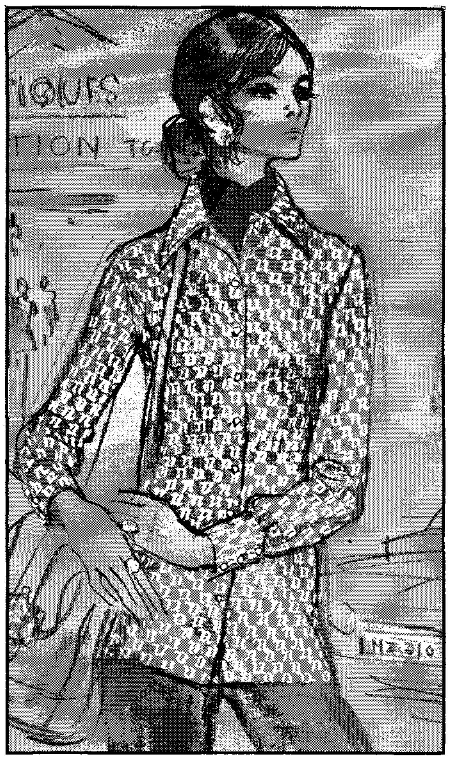
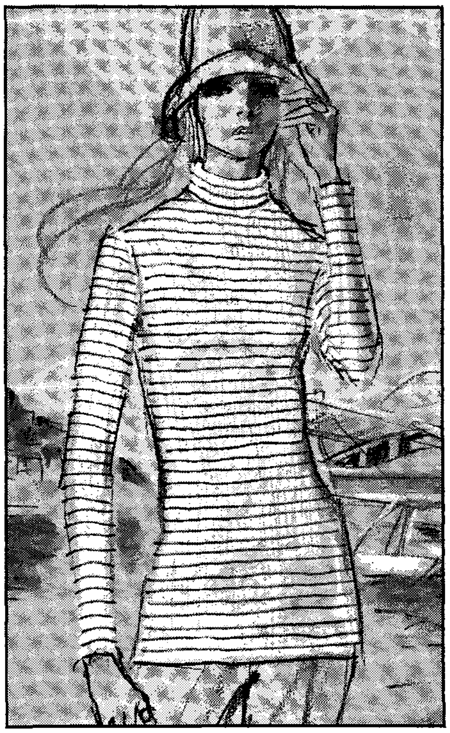
laughed. "Go and eat. Go and eat," he said. "Your mother's in the back.

"I made my decision early in 1938," he said to me. "I quit my job in Atlantic City, and, with just seven dollars and sixty cents to my name, borrowed six thousand dollars from two friends in Trenton. I had found a shuttered-up basement in Sheridan Square that had been a place called the Four Trees. The liquor license was twelve hundred, the cabaret license a hundred and fifty, and the rent two hundred, and out the money began to go. And there was the decorating. I didn't want mirrors and draperies and velours. I wanted art. Sam Shaw, a painter and photographer, brought some of his W.P.A. art friends in to do some murals—Adolf Dehn, William Gropper, Sam Berman, Gregor Duncan, Refregier, and Abe Birnbaum. I paid them two hundred dollars each and gave them due bills of a like amount for food and liquor. Some of those due bills went on for years, too. I didn't tell them what to paint, only that the place would be called, in a tongue-in-cheek way, Café Society. Clare Boothe Luce had suggested it, through some mutual friends, and it fitted into my satirical scheme. A couple of girls on *Vogue* who had given me all sorts of ideas suggested we have a doorman but that he be dressed in a raggedy coat and white gloves with the fingertips out. They also suggested we find an Elsa Maxwell type who'd ride a scooter up and down the aisles. We did have the tattered doorman for six or eight months, but we never found the right Elsa Maxwell. But the greatest help to me was John Hammond. He built my first band around the trumpet player Frankie Newton, and he brought in Albert Ammons and Meade Lux Lewis, the boogie-woogie pianists. And three weeks later he told me I had to have still another boogie-woogie pianist, Pete Johnson, but that Johnson only came with Joe Turner, the blues shouter. Jack Gilford was my first comedian. He'd been a stooge for Milton Berle at vaudeville houses like the Palace, where he was planted in the audience to shout insults at Berle onstage. John brought in the Golden Gate Quartet soon after, and they made the blood rush up my arms, which brought the goosepimples out, when they sang—and here I was a disbeliever—'As they were driving the nails in His feet you could hear the hammer ringing in Jerusalem's streets.' We opened on December 18, 1938. Village people came, and so did uptown types and the college kids. On Friday nights, the place looked like Princeton, Yale, and Har-





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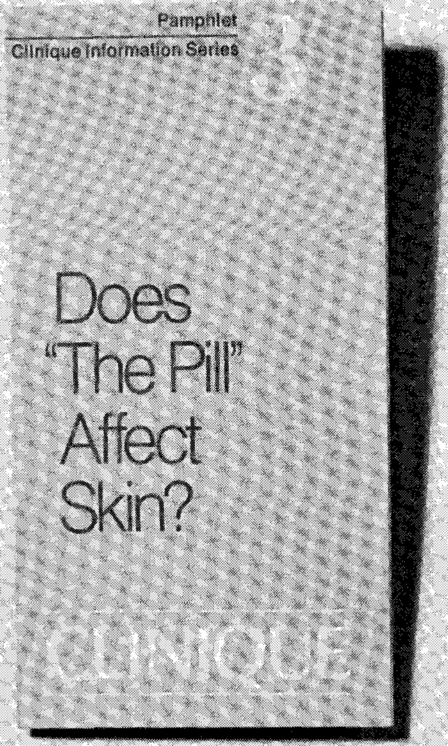

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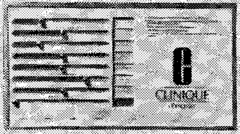

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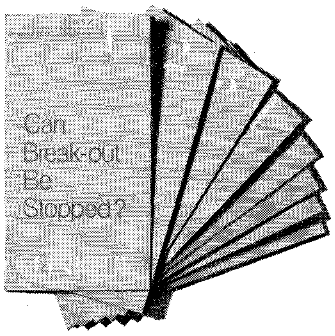

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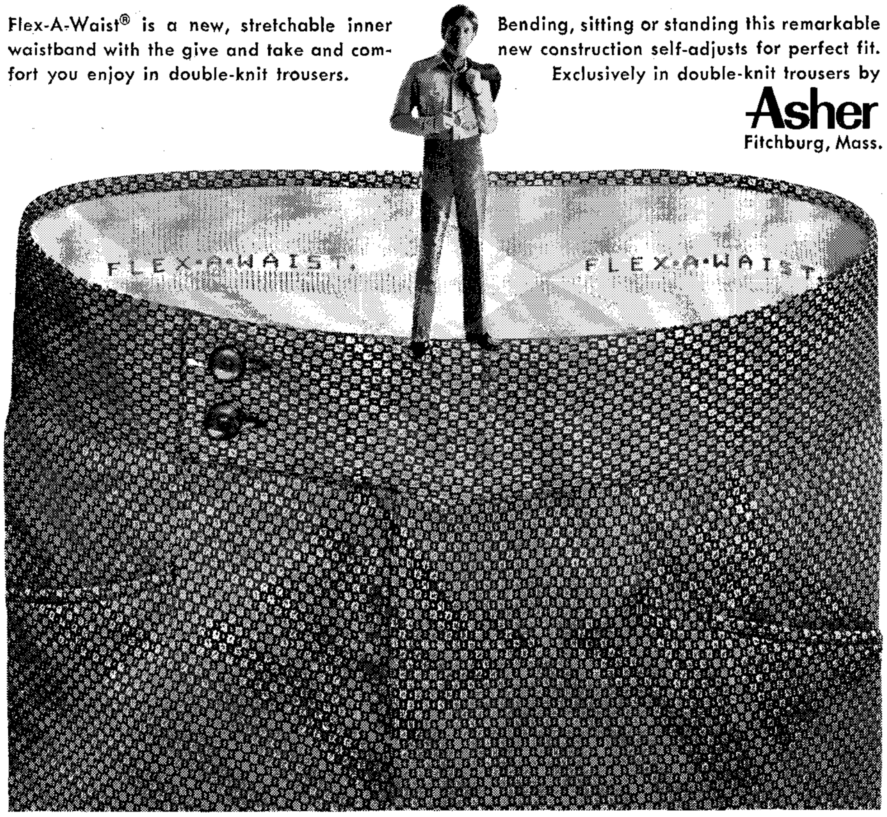

vard rolled into one. It was a grand success, but I was losing money. I simply didn't know enough about this sort of merchandising. By the end of the first year, I was twenty-eight thousand dollars in the hole. It became a holding operation, paying out two hundred here and three hundred there to my creditors. I began to think that I had opened the club in the wrong part of town, that I should move uptown. I found a place on Fifty-eighth Street which had changed hands a lot. My press agent, Ivan Black, sent out a release saying that Café Society was so successful I was opening an uptown branch. Actually, I planned to dump the original club, but when people heard about the uptown club the crowd doubled downtown and I suddenly began making money. Café Society Uptown opened on October 8, 1940. A waiter I had stopped by to see me the other day, and he'd come across the menu for that night. It offered shrimps and oysters and clams, celery and olives, a couple of soups, a two-inch prime filet mignon with mushrooms, two vegetables, a choice of potatoes, and dessert. The price on the card was a dollar-fifty! Uptown had cost me almost thirty thousand dollars to put in shape, all of it borrowed, but it started making money immediately, and by the end of that year I had paid off every cent."

The lights in the Cookery dimmed, for the start of the dinner hour. Several groups of people came in, and Josephson excused himself to seat them. A headwaiter carried a huge poinsettia from the back of the restaurant and put it on one end of the omelette bar. Next to the bar was a brand-new grand piano. Josephson finished seating a family of five, then sat down. "That plant adds a little festivity to where Mary sits. She didn't want a Steinway, she wanted a Baldwin. I'm renting it, and if I decide to buy it the rent money goes toward the purchase." Josephson laughed. "I've got some accountant, and she's having fits over all this. 'You bring this piano player in here and it's doing nothing but costing money,' she says to me. 'Thirty dollars for that plant and nineteen dollars for the piano tuner each time he comes, and now he's coming *twice* a week. Next thing, you'll be out of business, with all your music.'

"I moved the Downtown show to the Uptown when it opened, and brought new people in Downtown. Mary took Hazel Scott's place, and Ida Cox came in for Billie Holiday. Teddy Wilson went Uptown and Eddie Heywood came in Downtown. In

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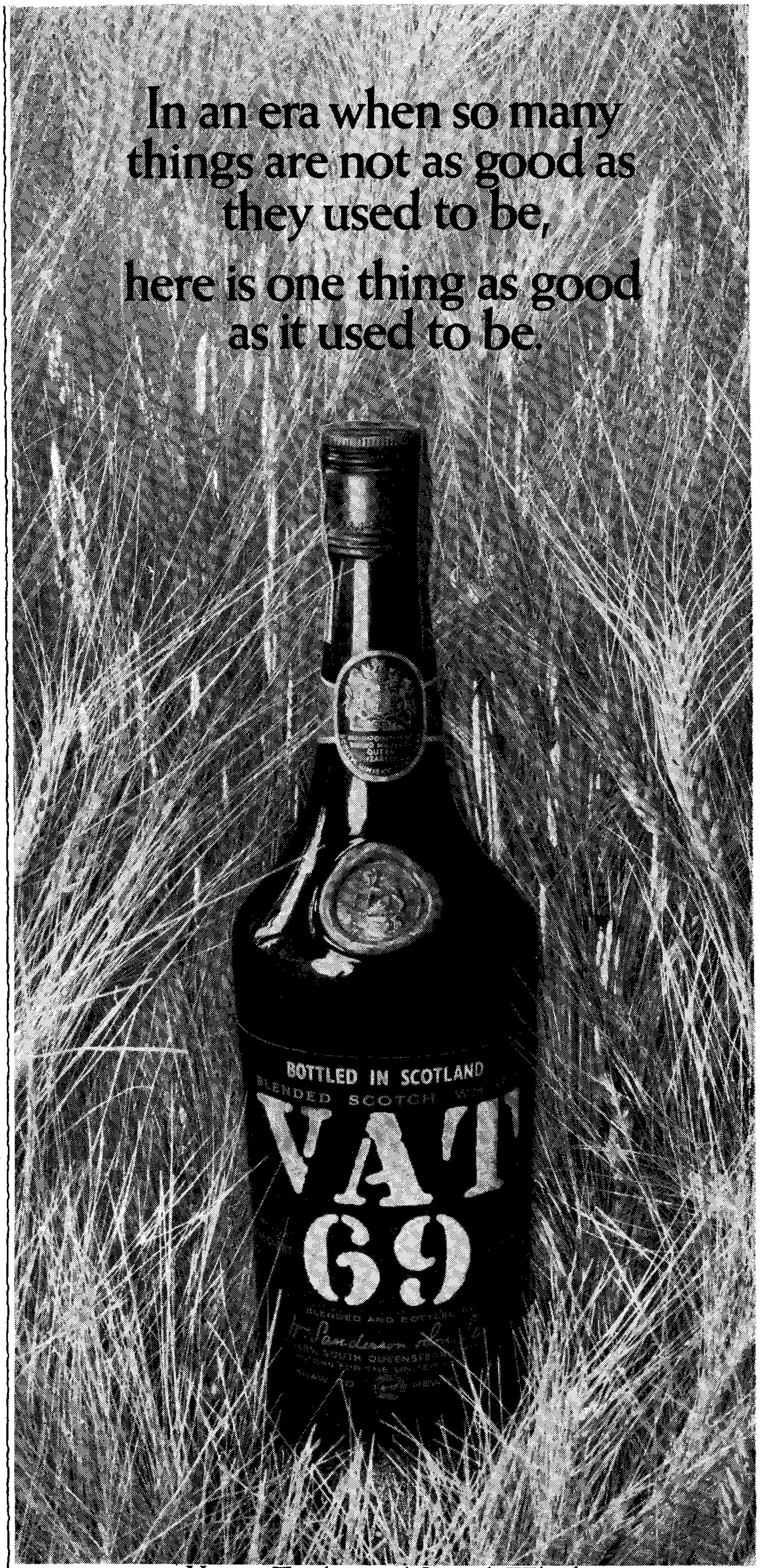
time, I had a steady, floating company of musicians and comedians and dancers and singers that moved back and forth between the clubs and that worked on a nearly permanent basis. It was a new concept in night clubs, and it gave the performers a sense of security most of them had never had before. It also gave them time to try out new routines and ideas. Hazel Scott was with me for seven years, and the boogie-woogie boys, as we called them, for over four. Billie and Lena Horne stayed a year, and so did Jack Gilford. Jimmy Savo stayed for three. People like Susy Reed and Josh White were in and out for years, and so was Mildred Bailey. I don't know how I had this in me, but I learned how to shape talent, how to bring a performer's best out. I even costumed them, and I'd find myself in Bergdorf's with some cute new little singer and saying to one of those sniffing, gray-haired salesladies, 'I'd like this young lady gowned.' Lena Horne was one of my first projects. She had worked in the line at the Cotton Club, and I first heard her, at John Hammond's suggestion, when she was singing with Charlie Barnet's band at the Paramount. She was beautiful, stunning, but it was hard to tell whether she could really sing or not. But I hired her, and at her first rehearsal I noticed that all her movements and routines were done in Latin rhythms, which were very big then. It didn't look right. I asked her if she was a Negro, and she bristled and said yes. I told her she could pass for anything, and she blew up. 'I don't dig you,' she said, and I said, 'Lena, there are dozens of nice Jewish girls from Brooklyn doing the Latin routines. Let me present you as a Negro talent. There won't be another like you for ten or fifteen years.' I got her singing blues and things like 'Summertime,' but she didn't have any contact with the audience because she wasn't putting feeling and meaning into what she sang. She would close her eyes when she sang, or look at the ceiling. So I said to her, 'I know about white people and the Negroes and that most Negroes cannot look white people in the eye. Is that why you never look at your audience? Don't be afraid of them.' I sat at a ringside table, and when she looked at the ceiling I'd make signals. And I went over the lyrics of her songs, pointing out their meanings. Finally, she got to the point when she sang a blues of making people stand up and shout.

"Susy Reed was the first Joan Baez—a beautiful girl with long, reddish hair and a simple, direct manner. I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made her keep her hair straight, told her not to wear makeup, and dressed her in little-girl frocks. At her first rehearsal, she came out with a hop, skip, and jump, and said, 'This is a zither.' I shouted, 'That's it, that's it! Don't ever change a thing!' And when she skipped out there in front of the audience and said, 'This is a zither,' she had them. I don't know whether it was because nobody had ever seen a zither before or whether it was the peaches-and-cream way she said it. I got Josh White to sit on a high stool when he sang, and I dressed him in open-necked shirts. He was a terror with the girls, and when they saw that neck—all muscles and tendons—they wanted to bite it. Of course, there were people I missed and people I nearly missed. I missed out on Pearl Bailey altogether. She struck me as a bit of a Tom, and I never hired her, but I know now I was being oversensitive. And I almost didn't get Pearl Primus, a great dancer. She brought some records to her audition, but she looked so awful I made an excuse about the phonograph being broken and asked her to come back another time. She started to cry. I excused myself and pretended to fuss over the phonograph. She put on a record, took one fantastic leap, and that was it. John Martin, of the *Times*, ranked her with Ted Shawn and Martha Graham. I had my share of busts, generally with singers who, though I'd give them months of vocal lessons, just couldn't sing. Sarah Vaughan didn't work out, but for different reasons. I kept her six months, but people couldn't understand her singing—all the strange twists and turns she did with her voice—and she still didn't know how to get herself up right. Carol Channing was a bust, too. She sang and did impersonations of society dowagers, and her special number was supposed to be a takeoff of Ethel Waters in 'Cabin in the Sky.' It struck me the wrong way, and I asked her not to use it. She felt I'd cut the heart out of her act, and she went ahead and did it anyway, so I fired her. Jim Backus flopped. He had another man with him, and I think they had a radio show, but nobody listened to them at the club. But I was beginning to learn that although performers fail at one thing it doesn't mean they aren't good at something else. So I was always very careful not to hurt people at my auditions, especially because I never forgot a story Bernie Bernard told me. He was a Hollywood agent who had booked vaudeville talent in the Midwest. Two men auditioned for him, and he told them their act

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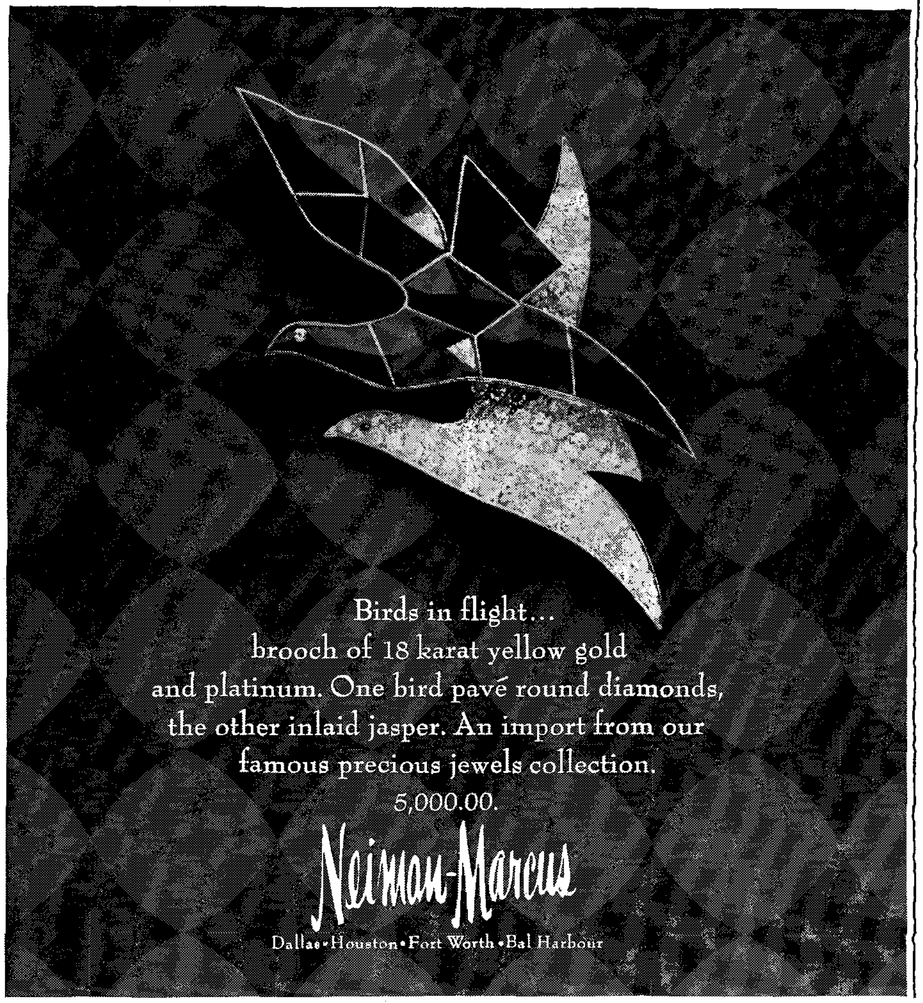

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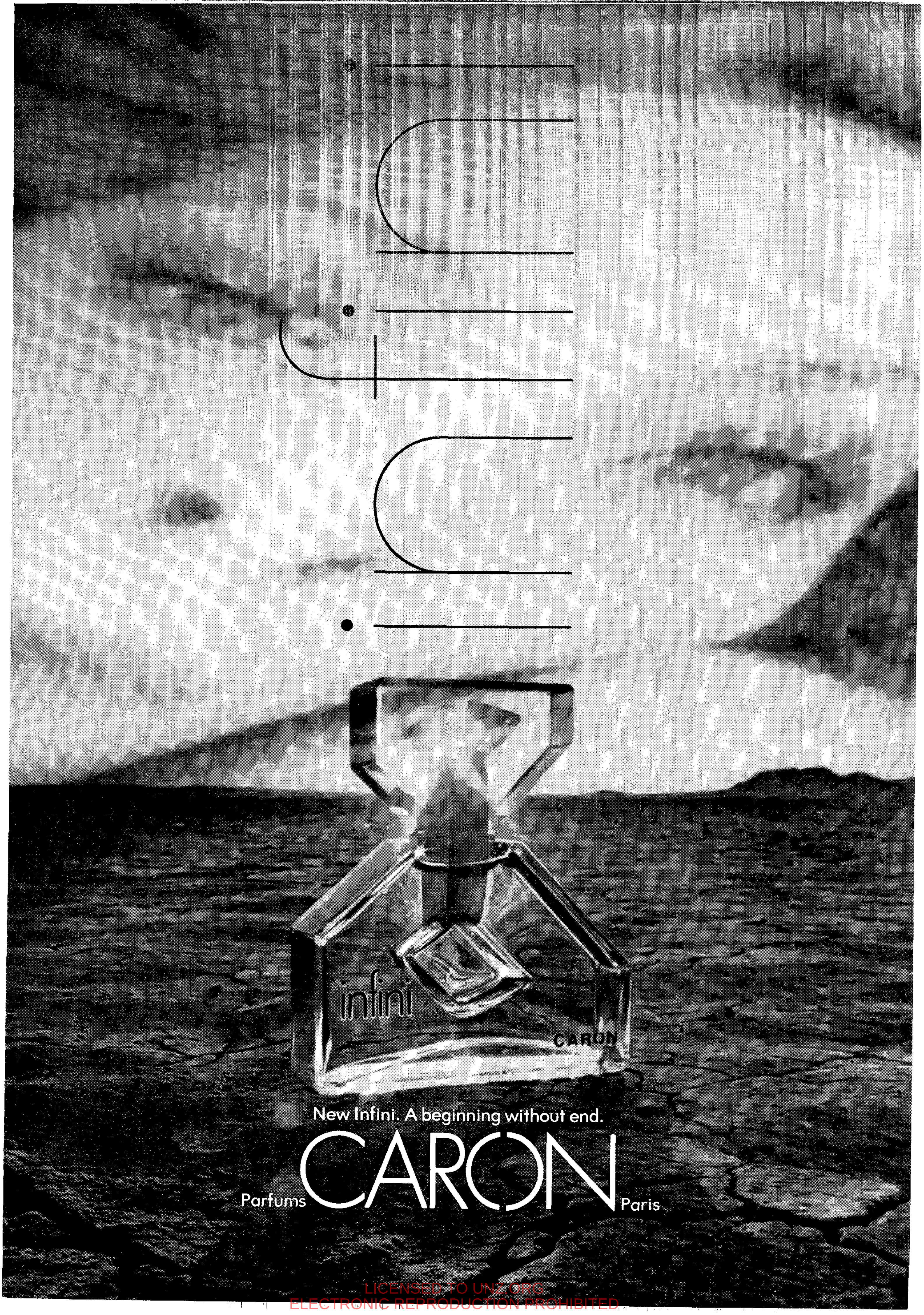
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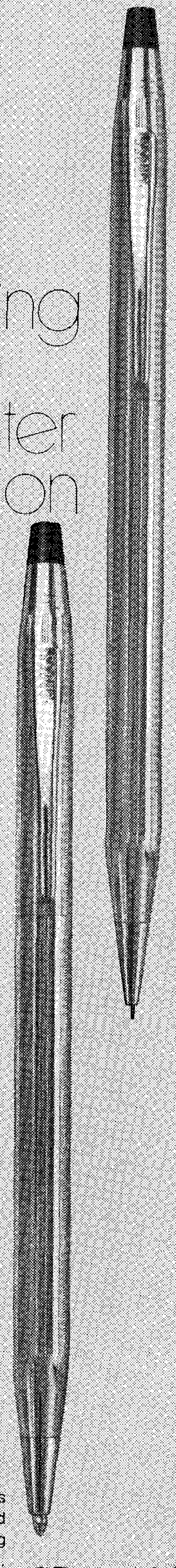

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wouldn't go. He looked at one of them and said, '*You* have some possibilities, but your partner is impossible.' The next day, the one he had spoken to came back, very upset, and it turned out his partner had just hung himself. When I was convinced a performer had gifts, despite negative audience reactions, I stayed with him. Jack Gilford started slowly, and he used to beg me to let him go, but I refused, and one night his time came. It was at the two-o'clock show. Ammons and Johnson and Lewis and Billie Holiday were doing a benefit somewhere, and Joe Turner hadn't showed up, so all we had were the band and Gilford. He asked me what in God's name he was supposed to do. I told him he had to go on. The place was only half full, but a table of six or eight people had just come in. I'd been in enough places where the last show would be cancelled under such circumstances, but anyway Gilford, who was also the master of ceremonies, introduced the band, and they did their production numbers. Then he said, 'I would now like to introduce Albert Ammons, but Albert Ammons isn't here.' He got a laugh. Then he sat down at the piano and went into this beautiful pantomime with his great rubber face and made you *believe* he was Albert Ammons, by his motions and by scrunching up the back of his neck so that it looked like Ammons' rolls of fat. Then he did Meade Lux Lewis. Sometimes Lewis would start to fall asleep when he was playing and I'd have to get someone to poke him, so Jack sat there nodding and swaying, and it was perfect. He did Billie and Johnson and Joe Turner and his own act, and the next day I had a call from one of the latecomers. It was Jed Harris, the David Merrick of the time, and he wanted Gilford for a revue called 'Meet the People' that some friends of his were bringing to New York from California. Gilford joined it, and it was a great success. His Broadway career had begun. And do you know what he does every year on December 18th, the anniversary of Downtown's opening? He sends me a telegram wishing me well, and it doesn't matter where in the world he is.

"I also had a hand, in a roundabout way, in getting a girl named Betty Perske started. She was tall and thin and had a deep voice, and she used to hang around Downtown all the time by herself. I didn't care for single girls in the club, but I found out that she lived over on Barrow Street with her aunt, and I told my headwaiter to keep an eye on her. There was something special about her, and one night she told me she wanted to act. I said I'd arrange a meeting for her with Jack Shalitt, a talent scout for Howard Hughes. That was the last I saw of her. Time passed, and one evening Shalitt came in with a long face and asked me if I'd seen *Life* magazine that week. I had, and I was delighted. There was a nine-page spread on Zero Mostel. I had hired Zero in the early days at the Downtown, when none of the uptown operators would touch him, and Ivan Black even changed his name from Sam to Zero. Shalitt said, 'No, no, I don't mean that. I mean the girl on the cover. We didn't get her, we missed her.' I didn't recognize the girl or her name. Shalitt said she was Betty Perske. She *had* gone to Shalitt, and he'd sent pictures of her to Hughes. He wasn't impressed, and when Mrs. Howard Hawks saw them on his desk one evening at a dinner party and asked if she could show them to *her* Howard, Hughes said fine, and Hawks signed her and her name was changed to Lauren Bacall."

Now the Cookery was full, and Josephson asked me if I'd like some dinner. I ordered a petit pissaladière and the steak alla'pizzaiola and a demi-carafe of red wine. It was eight o'clock, and Mary Lou Williams sat down at the piano. She was in a dark-blue gown and her hair was parted on one side, débutante fashion. She looked around in a bemused way, rubbed her hands together, said something to her bassist, and started "My Blue Heaven." Her playing was sure and inventive and utterly relaxed. There was no microphone, but her long, graceful melodic lines moved easily through the room. She sounded, in fact, as if she were playing for friends in her living room. "Yesterdays" went by, and it was followed by a rocking boogie-woogie number and a fast "Blue Skies." Josephson was smiling and his cheeks were flushed. "She's playing better now than she was thirty years ago," he said. The set ended, Miss Williams greeted Josephson, and sat down with Peter O'Brien.

"I got along very well with my performers, and they with me," Josephson said. "I always paid people

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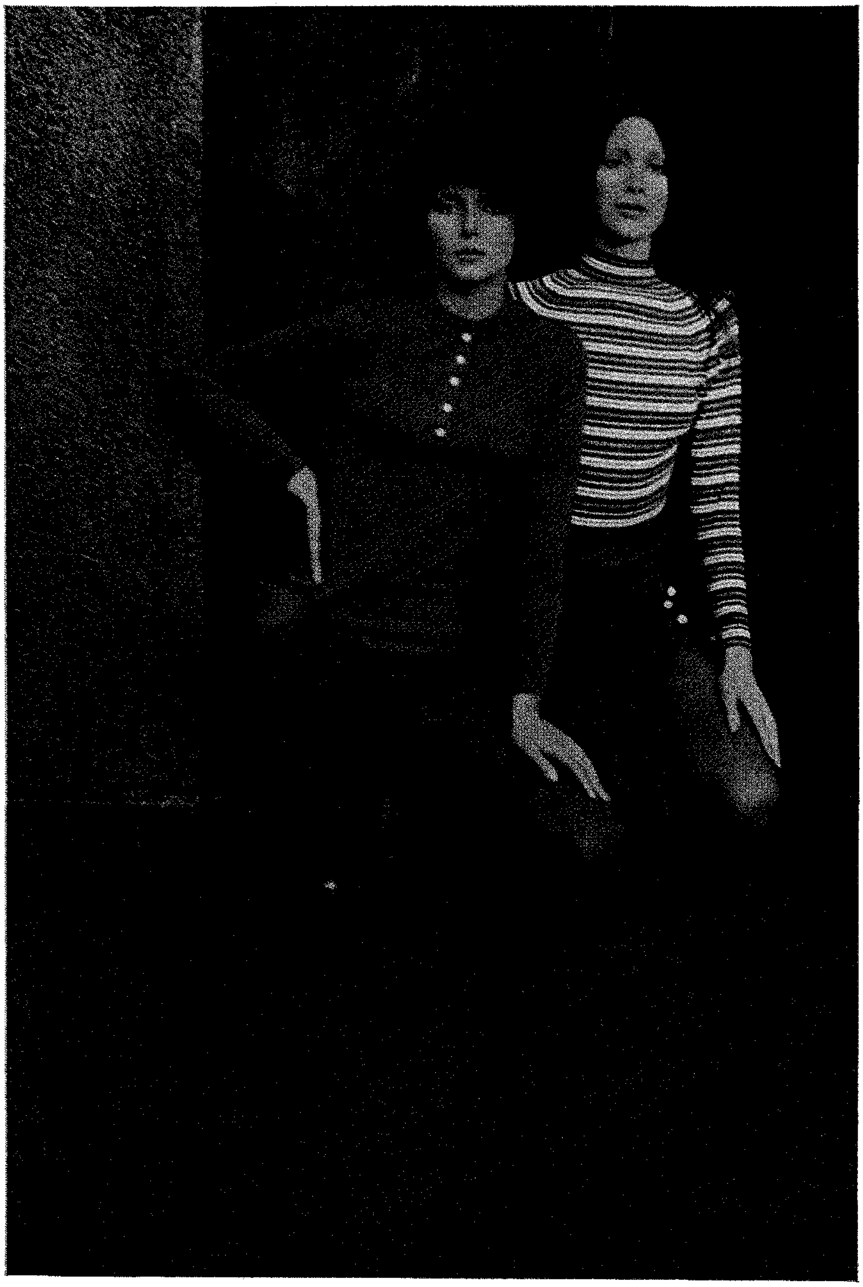

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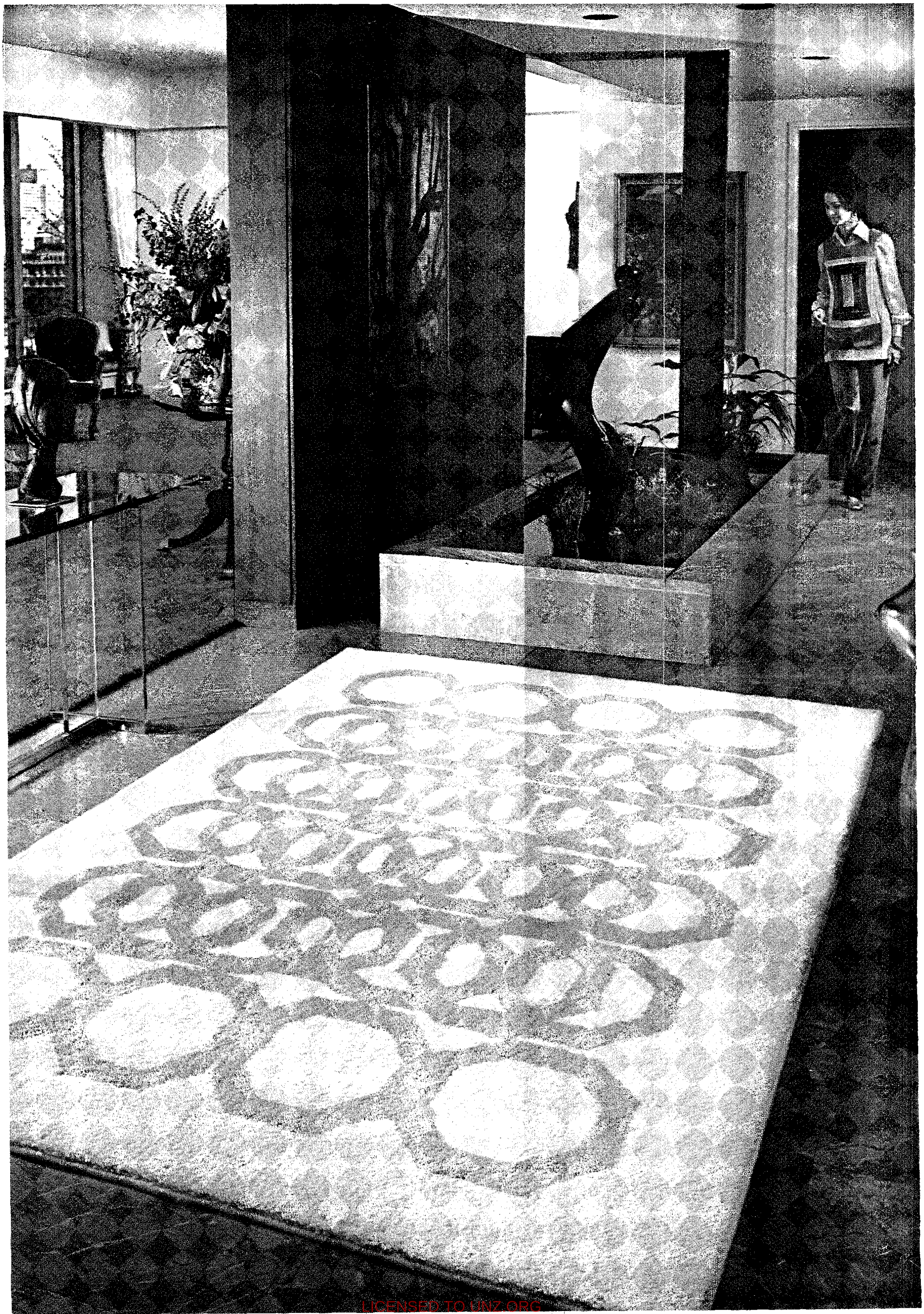

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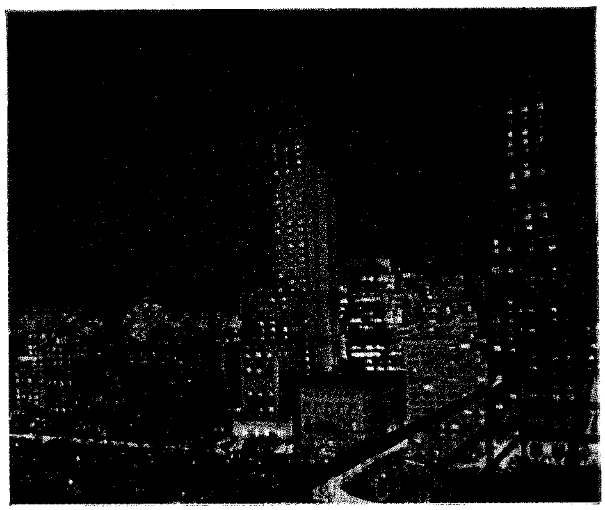

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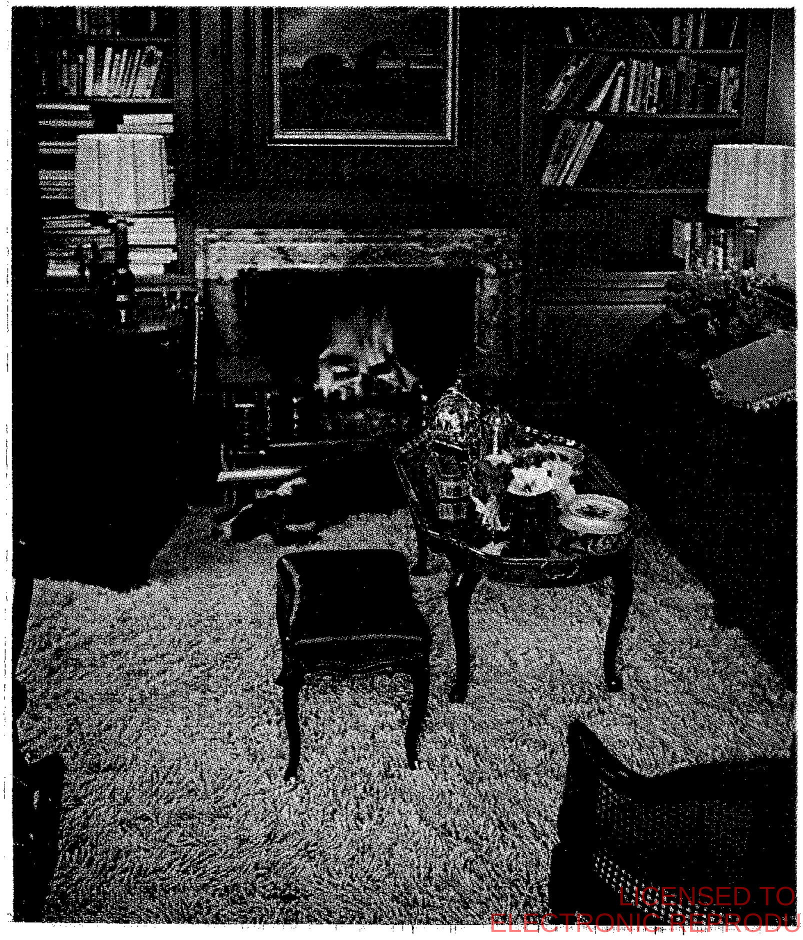

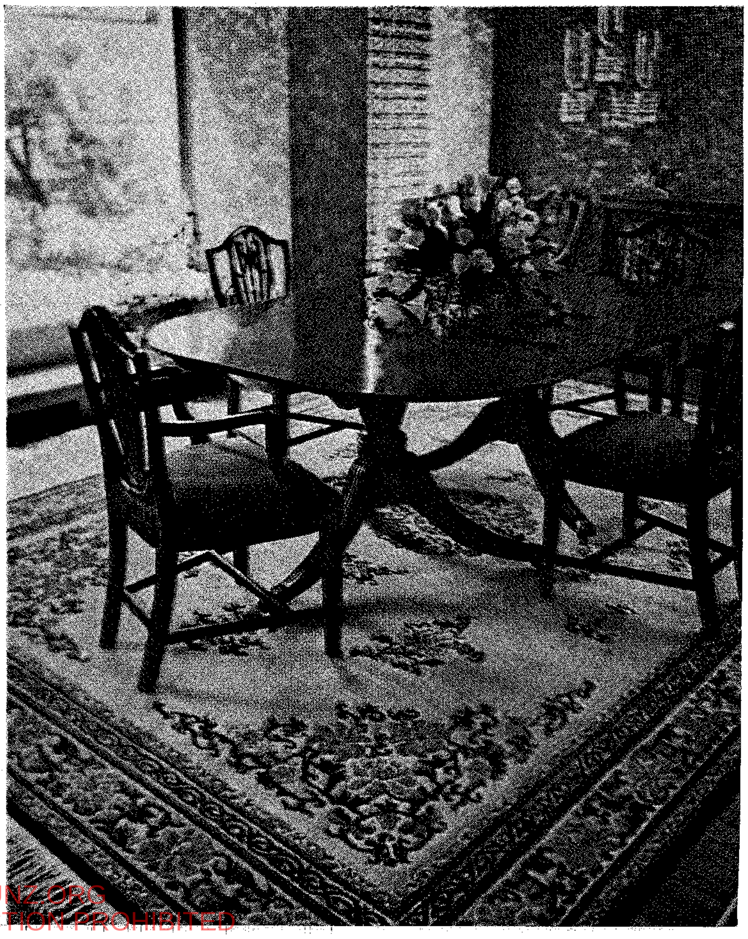

The Gimlet

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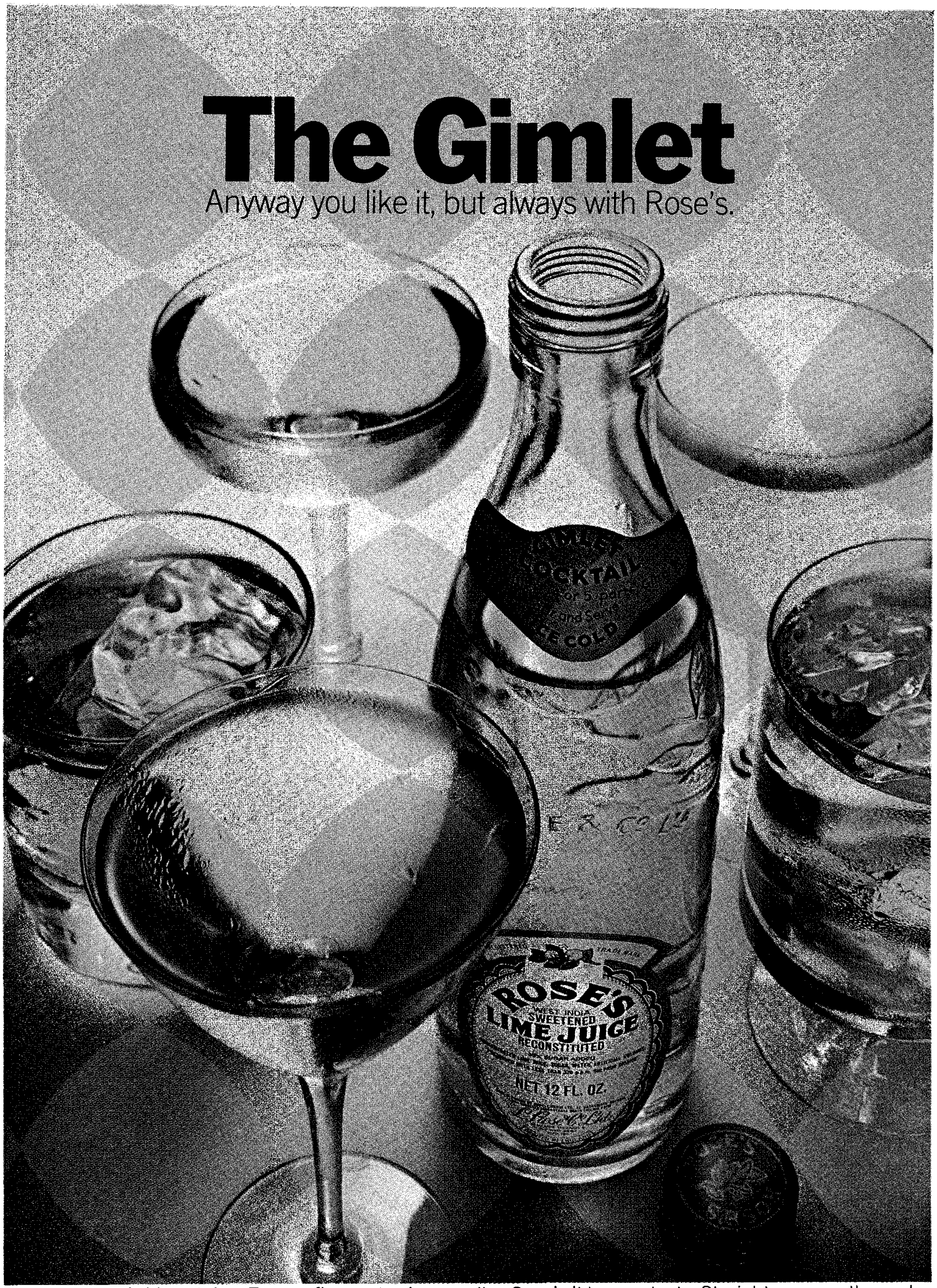
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at scale or better, and the highest salary I paid was around thirty-five hundred a week. I also managed a lot of my performers for free when they went out to Hollywood and such. But no matter how well we got on, surprising things happened. I had an iron law at both clubs that there was to be no marijuana. When Billie Holiday was with me, she'd get in a cab between shows and drive through Central Park, smoking. One night, she came back and I could tell by her eyes that she was really high. She finished her first number and I guess she didn't like the way the audience reacted. Because they get so hot onstage, performers often wear just gowns and slippers, no underwear, and at the end of the song Billie turned her back to the audience, bent over, flipped up her gown, and walked off the floor. I asked her backstage what in heaven's name she thought she was doing, and she just mumbled and slammed the dressing-room door.

"It had become the custom by the time Eddie Heywood came into the Downtown for the bandleader to double as m.c. Heywood stammered. He told me he was afraid people would laugh at him, and I told him not to worry. The first night was pretty bad, the next night better, and in a week or two there was only a trace. It must have had something to do with the intimacy of a microphone, and possibly also my confidence in him. Anyway, a while later he explained that he was classified 4-F because of his stammering and that he was due for a medical review and could he quit emceeing for a few days until his stammer returned? He did, his 4-F status was renewed, and that night he announced shows again. One of the most surprising things also happened during the war, but it was at the Uptown. Jimmy Savo had a marvellous silent act in which he'd stop at a ringside table and pick up a customer's pack of cigarettes—this when cigarettes were so scarce. He'd take out a cigarette and, breaking it in two, light one half and put the other half in his pocket—all the while bowing and smiling to the owner of the cigarettes. Then he'd move to another table, still carrying the pack, and offer each of the people a cigarette, and keep this up until the cigarettes were gone. He'd return the empty pack to its owner, again bowing and smiling. He was in the middle of his act when a British sailor jumped up and grabbed a microphone and announced in a Cockney accent that he was going to sing a famous British Navy song about the time a British sailor floored 'that black

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nigger Jack Johnson.' Big Sid Catlett was sitting up there on the bandstand with his arms folded, and suddenly he picked up his drumsticks and began this tremendous thundering. The rest of the band joined in and the sailor was drowned out. The place was packed with servicemen, and they were outraged that one of them had been insulted, and there was nearly a riot. Afterward, I told the sailor that the word 'nigger' was not appreciated at Café Society Uptown, and he said he never knew there was anything insulting about the word and that he had black friends all over the world. It's a wonder more things didn't happen in those days. Like the time John Hammond and his wife came for dinner at the Uptown with Paul Robeson. Robeson and Mrs. Hammond danced. The headwaiter told me that the people at Table 41 would like to see me. There were two couples at the table, and one of the men said, 'Do you allow niggers to dance with white women in this place?' 'Sir,' I replied, 'we do not use that word in here. Furthermore, there is a law in this state against discrimination, and we abide by it. But it's still a democracy and you have a right not to like what you see.' 'Well, we don't like it at all,' he said. They walked out, but I made sure they paid their bill in full, even though they had just begun their shrimp cocktails."

Mary Lou Williams was playing again, and Josephson turned to watch her. Five minutes went by, and he turned back to me. "In the late forties, with both clubs going full steam, my life turned inside out. My brother Leon was subpoenaed by the House Un-American Activities Committee, which was headed by J. Parnell Thomas, the gent who later served time for misusing government funds. Leon was an avowed Communist, and he refused to answer any questions, on the ground that the committee was an illegal tribunal. He was cited for contempt, tried, and found guilty. His case was appealed to the Supreme Court, which refused to hear it, and he served ten months in prison. I think he may have been the first person to go to jail for contempt of the Un-American Activities Committee. It was front-page stuff, and since no one knew who Leon Josephson was, he was always mentioned in the papers as the brother of Barney Josephson, the owner of Café Society Uptown and Café Society Downtown. The Hearst press—Westbrook Pegler and Dorothy Kilgallen and Lee Mortimer and Winchell—took off, and the innuendo, the guilt by association, be-

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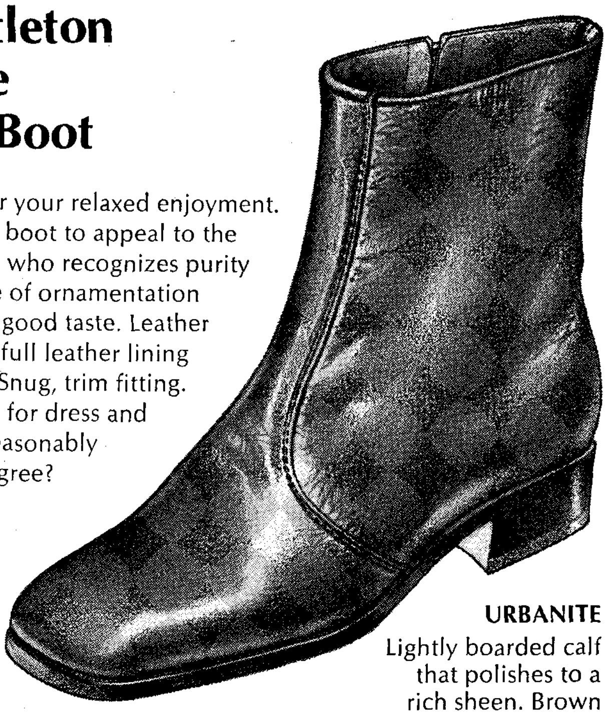

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gan. Pegler devoted a column to Leon implying that he was a drug addict, and the last line was 'And there is much to be said about his brother Barney.' Just that, no more. So I was the brother of a Communist drug addict, I allowed Negroes in my clubs, I had introduced inflammatory songs like 'Strange Fruit' and 'The House I Live In,' and on and on. It ruined my clubs. Three weeks after the first uproar, business at the Uptown dropped forty-five per cent. I was determined not to give in to such viciousness, and I kept going for almost a year. But I had already lost ninety thousand dollars, so I sold both clubs, and by 1950 I was out of the night-club business and flat broke. I've only been into the Uptown once since it's become the Fine Arts Theatre, and that was to see 'Rififi.' But all *I* could see were Teddy Wilson and Jimmy Savo.

"Part of the reason I started the Cookeries was that I could be unknown, anonymous, and that's the way it's been. But this morning I ran into one of my old neighborhood customers, a lovely lady who has been eating here since we opened. She stopped me outside the supermarket and said, 'Mr. Josephson, you have made our world, our city, a little bigger and a little better by bringing Mary Lou Williams into the Cookery, and I thank you.' That made me feel marvellous."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

The Arlington Quarterly, Box 366, University Station, Arlington, Texas 76010 publishes original, literary fiction 2,000 words up. *Ladies Home Journal*, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY continues the policy of returning *unread* all unsolicited fiction. *Laurel Review*, West Virginia Wesleyan College, Buckhannon, West Virginia has *ceased publication*. They have plans to begin a student magazine. *Concordia Publishing House*, 3558 S. Jefferson Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri has discontinued accepting material and will discontinue publication in August of: *His People*, *Young Explorers*, and *God's Children*. No replacement papers are being planned.

Write, write, write this summer and may your sales be good.

LILLIE D. CHAFFIN
Fiction Editor
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•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

TAMPA, Fla. (AP)—Ed Richards has completed Bolero, a 46-foot yacht, 12 years after the plans for the boat were delivered.

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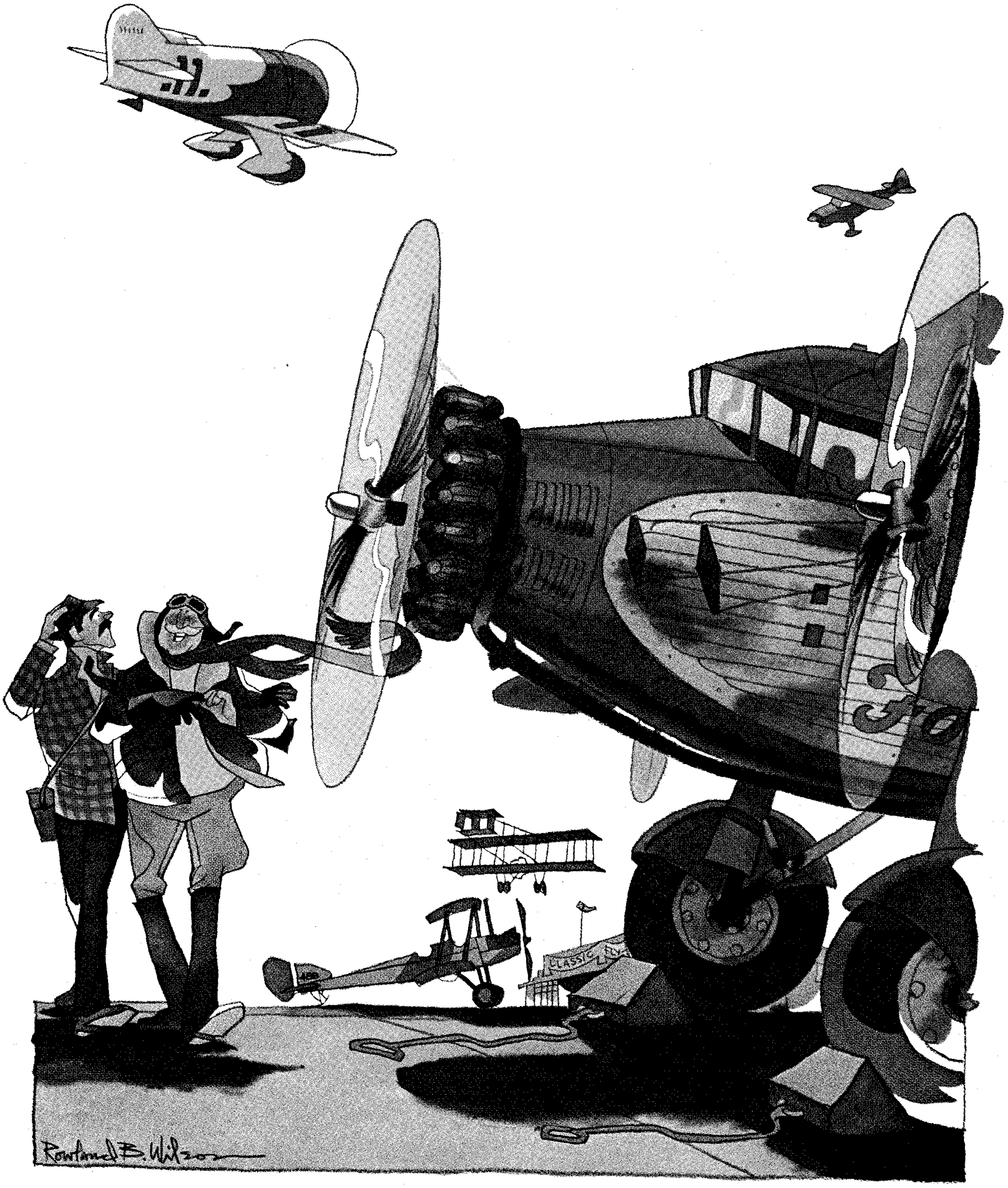
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Rowland B. Wilson

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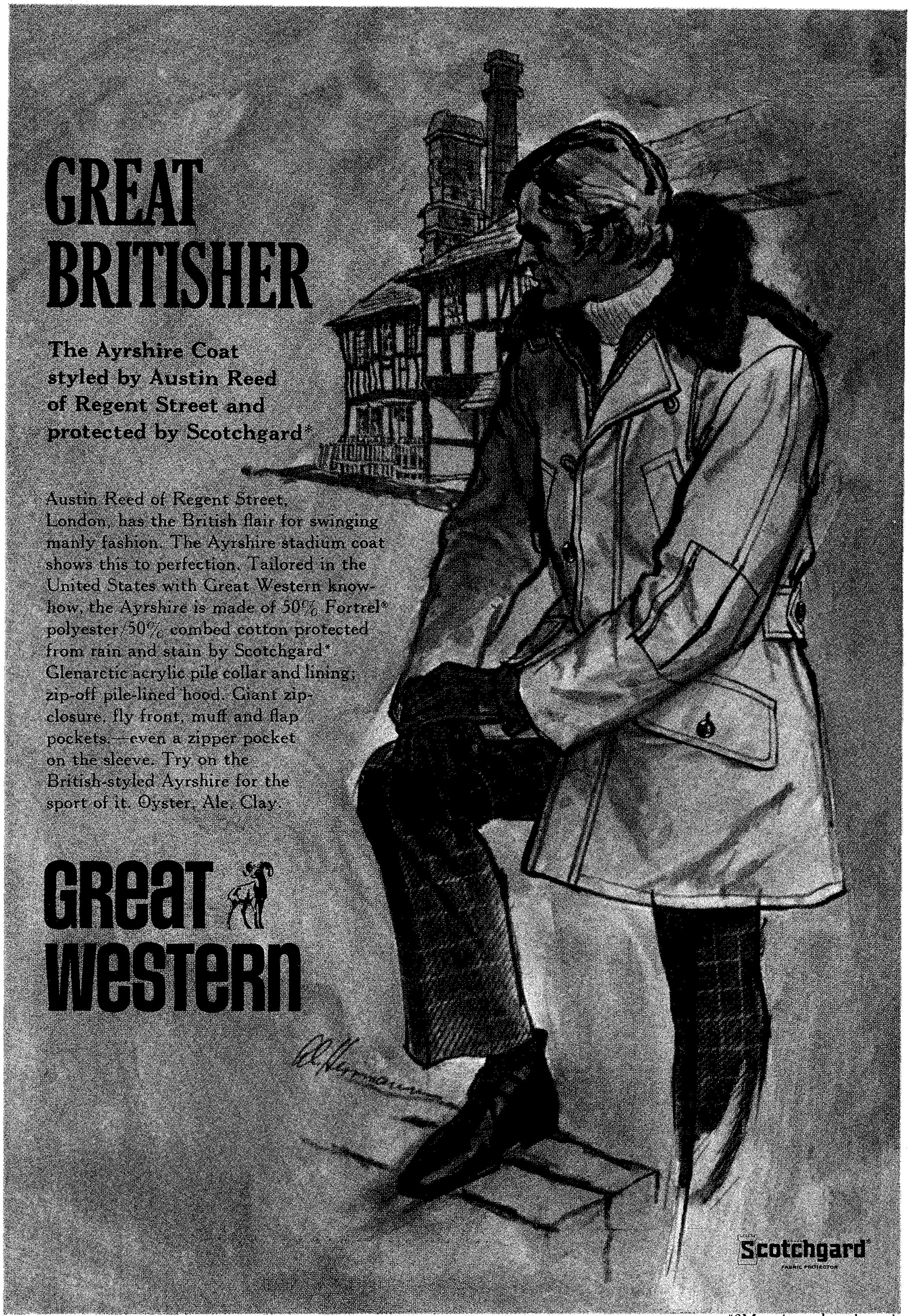

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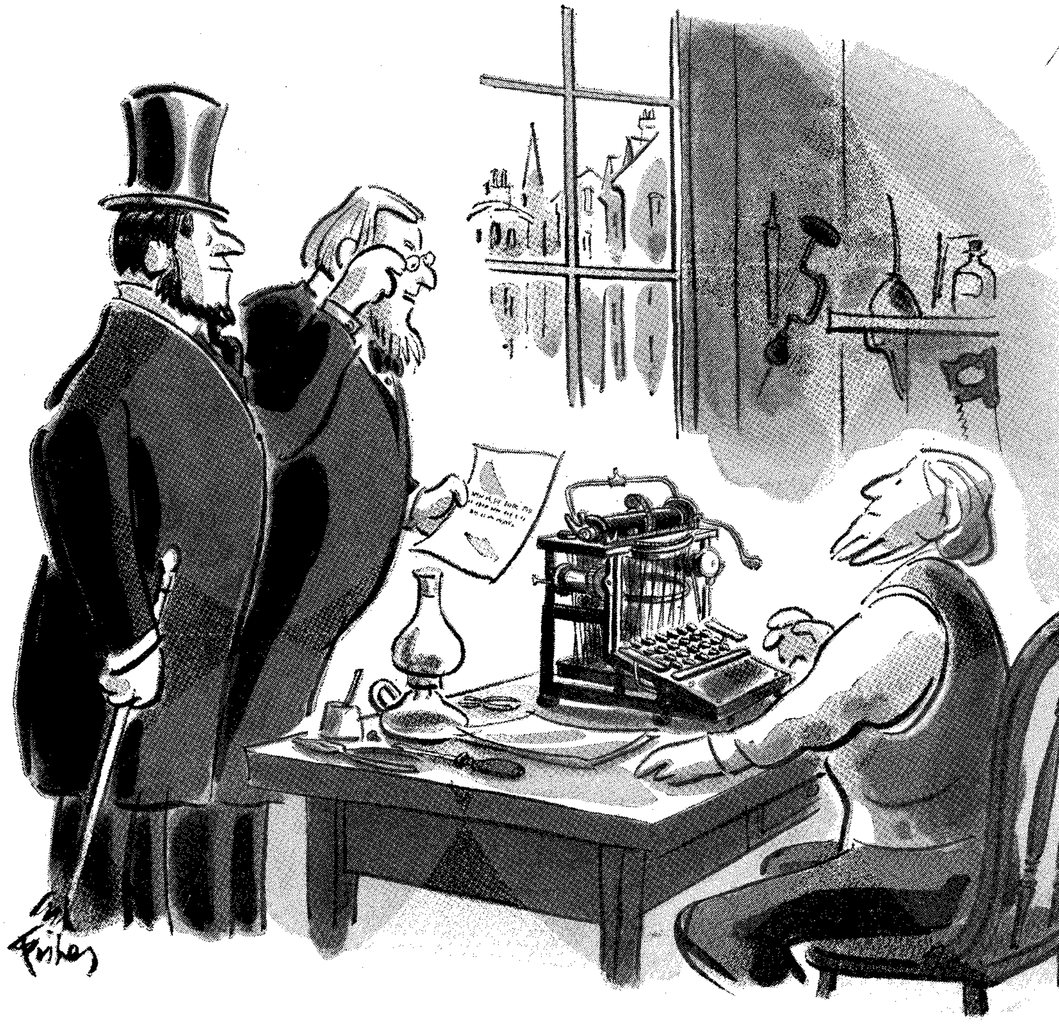
THE THEATRE

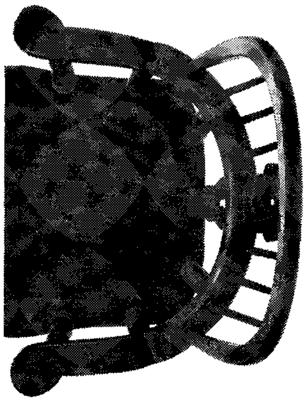
NO PLACE LIKE HOME

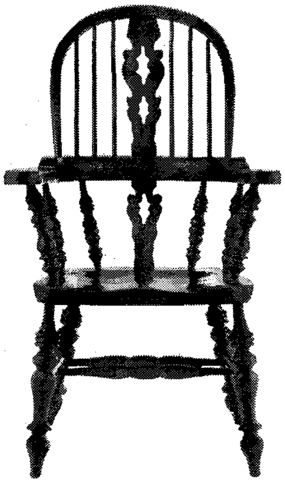
ROBERT ANDERSON'S new play, "Solitaire/Double Solitaire," at the John Golden, is, as the title hints, really two plays instead of one, and although their subjects differ, they have the same bleak theme: that the consolations of family life, uncertain and fugitive as they may be, are not only the best we have but *all* we have, and are therefore not to be recklessly cast aside, even at the moment of one's deepest despair. I had better say at once that Mr. Anderson handles this theme in a fashion much sunnier than one would have thought possible; his two little plays are very likable and full of funny lines. He evidently feels that gallows humor, like charity, begins at home. The first of the plays is laid in that chilling future which sci-fi writers have been threatening us with for generations now and which mercifully keeps receding as the century advances—an immaculate, odorless, brightly lit, and continuously humming enclosed space, where technology, applied to a B. F. Skinner-like system of programmed emotional responses, has succeeded in putting man's needs and desires at the efficient disposition of the state. Man in "Solitaire" has been trained to assume the posture of an automaton, but it appears that the hero of the play, Sam Bradley, is unwilling to accept his fate. Middle-aged and not to the Skinner manner born, he is haunted by memories of a time that was different, when men and women fell in love and married and were happy or miserable, as the case might be, but at least had the sense of being intricately, passionately entangled in the web of life. Alone in a cell that is a marvel of electronic circuitry, poor Bradley stands poised on the brink of suicide—not a crime by that period in our history but, rather, an option known as self-disposal, which is well regarded by the system and is available to everyone at the mere touch of a button. Just at this point in the play, we discover that the system is not yet in perfect working order. There is a subversive underground where one can enact the old family relations in a paid-for parody of the real thing: it amounts to a speak-easy version of God Bless Our Home. Bradley embraces this parody before deciding whether to live or die, and a sad and comic scene it is. Who would ever have guessed that the clumsy, affectionate, and often irritating buffetings of domesticity could be made to seem so precious?

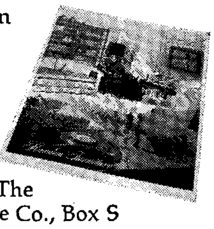
The second play concerns a couple, Barbara and Charley Potter, whose marriage is breaking up. The time is the present, and the circumstances are comfortable—we are in a world of writers, editors, golfers, gardeners, and suburban Martini drinkers, the fabric of whose lives is held together by a thousand small hypocrisies, practiced so openly that they amount to family pieties. Charley's mother and father are about to celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary; old Mr. Potter has decided that they will repeat their wedding vows on this occasion, and he wishes Charley and Barbara to join them in this sentimental gesture. In a series of conversations, three generations of Potters lay much of their lives bare. It appears that nobody in the family has ever been exceptionally happy or exceptionally sad. Everybody has always managed to accommodate; indeed, the best advice that old Mr. Potter can give his desperately troubled son is "Bite the nail!" Charley threatens the integrity of the Potters by an unbecoming manifestation of panic. He must take care not to carry on so over



"My compliments, sir. Your new machine is amazing. However, I don't agree in the least that now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party."







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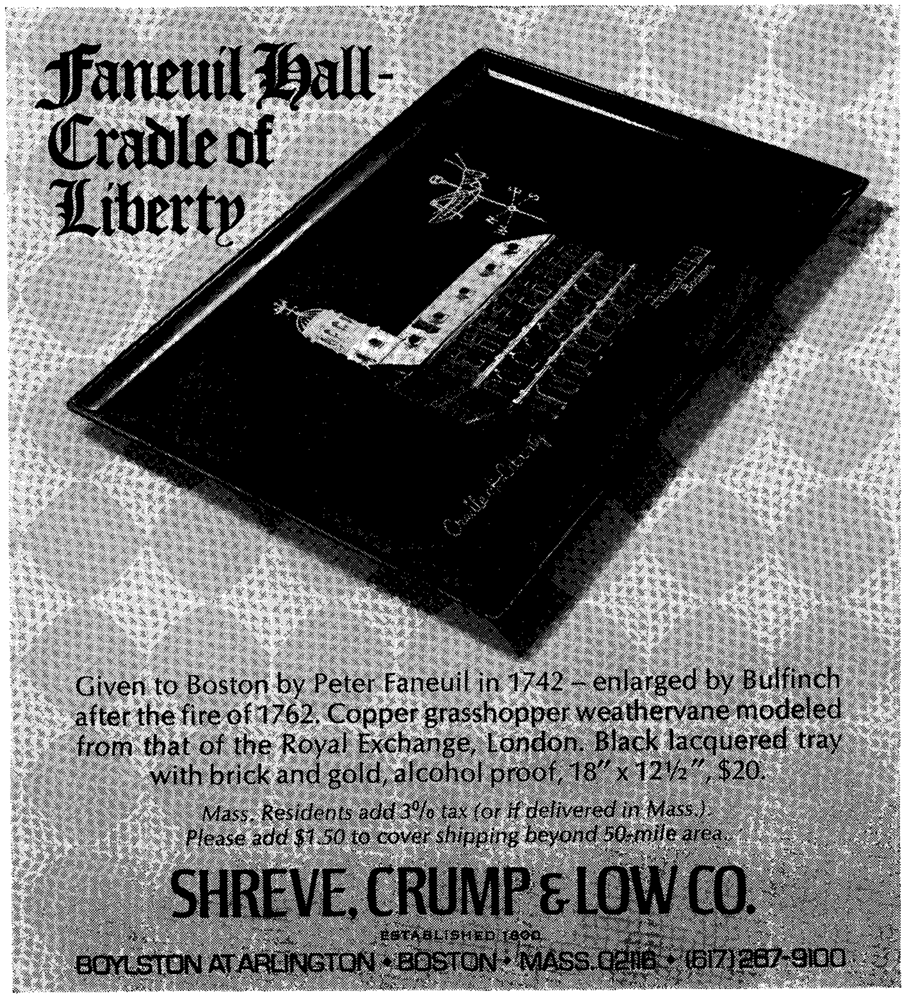

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the fact that he finds himself, in his forties, not being sufficiently loved, not being able to love sufficiently. Potters have survived this famine of the emotions successfully for generations; they have always silently bitten the nail.

"Solitaire/Double Solitaire" is brilliantly acted by a company that Arvin Brown first assembled for the purpose at the Long Wharf Theatre, in New Haven. (The play was put on last winter at the Long Wharf, of which Mr. Brown is the artistic director, and has since been performed at the Edinburgh International Festival as well.) Richard Venture has the role of Bradley in the first play and the role of Charley in the second, and is superb in both. That superlatively gifted actress Joyce Ebert, who plays the parody wife in the first play, is Barbara in the second, and she makes a tour de force of this especially difficult role; during most of the play she is obliged to remain an intent listener, but when her turn comes at last—! Also in the cast, and also admirable, are Ruth Nelson, John Cromwell, Martha Schlamme, William Swetland, Will Fenno, and Patricia Pearcy. Mr. Brown has directed with his usual grace, and Kert Lundell has provided a sensationally effective futuristic set for the first play.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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[*From an illustrated catalogue distributed by the Sansei Yusoki Company, Ltd., Osaka, Japan*]

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•

The shameful slaughter of those eagles in the West recalled one of the most awful afternoons of my life. We had been invited to a Charleston, S.C., plantation, one of the few still in the hands of the original owners after almost two centuries.—*Roanoke* (*Va.*) *World-News.*

They're as hospitable as ever, but stiff in the joints.

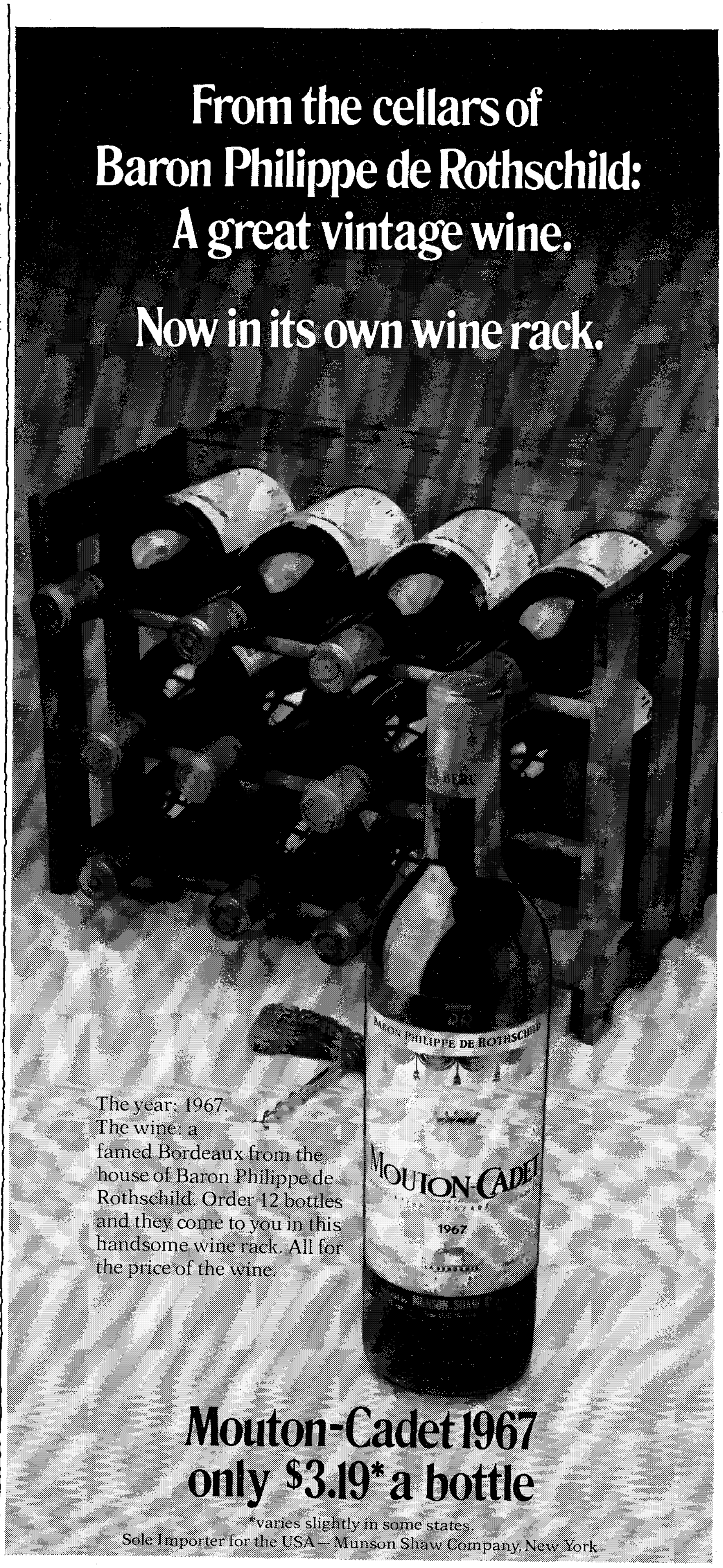
FOOTBALL

Local Boys Make Good

STADIUM PARKING

Anne of Green Gables (a pet name for the old, mansard-roofed Columbia caretaker's house), the old green wooden stands, and the old green grass (wet but green, and *grass*, not a carpet confected of wood chips and formaldehyde)—that was Baker Field last Saturday, where Ivy League football made the first of its four (only four) appearances on Manhattan Island this year. It was Columbia vs. Princeton, and at long last, after a pause of thirty-nine years, a Princeton team came in second on this venerable playing field, 22–20, in a match that was not decided until the last maneuver—a Princeton shot at a field goal that went far off course. It was the Princeton team we have all watched for years—vigorous but easily hoodwinked, and inclined to grandiose refusals to take advantage of opportunities. It was not the same old dogged Columbia, though, for in Jackson it has a quarterback whose operations are ambiguous to nearly all opponents, and in Sefcik and Assaf it has runners who can perform under extreme duress. Afterward, vast outbursts of glee rose above the sound of shower baths in the field house, and a pride of urchins decked in indecipherable uniforms and returning from a completely anonymous game in the neighborhood passed by, looked up at the windows, and smiled in a manner that indicated that they, too, had won a satisfying match. They shook hands at the corner, and as they parted it could be seen that the boy bringing up the rear was carting home the team's paraphernalia in a perambulator.

The other successful local boy was Army (at that, West Point is not so much farther than the Jets, out at Shea, or than the Giants will be when they decamp to New Jersey). Army took good care of Missouri (it must be admitted that Army brings a lot of interesting strangers into our midst), 22–6, after it recovered from its first-half attack of disorientation, during which Atha and Fink, who throw for Army, let fly fifteen passes for a net gain of three yards. Fink then came to, and in the second half got off three passes, all of them on third down, for Army's three touchdowns. Third down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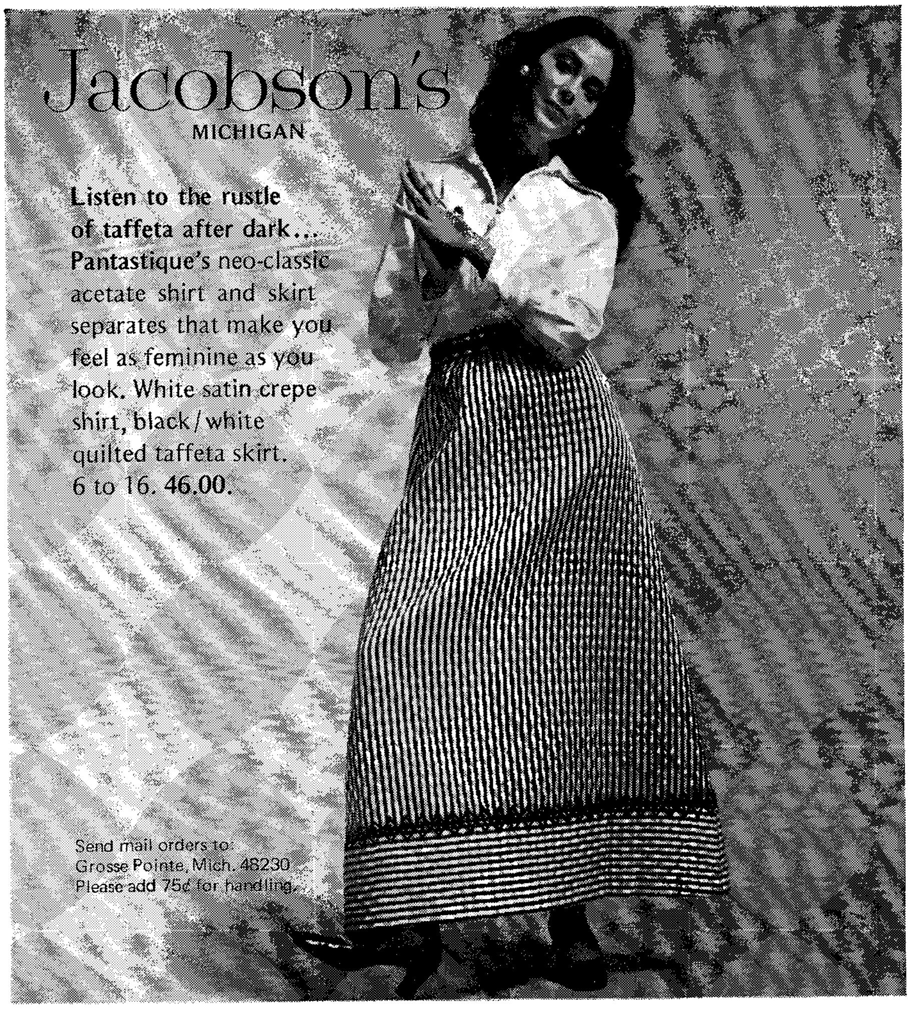

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is a chancy spot for a pass, and someone thought to ask Cahill, Army's easy-does-it coach, about that. "We looked at movies of Missouri," he said, "and we noticed that on third down one of the defensive backs came rushing forward just before the ball was snapped, so Fink just waited for it to happen again today and then popped the ball into the territory this chap should have been covering. Movies are better than ever." It was just as well that this discovery was made, for Missouri's defense (ten seniors) is stalwart. But so is Army's; it made Missouri fumble five times, and it picked off three Missouri passes. And Barclay, Army's novitiate kicker, punched through one more field goal.

The ten-per-cent surcharge on imports has not affected the worldwide search for other kickers. Penn State, which had a time of it before topping Air Force, 16–14, managed the feat only because Vitiello, a soccer man from Italy, punched through a field goal of his own late in the afternoon. Local buffs had looked forward to seeing Ntuk, a soccer man imported by Missouri from Nigeria, do his specialty against Army, but he was not visible on Saturday, though he is still on the roster. The "N" in Ntuk is silent, and his teammates insist that his first name is Nip.

COLGATE, often the non-member terror of the Ivy League, gave Cornell, despite Marinaro and all, a bit of a tussle a fortnight back, and then picked off Yale last Saturday, 28–21. Yale, it appears, will spend this week in prayer, meditation, and a search for a compleat quarterback, and it appears possible that Dartmouth, moving the ball for over four hundred yards against Holy Cross (Dartmouth 28, Holy Cross 9), may horsewhip the Ivy League all over again. Sentiment impels a lot of us to be wishful about Harvard, for Rich Gatto, in the footsteps of his retired and glorious brother Vic, is now its spiritual leader, but beating Northeastern by no more than 17–7 suggests that being wishful may not be enough. There must be something to be said, too, on behalf of once-glorious Navy (Michigan 46, Navy 0 last week), but at the moment no one is able to think what it is. —J. W. L.

•

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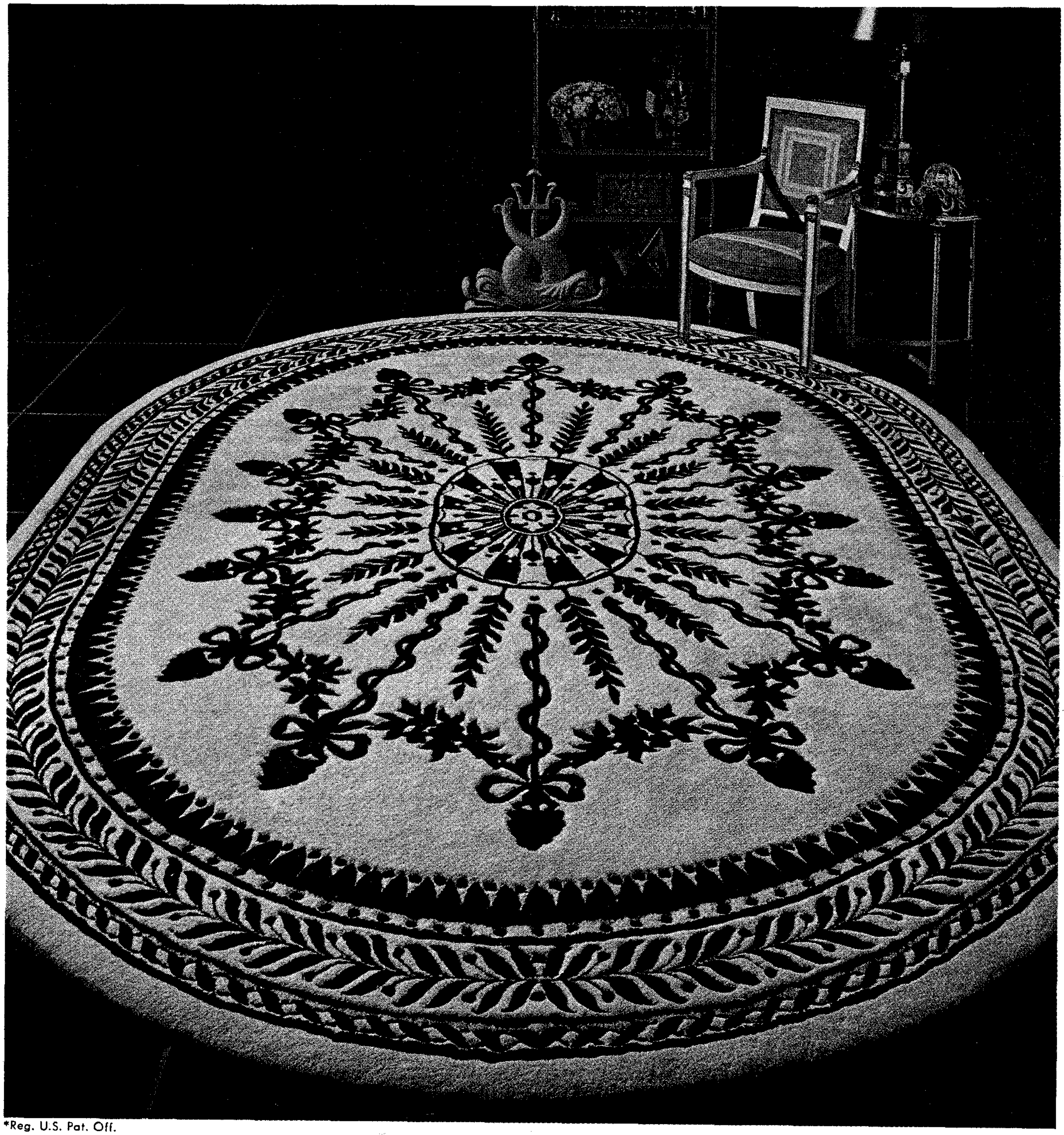

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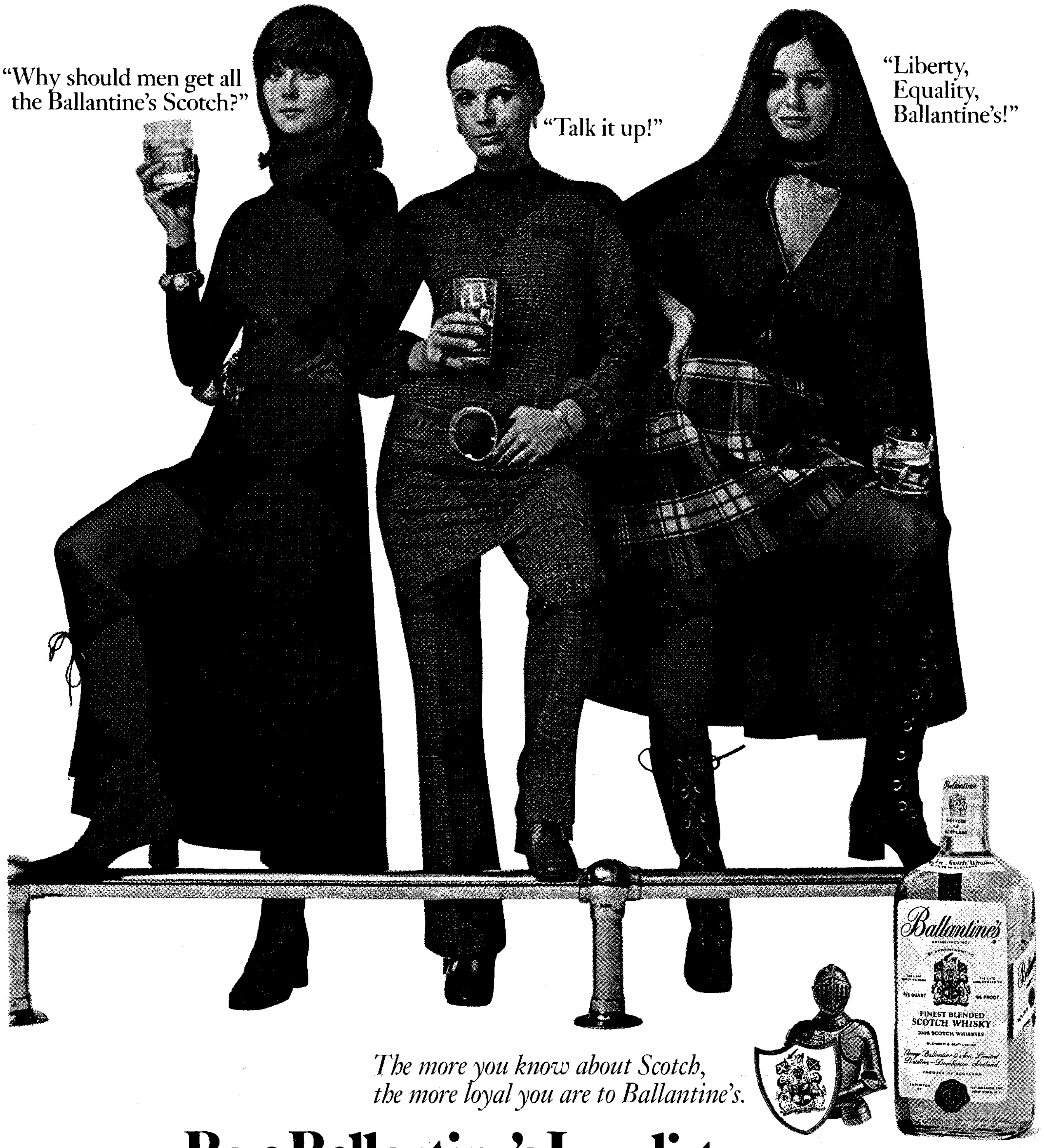
Liberated Loyalists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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE REPRIMAND

On March 16, 1968—the day, coincidentally, that one of the units of the Americal Division massacred the residents of the hamlet known as My Lai 4—the headquarters of the division, at Chu Lai, South Vietnam, published a complex seven-page codification of its rules governing American combat operations. The express purpose of the document, which was distributed to the commanders of all units in the division, was to establish "criteria for employment of firepower in support of combat operations" within Vietnam. The concept of waging war under a series of rules—as distinct from the Geneva Conventions of 1949 and other proclaimed restrictions of international law—seems contradictory, but the military has insisted vigorously that these rules, as one senior officer told me a few months ago, "govern all our combat tactics in any specific situation." The Americal Division's "Rules of Engagement," as the publication is titled, describes at one point a concept of warfare little known to the American public—the "no-fire zone." This is defined as "an area established . . . in which *no* supporting arms fire will be delivered under any circumstances," and it is explained that "religious establishments, friendly population, or other politically significant objects are normally found within these areas." The use of the term "no-fire zone" was imprecise; G.I.s could and did return enemy fire anywhere in Vietnam. The rules of engagement made clear, however, that special conduct in no-fire, or controlled-fire, zones was required for helicopters and other aircraft: "All aircraft receiving ground fire from friendly or potentially friendly populated areas will return the fire only when: (a) The sources of fire can be visually identified. (b) The strike or fire can be positively oriented against the source. (c) The fire is of such intensity that counter action is required."

Despite such rules, which have been promulgated not only by the Americal Division but also by other combat divisions, there is evidence that the air war in many parts of South Vietnam has degenerated to the point where, as one former military adviser has written, "it cannot be denied that individual commanders of helicopter assault units either encouraged their subordinates or turned their heads at the practice of shooting at whatever moved in many areas." The sentence appeared in a letter published June 3, 1971, in the *Times*, from William J. Simon, who served as an adviser in 1970 with local South Vietnamese forces in the Mekong Delta, and in his letter Mr. Simon also charged that "responsible military officers and civilian officials at the highest levels constantly registered complaints of indiscriminate rocket fire from . . . observation planes and 'joy rides' by helicopter pilots that turned into massacres of peasants." Similar charges have been made scores of times, by persons ranging from journalists to disenchanted veterans, but there has been little substantial proof of the awareness of those "at the highest levels." What follows not only in part substantiates Mr. Simon's charges but also raises grave moral and legal questions about the military's reliance on "rules of engagement." In the case at hand, the regulations enabled a group of helicopter pilots to be detected by a commanding general shortly after they had committed a number of apparent murders and to suffer the consequences not of those acts but merely of a violation of rules.

The Americal Division rules were in effect when, on July 1, 1969, the pilots of four helicopters stationed at Chu Lai systematically shot up two hamlets in a controlled-fire zone about ten miles north of division headquarters, killing ten innocent civilians and wounding fifteen others. The hamlets, Phu Vinh and Diem Pho, are on the Song Cho River, in the village of Ky Chanh, in the Ly Tin District of Quang Tin Province. Quang Tin had once been part of the infamous—to American soldiers—Quang Ngai Province, to the south (the site of My Lai 4). Many parts of Quang Tin were considered by military men to be "Indian territory"—areas in which the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese had much popular support. Yet the war had never really come to Ky Chanh, a tiny fishing village a few kilometres west of the South China Sea. Both the South Vietnamese and the Americans

"The first loan man said no. Then they turned me over to a different loan man and he *said no, too."*

considered Ky Chanh a pacified area—one in which the enemy soldiers had failed to gain a foothold. Occasionally, there would be reports of rifle fire at jet aircraft landing at the Chu Lai airfield, to the south, but no planes had been shot down.

Early on July 1st, according to an official Americal Division investigation, which was conducted by the division's aviation unit immediately after the incident, two helicopter attack teams took off from Chu Lai to conduct a visual-reconnaissance mission for units of the 198th Light Infantry Brigade, which was then operating about eight miles to the north. An attack team consists of a light, three-man observation helicopter, or L.O.H., armed with two machine guns, which are manned by two door gunners, and a larger, two-man Huey Cobra helicopter, usually armed with thirty-eight high-explosive rockets, three hundred rounds of forty-millimetre grenade ammunition, and four thousand machine-gun bullets. The smaller helicopters—known as "loaches" to the men who fly them—usually maintain an altitude of about fifty feet on reconnaissance missions; in effect, they function as a lure to attract enemy fire. If fire does come, the Cobra helicopters, which fly perhaps five hundred to eight hundred feet higher, swoop down to counterattack. (Pilots describe this as flying "high gun.") This is the customary use of helicopter attack teams in South Vietnam. Just which officer was flying which helicopter on the day in question doesn't matter here. Three—and perhaps four—of the pilots are still in the service and are planning to make the military their career; all have received normal promotions during the past two years.

According to a summary of the investigation, which was provided for me by the general who was then in charge of the Americal Division and who ordered the investigation, the incident began when a lieutenant in charge of one of the attack teams (he was flying a Cobra) thought he saw, as he later testified, "people evading" in the vicinity of the hamlet of Phu Vinh; that is, civilians were fleeing from the path of his aircraft. The helicopters were flying over the area en route to their mission. The Cobra commander asked the loach commander down below to take a look. The loach pilot testified later that he was in the process of inspecting a group of sampans docked at the Song Cho riverfront, near the hamlet, when, he said, he heard about fifty rounds of rifle fire being directed at him. The investigation concluded that

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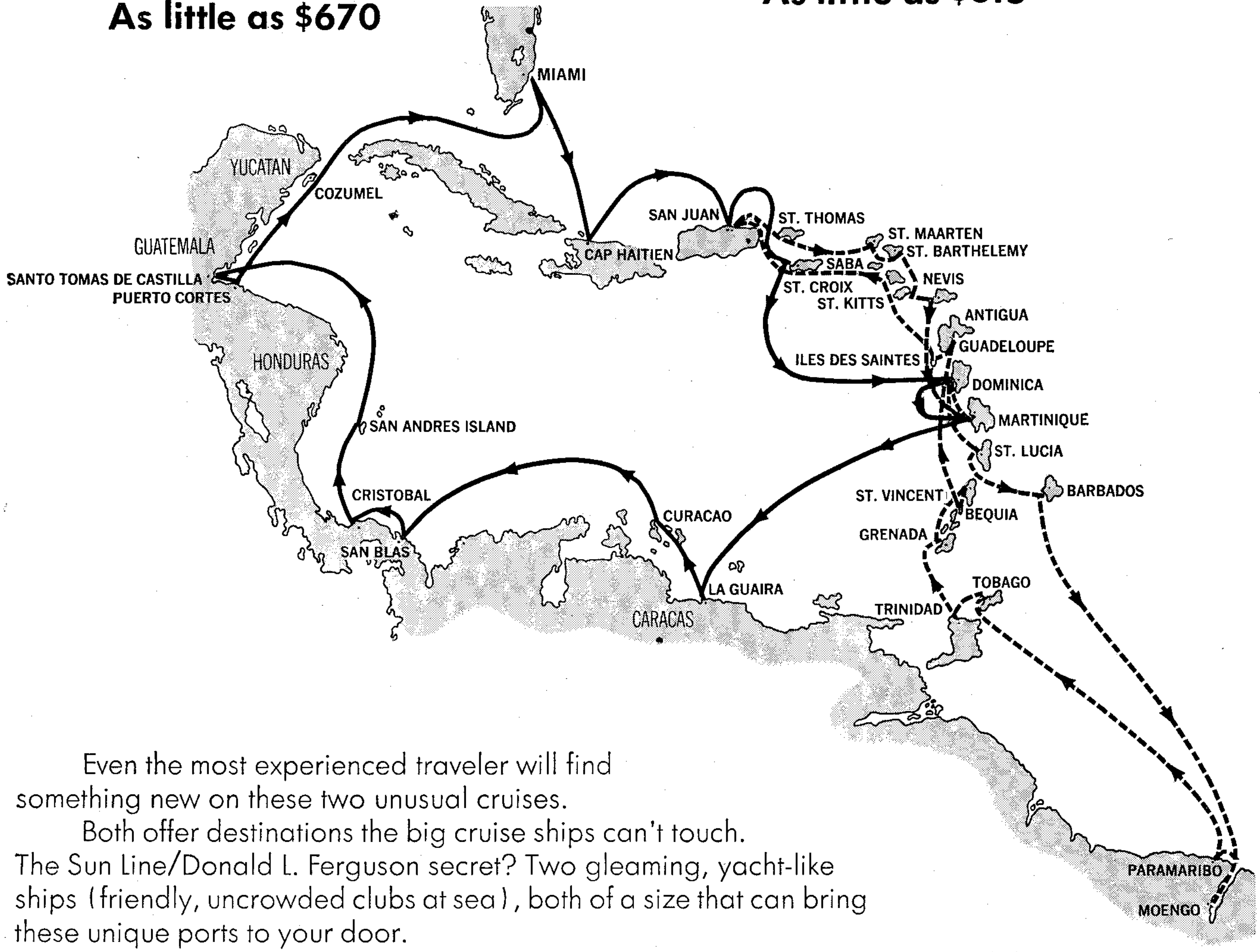
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he did not actually "see weapons fired." The Cobra commander, having been told of the gunfire, decided to request clearance to return fire in the area. He testified that although the shooting alone would have been justification enough to begin firing, he thought it advisable to request the clearance "since it was out of my normal area of contact." (The fact is that the March, 1968, rules state specifically that counteraction is permitted without clearance only if the enemy fire is of such intensity that counteraction is necessary for self-preservation—a claim that no one made during the investigation—or if a commander cannot get in touch with headquarters to request clearance.) By this time, the second Cobra-loach team, headed by a young captain, had flown to the area to lend assistance.

The process of clearance has two stated objectives, according to the Americal Division's rules of engagement: to insure that no friendly forces—American or South Vietnamese—are in the area, and to obtain the approval of the local Vietnamese officials. In practice, only the first is important. In this case, clearance was granted by a young duty officer in the operations center of one of the battalions attached to the 198th Brigade. The duty officer asked, according to the investigation, whether the helicopter pilots could "identify the target as a point target"—that is, one in which the helicopter fire could be positively directed against an enemy position. The pilots replied that they could. The subsequent investigation disclosed that the answer was an overstatement. Clearance was quickly granted. Shortly afterward, a call was made to the Ly Tin District headquarters, from which, theoretically, officials of the South Vietnamese government exercised jurisdiction over all combat assaults in the area, and an American adviser there was told that clearance for returning enemy fire in the Ky Chanh area had already been approved by the operations center. He was to pass this word along to his Vietnamese counterparts.

In the next few moments, the four helicopters—apparently unhampered by enemy bullets—fired a total of two thousand .30-calibre machine-gun bullets and seventy-four rockets at various targets in the two hamlets. At one point, a loach pilot noticed some people "hiding in a hootch" along the bank of the Song Cho, about half a mile southwest of the hamlet of Diem Pho. He informed his commander in the Cobra above that "military-age individuals were evading" and re-

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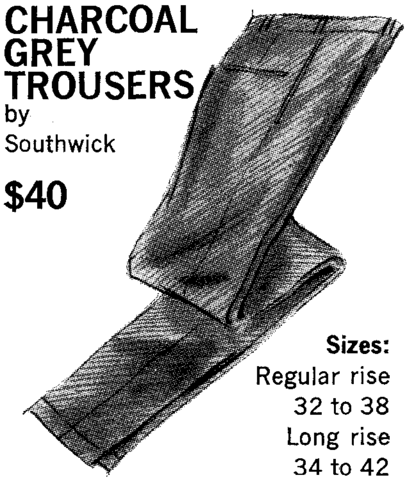

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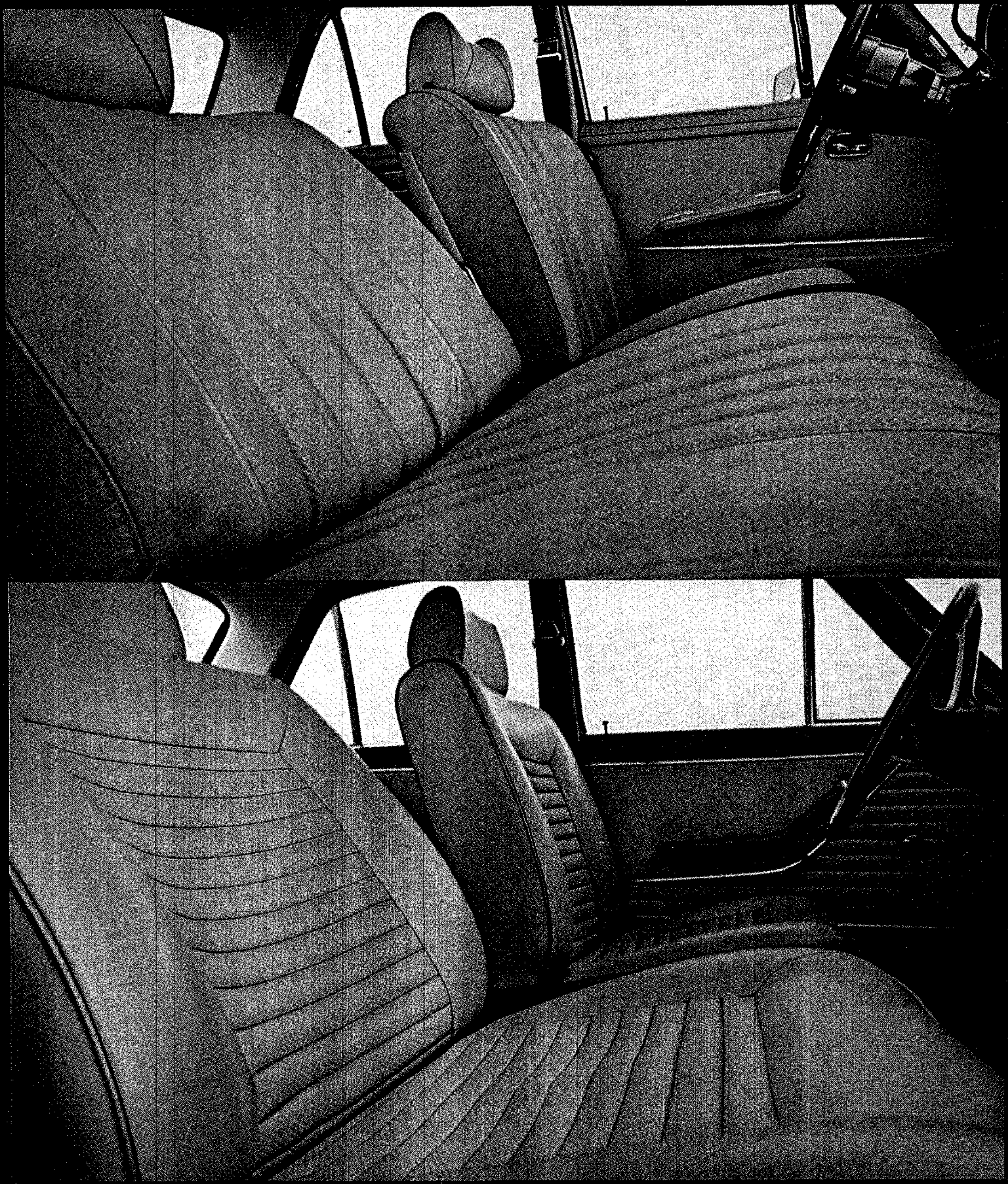

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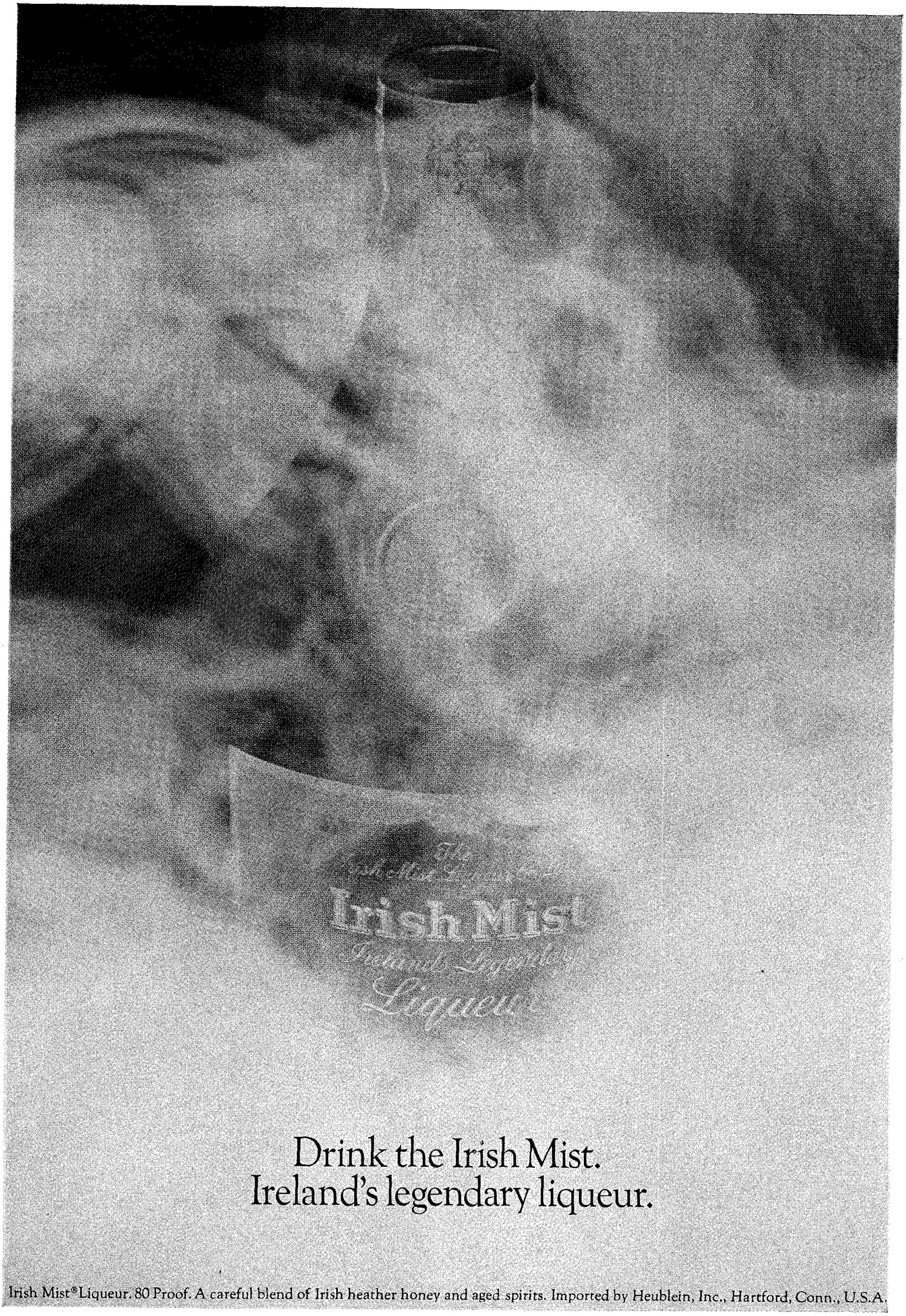
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quested permission to engage them. This permission was given without further clearance—though it seems certain that such clearance would have been granted if it had been sought. The loach and the Cobra then fired at the civilians. At another point, one of the Cobra commanders ordered one of the loach pilots to destroy the sampans along the river. The pilot began firing, and stopped only after he saw three persons crawl from beneath one of the boats. No further enemy firing had been reported, and there were no further enemy targets, so the pilots quickly broke contact to return to their original mission. Precisely how many Vietcong the pilots claimed to have killed isn't known; one of them later told me during an interview that he had seen "dead V.C. with weapons" on one of the sampans.

There was nothing to mark the operation as unusual: The men had properly sought and received clearance after coming under enemy fire; they had engaged the enemy; and they reported a body count. The pilots had no way of knowing that Ky Chanh was considered one of the most secure areas in Quang Tin, and that any report of enemy activity in it was treated with great skepticism by senior Vietnamese officials in the province. Within hours, reports of what had happened were apparently relayed by survivors to the local civilian and military government headquarters of Ly Tin District, in the city of Ly Tin, and, eventually, to the Quang Tin Province headquarters, in the city of Tam Ky. There senior Vietnamese officials protested to American advisers, who placed a call to Major General Lloyd B. Ramsey, then commanding general of the Americal Division. The General immediately ordered the pilots and their crews grounded until an investigation could be completed. There was one immediately apparent hole in the pilots' initial accounts of what had happened: none of the surviving residents of the two hamlets knew anything about Vietcong or North Vietnamese attempts to shoot the helicopters down.

Within two days, some of the men, who were among the best pilots and machine gunners in their aviation unit, were flying again, pending the results of the investigation. On July 11th, the aviation unit completed the formal investigation and presented it to General Ramsey. The General later told me that in the report given him the investigators concluded that the pilots, perhaps overresponding to enemy fire that they did not see, had distorted some of

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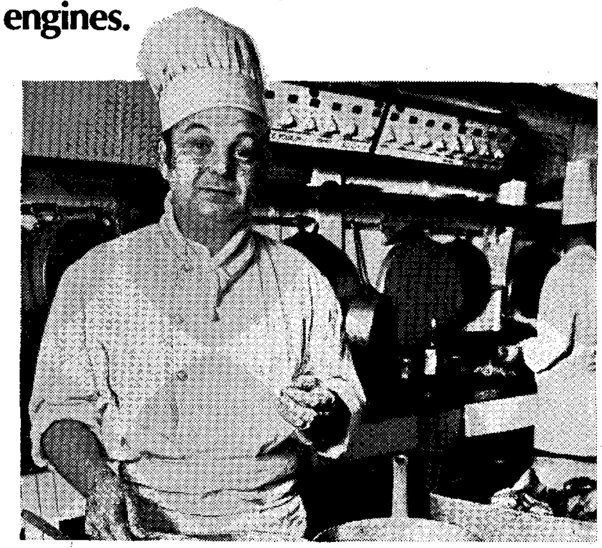

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the facts in gaining clearance to fire on the civilians, and had also fired on and killed at least one civilian without clearance. All the victims were considered civilians; there was no evidence that any were Vietcong or had ever worked for the Vietcong, and no enemy weapons were found. Two mitigating factors were mentioned in the report, according to Ramsey: the men believed that they were under enemy fire, and the pilots did see a secondary explosion in one of the hamlets. This could have meant that enemy supplies were stored at the site. On the other hand, such an explosion could have been caused by a rocket or a bullet that ignited a kerosene supply (most of the villagers used kerosene lamps), or it could have been a delayed explosion of a previously fired rocket, or even an explosion of ammunition and weapons used by the local Popular and Regional Force teams, which are supported by the South Vietnamese government. Such units often stockpile munitions in friendly areas like Ky Chanh.

General Ramsey's own investigation was complicated by the simple fact that not all the information concerning the assaults was available to him; what he did know came through official American and South Vietnamese channels, and it clearly presented the brighter side of the picture. I have talked with some of the men who took part in the mission, and have heard a number of contradictory versions of what happened. Most of the pilots acknowledged that they had attacked the hamlets, and they vigorously defended the assaults. "We knew it was V.C.," one of the Cobra pilots said. "We did everything by the book. You know, that's a V.C. trick—reporting that innocent civilians were killed." Another officer said simply, "We were given clearance to neutralize the hamlets," and then added bitterly that "the Army investigators seemed to think our pilots didn't take fire." Yet one man who served as a door gunner on one of the loaches was vague about both the extent and the place of origin of the fire received. "We were taking small-arms fire from a village," he recounted. "But we didn't know which side of the river." The door gunner's understanding of the rules of engagement was completely contrary to the rules as published by the Americal Division, and perhaps it more accurately reflects the way the war is fought in Vietnam. He recalled that at least one helicopter began to return fire immediately after hearing what the pilot had taken to be enemy bullets, and he explained, "You always have

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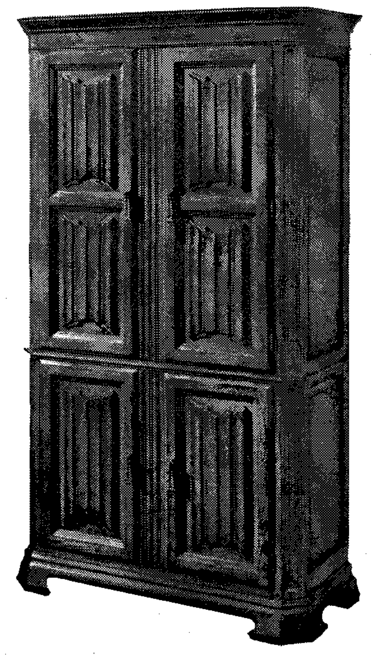

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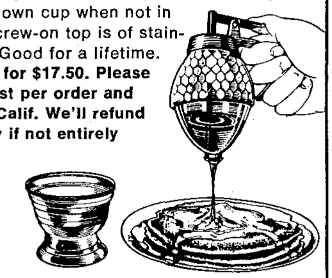

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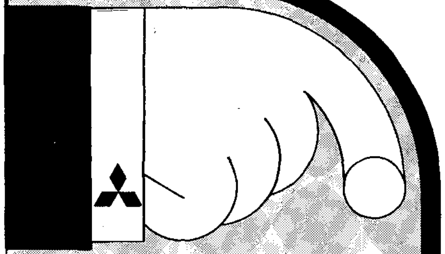

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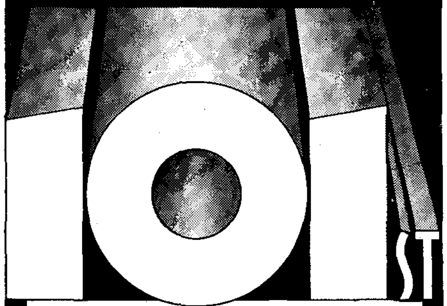

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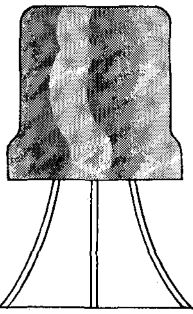

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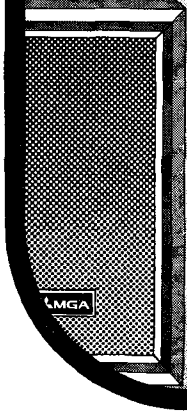

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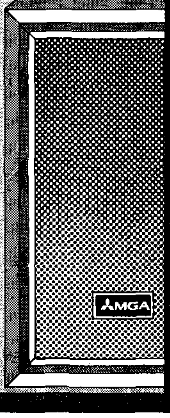

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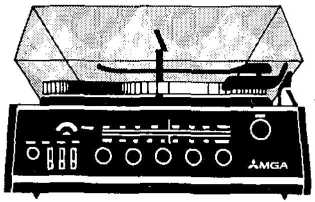

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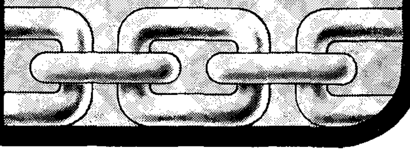

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to return fire. You return fire and leave the area and then get the clearance. You have to break contact with the enemy. You can't just sit there and wait to get shot down." I asked the gunner, who is still in the Army, to describe a typical loach fire mission. "O.K.," he said. "The loach is slowly buzzing through the trees. It takes fire, the crew returns it right away. If they can't return it, they leave and mark the area with smoke." He recalled that soon after the loaches returned the hamlets' fire in the incident at Ky Chanh the Cobras rolled over the area in a flight pattern and fired rockets and machine guns. He remembered no body count but did remember carefully raking three sampans with machine-gun fire. He did not consider the operation abnormal, and, like most of the officers queried, he expressed disgust at the Army's action in grounding the two attack teams and initiating the investigation. One pilot, however, whom I reached by telephone at an Army base in the South, reacted as if he had been dreading just such a call. He asked if he could put his wife on the telephone extension as we talked. "Is this going to be another Calley-type thing?" his wife wanted to know.

FOR General Ramsey, the incident at Ky Chanh represented a big headache. He had taken command of the Americal Division only the previous month, after serving as deputy commander of a supply unit elsewhere in Vietnam for six months. It was his first command assignment as a major general. By the time he received a full oral report on the incident, it had already been made clear to him that some Vietnamese officials in the Quang Tin Province headquarters questioned whether Vietcong or North Vietnamese units had been firing at American helicopters from Ky Chanh that morning. The actions that the General should have taken, once he had formally received the reports of the incident, were prescribed by Directive 20-4 of the Military Assistance Command in Vietnam, "Inspections and Investigations: War Crimes," which had been drawn up by the military-command headquarters in Saigon in March, 1966, and had undergone frequent revision. The directive states that any investigation into an incident should ordinarily reach one of the following conclusions:

(a) A war crime has been committed. The matter should then be referred to the Criminal Investigation Division for further investigation and, if appropriate, prosecution.

(b) Although not a war crime, an iso-

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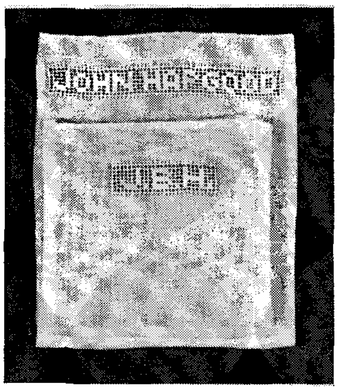

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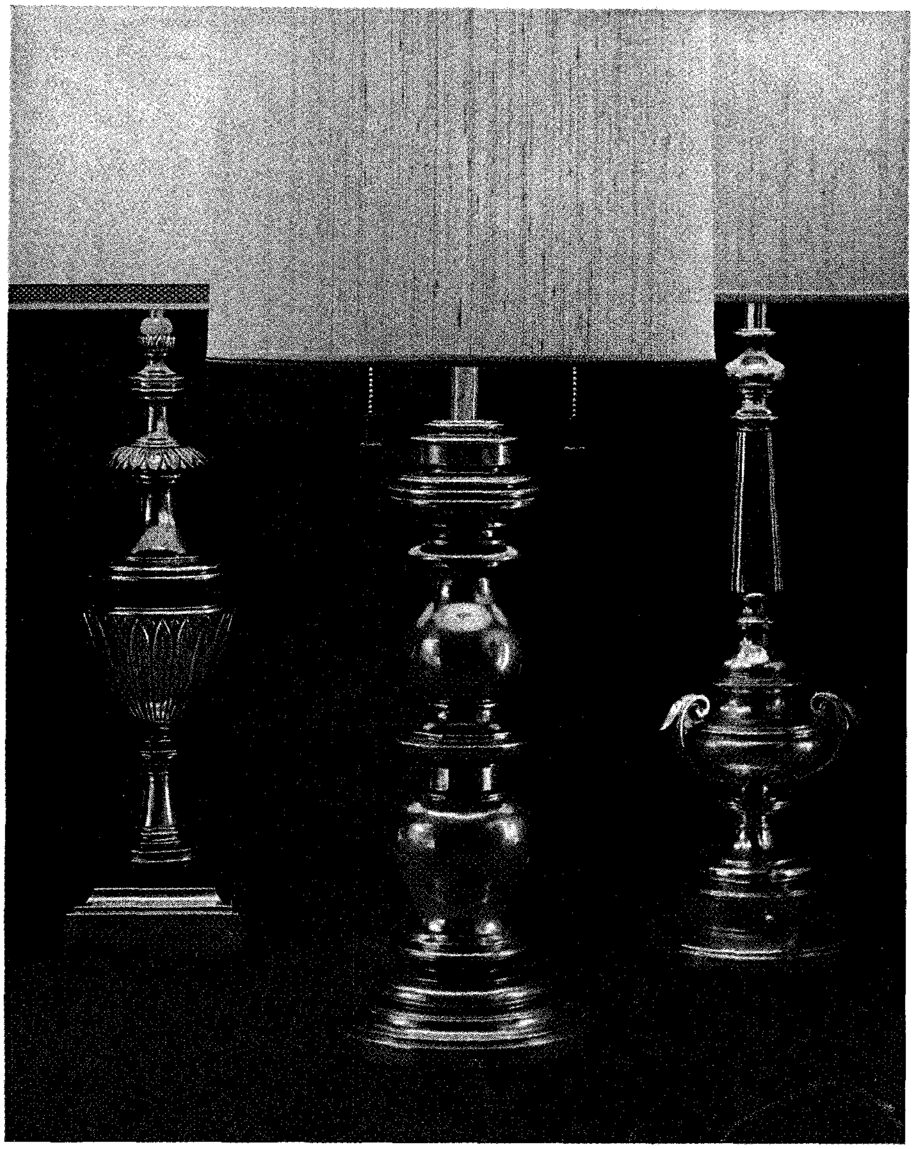

In a real sense, the lamp in the center is several hundred years old. It was inspired by the stately church candlesticks created in Spain and Italy during the early Rennaissance. Finished in distressed old brass, it is 37½ inches tall and costs about $95. A perfect example of the way Stiffel makes an old lamp young again.

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lated incident of troop indiscipline has occurred. The matter should be referred to the appropriate commander for action.

(c) An act of the military, although nonculpable, resulted in an inadvertent death, injury, detention, destruction, etc. Although disciplinary action is not warranted, the matter should be referred through channels as evidence to be used in evaluating any claims against the U.S. government.

(d) No incident occurred. Further action is not warranted.

But General Ramsey made no attempt to investigate the incident in terms of a possible war crime; the concept of murder involving American helicopter pilots and Vietnamese civilians simply did not occur to him. He was dealing with a violation of mere rules. On August 3rd, after three weeks of deliberation over the investigation and more than a month after the assault itself, the General concluded that three of the four command pilots should be punished with official letters of reprimand. The letters, which were identical, said, after the usual salutation:

1. It has been reported that on 1 July 1969, while commanding [a helicopter], you violated the Americal Division Rules of Engagement.

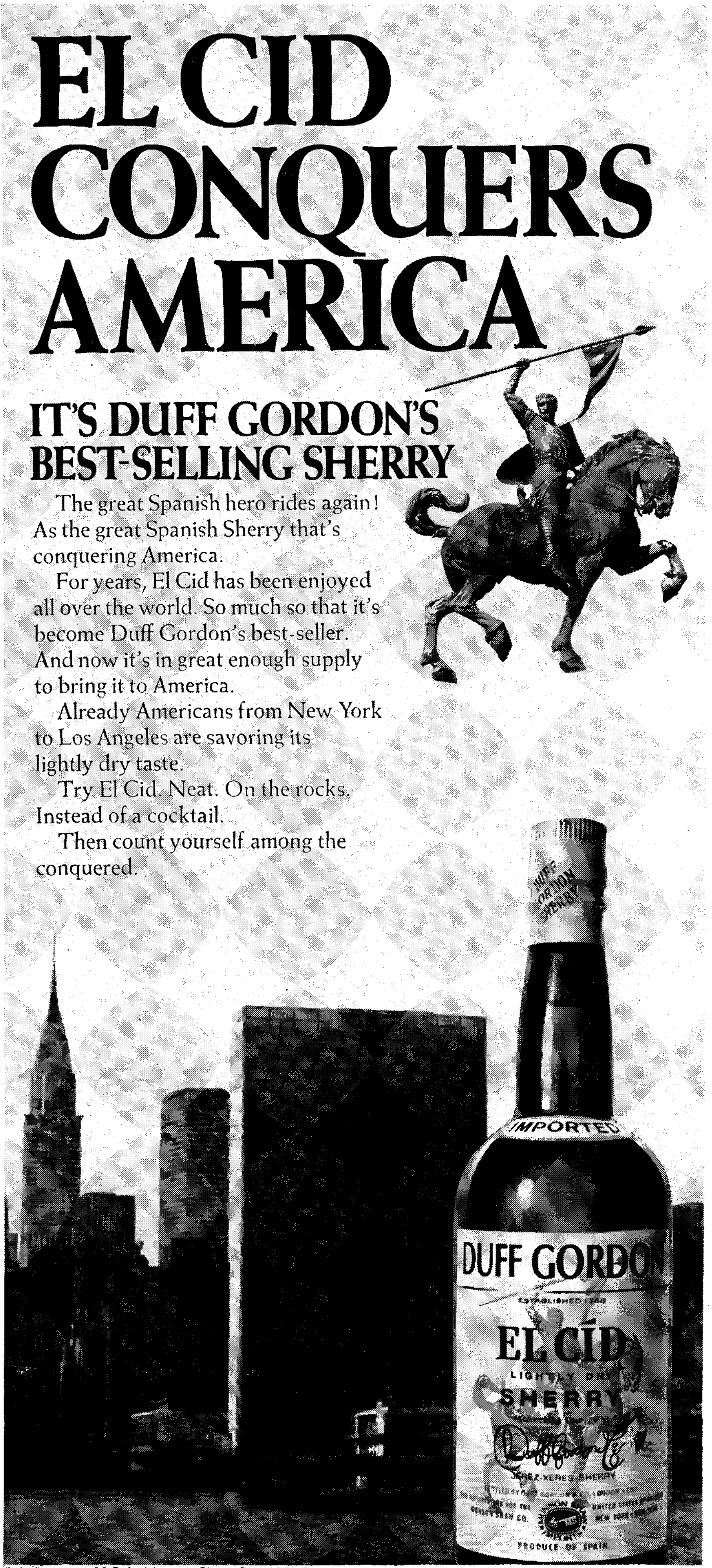
2. Your actions in violation of Americal Division Rules of Engagement resulted in a series of attacks in which ten (10) Vietnamese civilians were killed and fifteen (15) were wounded. In addition, one house was destroyed, one house damaged, and three (3) sampans were destroyed. Activity of this kind justifiably embitters the local population and renders most difficult and costly our long-term goal of pacification.

3. You are hereby reprimanded. Your failure to become completely conversant with the Americal Division Rules of Engagement is a most serious omission—one which evinces a blatant disregard of your assigned duties and responsibilities. Should further transgressions of this nature be brought to my attention, they will be the subject of disciplinary action.

4. You are advised that this reprimand is imposed as an administrative measure and not as punishment under Article 15, Uniform Code of Military Justice [nonjudicial punishment usually given for minor infractions, such as being drunk on duty]. However, a copy of this correspondence will be placed in your Military Personnel Records jacket. Upon your departure from this command, or sooner if warranted, it will be removed and destroyed, provided you demonstrate by exemplary conduct that such action is appropriate.

A final paragraph gave the men three days in which to submit letters of rebuttal. None chose to do so.

General Ramsey's letters, although they were unclassified, were meant to be private. But they apparently angered a number of clerks in his headquarters,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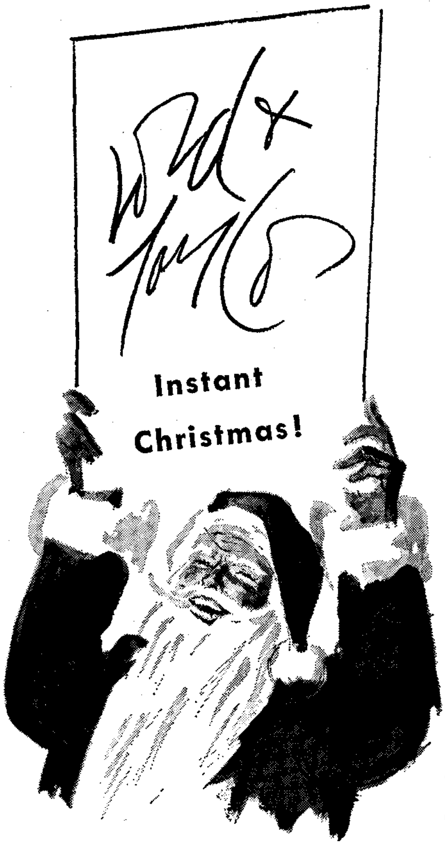

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even those who were strong supporters of the Army and the war, and several copies of the letters were made. One copy was given to me in April, 1971. By then, Ramsey, who had been seriously injured in a helicopter accident in Vietnam the previous March, had returned to the United States and was serving in Washington as Provost Marshal General of the Army—the officer in charge of all military-police functions. I interviewed him at length in early June about the incident at Ky Chanh and his handling of it. I had first met him late in 1966, when he was serving as Deputy Chief of Public Information for the Army and I was a reporter assigned to the Pentagon. I respected him then, and do now, as an honest, forthright officer. He is a devout believer in the system and the soldier. "When I was there, we had the finest soldiers I've ever seen," he said of the Americal Division. "They knew they had a job to do and they did it. There's not enough good I can say." General Ramsey's attitudes and ambitions are exactly what one might expect those of a two-star Army general to be; precisely that fact makes his actions in the Ky Chanh affair worth scrutinizing.

"When I learned of the incident that day, one of the first things that came out was that I've got good pilots who are not completely conversant with the rules of engagement," the General told me. "You've got to keep your people within the rules of warfare, but don't forget—in Vietnam we've had more rules than in any other war in history. It's a constant battle to insure that people are complying. We've got to have different standards for enlisted men—they can't be expected to always know all the rules—but when you get into officers, they've got responsibilities that they've got to accept. I think the pilots at Ky Chanh overreacted, but we have to give them the benefit of the doubt. If a man says he got fired on, and the investigation can neither prove nor disprove it, he's got something."

Ramsey said that the combination of fire directed at the pilots and the report of a secondary explosion—although "it could mean almost anything"—could justify the pilots' actions at the hamlet of Phu Vinh, where nine of the deaths and fourteen of the injuries were tabulated. "But that going to the second hamlet without clearance—I don't like that," he continued. "And they fired too much ammunition. But, again, it's war."

Why not court-martial the men? The General indicated that he had

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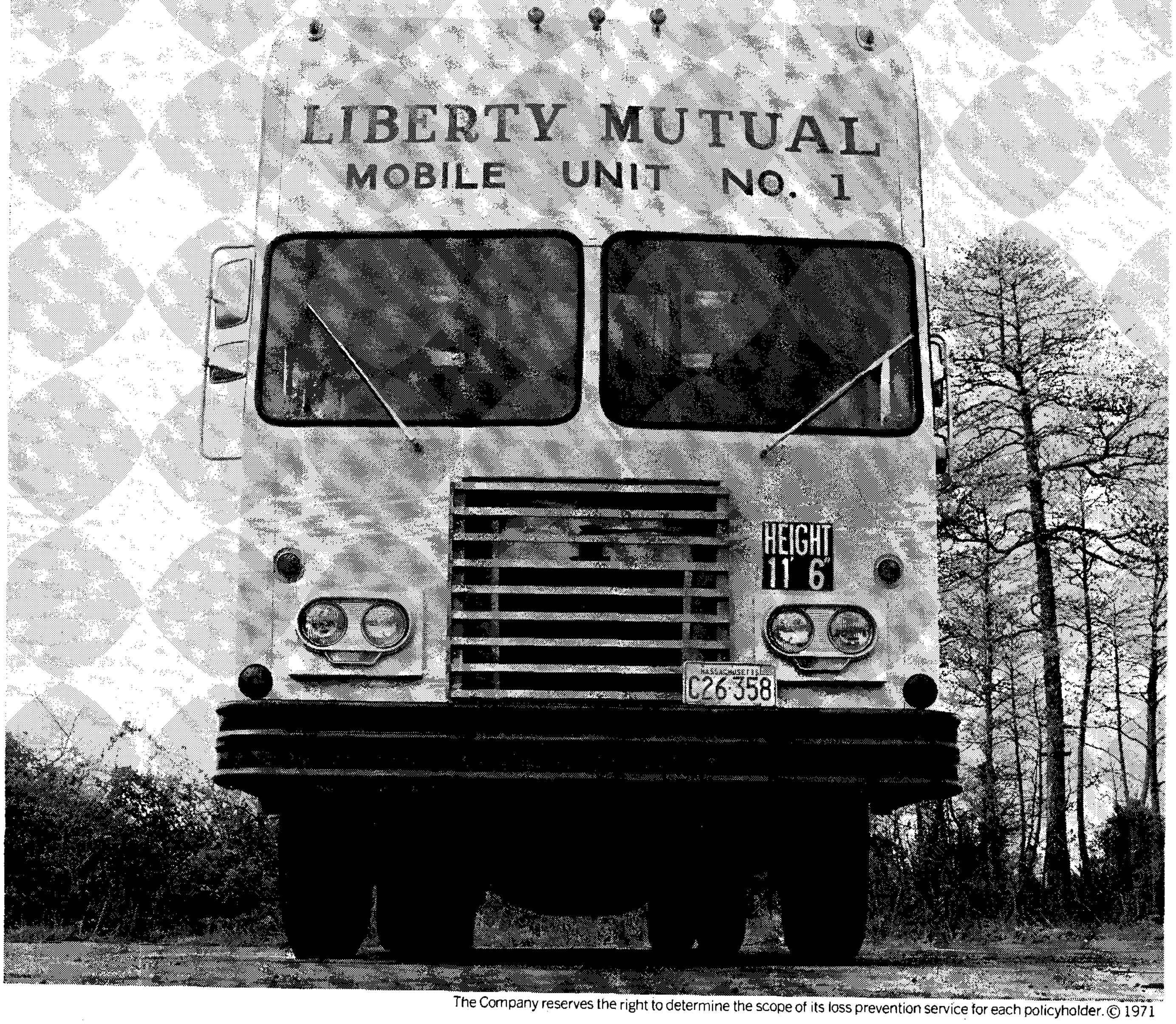

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never seriously considered that step. "It's a judgment," he said of his decision. "And you can criticize my judgment, but I was trying to do what I considered the best thing for all. I just didn't think that they should be brought to trial because of their lack of judgment and their lack of understanding of the rules of engagement. If I had to do this again, I'd make exactly the same decision."

General Ramsey went on to say that the assault at Ky Chanh had been one of a number of problems he was having with the aviation unit in question, and that he had eventually transferred over-all control of the pilots and helicopters to another part of his division. As it was, he said, his actions in the Ky Chanh matter were bitterly protested by the pilots and resulted in a temporary loss of morale among the men reprimanded. "Don't forget, I didn't hesitate to take action," he said. "I tried to be just and fair—fair for the good of the soldier, the division, the Army, and what we were doing over there."

Ramsey's point of view may help to explain why there have been few—if any—courts-martial of helicopter pilots, although reports of excessive shooting from the air have dominated much of the criticism of the war. When the Army finally did prefer charges against an officer stemming from a series of helicopter "joy rides," it struck at the top. It accused Brigadier General John W. Donaldson, who was at one time General Ramsey's chief of staff in the Americal Division, of the murder of six Vietnamese civilians and an assault on two others from a helicopter during a three-month period beginning in November, 1968, when he was commanding officer of the 11th Light Infantry Brigade. Donaldson, who was charged on June 2, 1971, had been referred to in the summer, 1969, edition of *Assembly*, the informal alumni magazine of West Point, in these glowing terms: "Meanwhile, up north, John Donaldson is having a tremendous year with the Americal Division. He reports a kill ratio of 17 to 1 during his tenure as C.O. of the 11th Light Infantry Brigade. . . ." The reputation that General Donaldson and the Americal Division had established in the "tremendous year" of 1969 had diminished by 1971—in the aftermath, perhaps, of the conviction of Lieutenant William L. Calley, Jr.

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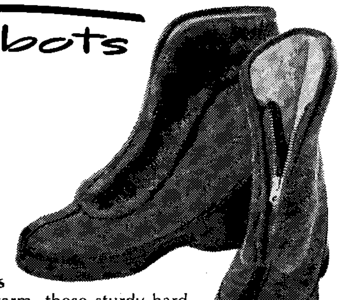

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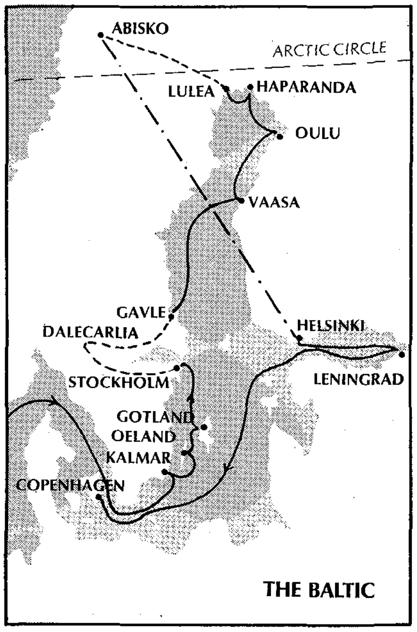

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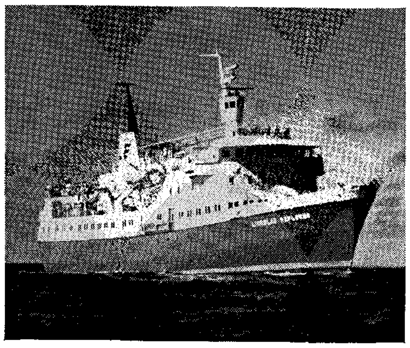

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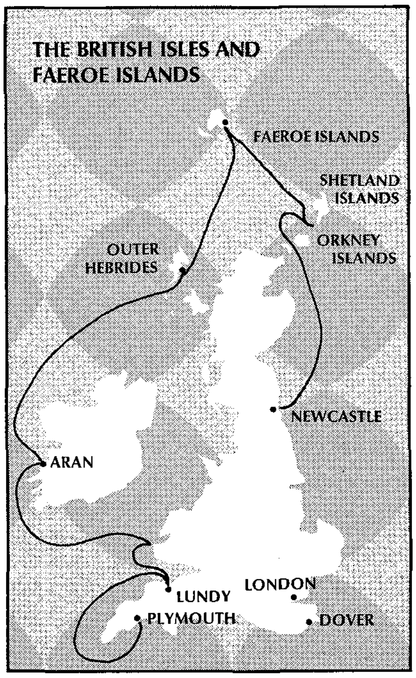

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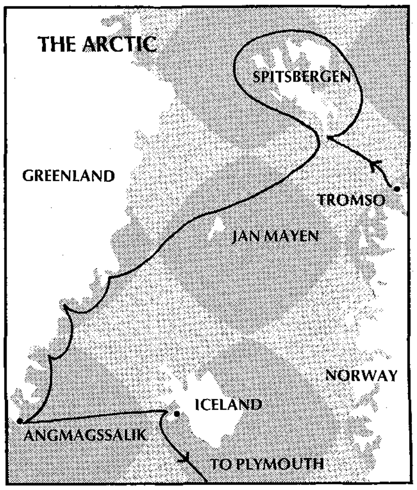

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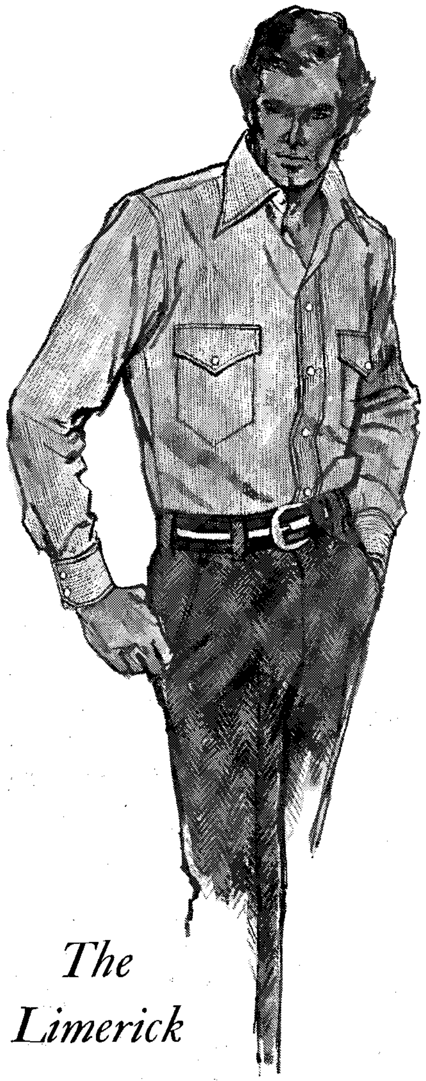

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American peace worker and a graduate student at the New School for Social Research, in New York City, who spent three years in the province, beginning in 1966, as a coördinator of literacy programs for the Vietnam Christian Service. The nature of the Ky Chanh incident and General Ramsey's response were no surprise to him, he said. He told me that he had always wondered how many Vietnamese civilians the Americans were willing to sacrifice to win the war, and he continued, "There seemed to be two different standards: the number of civilians you would kill to save an American life, and the number of civilians you would be willing to sacrifice to get an enemy killed. I know of no case involving danger to American lives in which American fire was restrained, and I know of only a few cases in which American fire was restrained when there was enemy around—even if this happened near a pacified village or a resettlement camp." Mr. Hostetter went on to tell of a fight between ARVN soldiers—that is, soldiers in the Army of the Republic of Vietnam—and the N.L.F. early in 1969 near Ky Ly, in Quang Tin, which had always been a friendly hamlet. "When it became clear that the ARVN soldiers had been overrun by enemy forces—and everyone knew the N.L.F. weren't going to stay there but were just passing through—the Americans fired mortars on the village," he said.

Lieutenant Colonel Edward L. King retired from the Army two years ago, at the age of forty, and has since been leading a public fight for a study of the Army's morale and leadership problems, as well as its manpower policies, which he considers outmoded. Now living near Washington, King has served as a consultant on military matters for the Joint Economic Committee, and he is writing a book on the Army. When I told him about Ky Chanh, he expressed the opinion that General Ramsey's refusal to prosecute was inevitable. "What would Ramsey have got out of a court-martial?" King asked. "There was nothing in doing it that way. Ramsey does his part by covering it with a letter of reprimand he can later remove. If he had court-martialled the pilots, it would have become public and would have made his command look bad, and he, as a responsible commander, would have looked bad, too. By putting a piece of paper in the file, he made the Army look good. The system's not set up for anything but for people to keep their mouths shut." King, whose last active Army assign-

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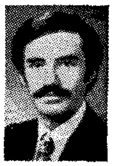
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ment was with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said he doubted if five of any hundred Army officers could remember the rules of land warfare. "When you get to the Military Assistance Command in Vietnam, or any other command, they give you a big briefing book to read with all the rules of command in it," he said. "Then they make you sign a certificate that you've read it and understood it all. But no one really takes the time to read it—you're too busy trying to learn a new job. Who's going to take time out from a busy schedule to read a bunch of crap like that? You don't blame the guy for this—you blame the system that was set up. The whole damn thing is a cover-up process in which the Army says, 'Here, you sign a certificate and that puts you on the hook if something goes wrong.' As things stand now, it's not the responsibility of the Army to orient you—the responsibility is on the individual soldier. The Army should quit this covering up. It ought to be honest and tell the guy what to do."

One former senior Army lawyer concluded, after studying the Ky Chanh file, that General Ramsey should at least have brought charges against the pilots, and thus have permitted a preliminary fact-finding investigation—known in military law as an Article 32 hearing—to conclude whether there was a prima-facie case of murder or involuntary manslaughter. "That's what Ramsey theoretically should have done," the lawyer said. "But in practice no commander in his right mind is going to impair the effectiveness of his combat unit by trying people who think they're doing the right thing. And that is the moral and legal dilemma that the whole Army faces. We're trapped in a system of rules and regulations that have no relationship to what goes on in Vietnam. It's a little bit like the Ten Commandments—they're there, but no one pays attention to them. The regulations put guys like Ramsey in a dilemma: If they report they'll be ostracized and maybe ruined, and if they don't report they've violated the regulations. We're trapped by a system we created."

—SEYMOUR M. HERSH

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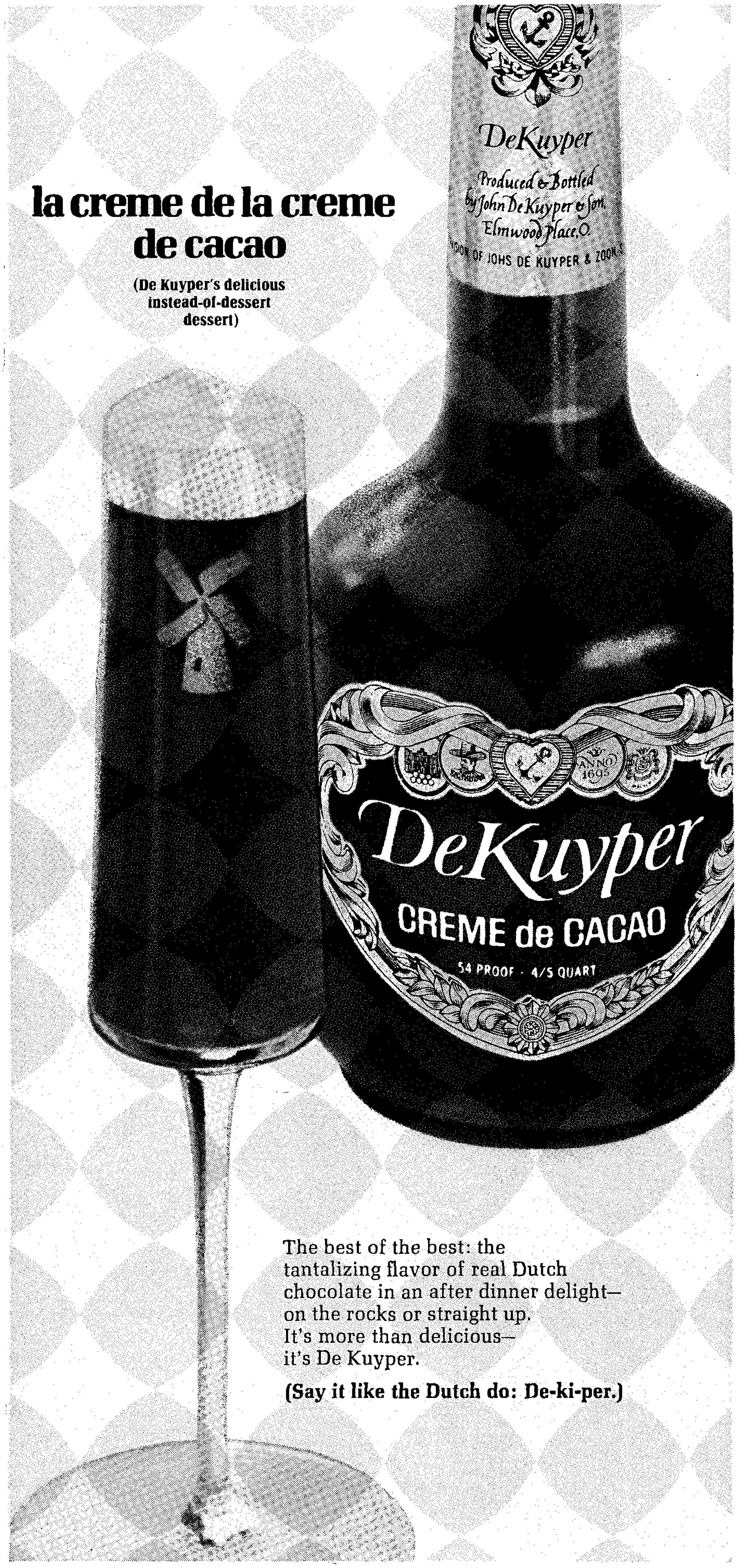
The elevators resemble Victorian French ones enclosed in reflectorized smoked glass and coffee cake.
—*Marjorie Barrett in the Denver (Colo.) Rocky Mountain News.*

They go up and down pretty good?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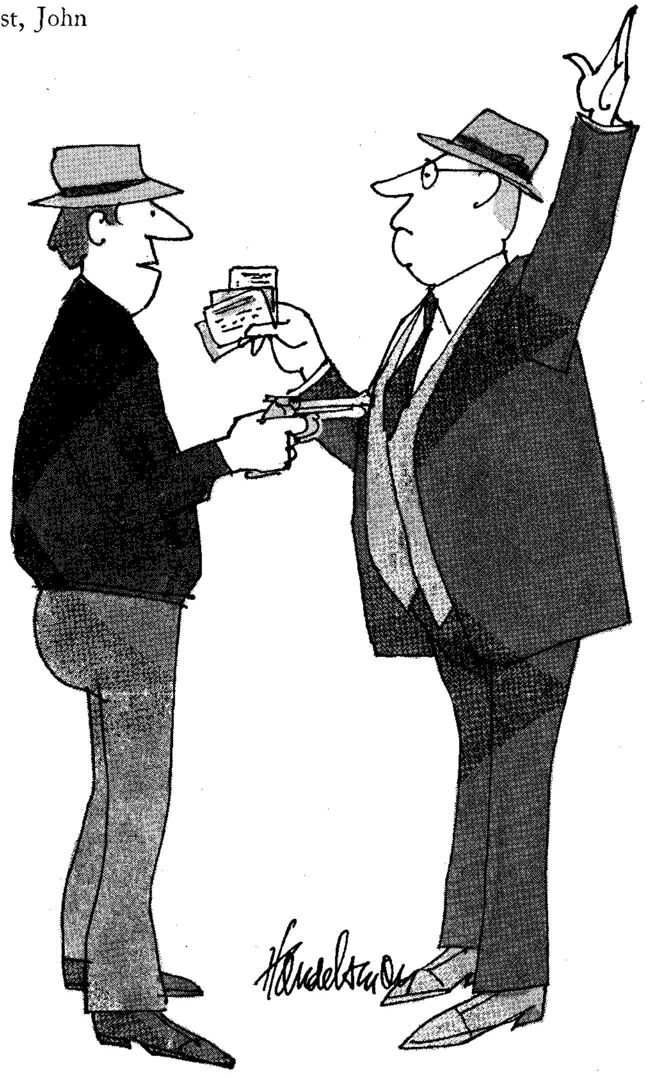
U. S. JOURNAL: MANHATTAN

FUN'S OVER

THE most uncompromising New York bicyclist I know is a friend of mine named Marshall Jewell Dodge III. When Marshall travels on an airplane, he removes the wheels of one of his bicycles, stuffs the parts into something that resembles a swollen Harvard book bag, and checks the mysterious bundle along with his luggage. If the ticket agent asks what the bag contains, Marshall looks at him solemnly—Marshall can manage a ferociously solemn look when the occasion calls for one—and says that the bag contains his grandmother's wheelchair. Cycling advocates say that the people who use bicycles routinely as transportation in New York tend to be particularly independent—not to say brave—and Marshall Jewell Dodge III is independent even by bicyclist standards. He has a pure practicality that sometimes makes him appear eccentric. Like the city's most photographed bicyclist, John V. Lindsay—whose routine means of transportation, of course, remains his official limousine—Marshall attended Buckley and St. Paul's and Yale, and it is implicit in his appearance and manner that he takes the presence of many generations of Dodges at those institutions before him and after him as a matter of course. But if the most sensible way to get from Point A to Point B is by bike, Marshall goes by bike, even though Point B may be guarded by the stuffiest doorman on East Sixty-fourth Street. If it is practical to take along a knapsack while riding, Marshall takes along a knapsack. Then if someone asks him, say, whether there are any phonograph albums of Cajun jokes on the market—Marshall is a specialist on regional humor, and has made an album of Down East stories called "Bert and I"—he can reach into the knapsack, pull out a small file of three-by-five cards, and thumb through it until he finds the answer. Once, while he was doing a lot of travelling, he found it practical to live in a Chevrolet panel truck; the truck had room for his tape-recording equipment, his bed, and his bicycle. Whenever he was in New York, he parked in front of the Yale Club for the night. When I asked him why he parked there, of all places, he said—with a look that made me think only his unvarying courtesy prevented him from remarking on the dumbness of the question—that everyone knows the Yale Club has excellent showers. He is a practical man.

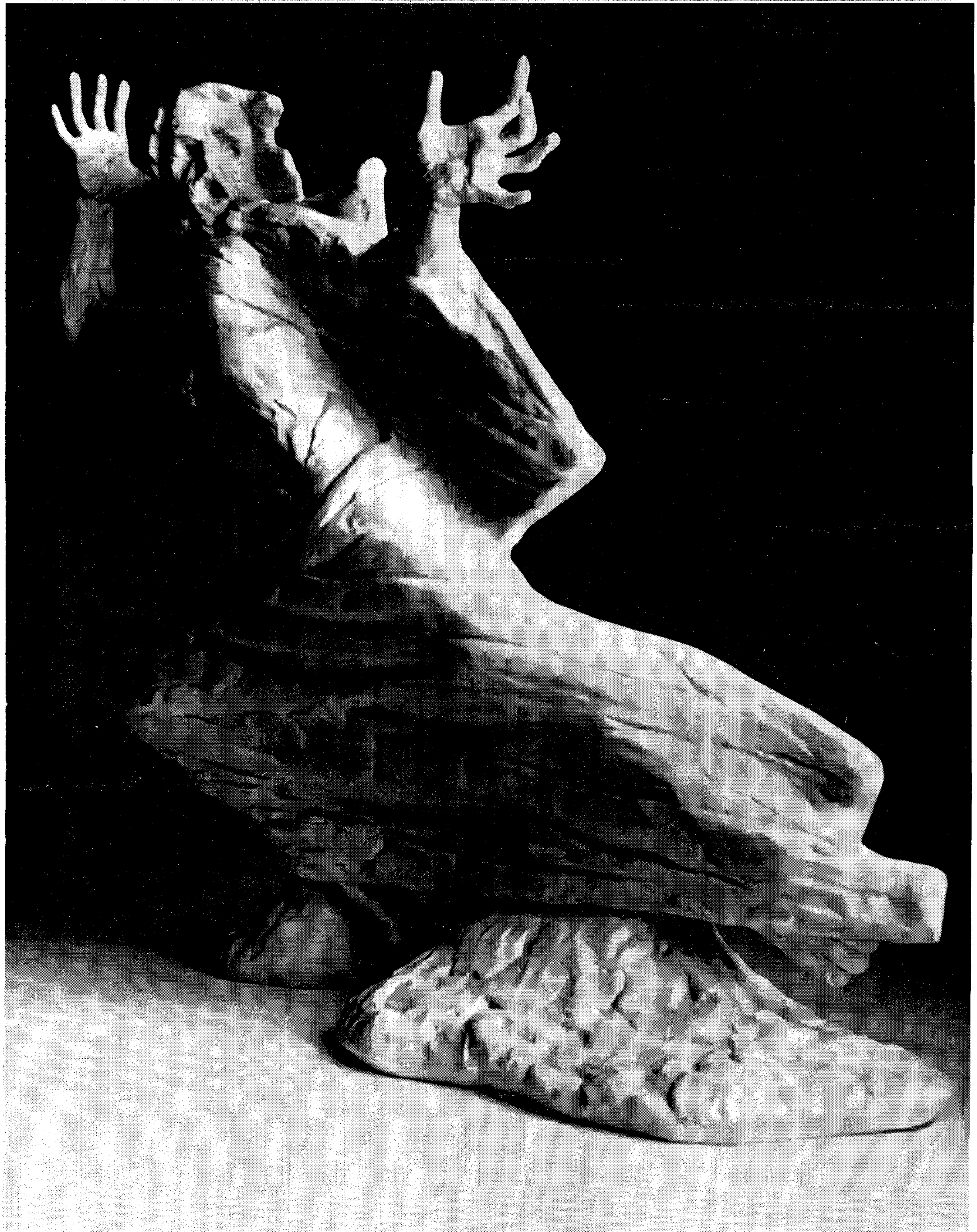
At the time of the New York World's Fair, Marshall led a pack of cyclists to the fairground in a demonstration for bike lanes on the bridges. Ordinarily, he is a nondemonstrating political conservative. In fact, he once ran for the New York State Assembly from the East Village on the Conservative Party ticket, and received several dozen votes—most of which my informal post-election analysis traced to a small band of unreconstructed Ukrainian Fascists on Seventh Street, who understood the Conservative Party to be quite a bit more conservative than it actually is. (Marshall's evidence against this theory was that the three elderly women who deposed him within a week as chairman of the Conservative Party local he himself had founded were of Irish and Italian extraction.) The World's Fair demonstration was a matter of practicality, since Marshall was finding the bridges virtually unusable. He says now that his motto for the demonstration was "Bicyclists of the World Unite! You Have Nothing to Lose but Your Chains!"

Several years ago, Marshall presented my wife and me with one of his bicycles. He owned several at the time—a track-racing bike, a couple of road-racing bikes, a tandem, and a bicycle of his own invention that was designed to cut wind resistance by permitting the rider to lie prone and was called a fornicycle. The one he gave us was a Moulton, the original tiny-wheeled bike, which first became popular in England. Although Marshall has explained Dr. Moulton's principle of bicycle engineering to me several times, I still don't understand it. When I stop at a red light and someone asks me what the advantage of my small-wheeled bike is, I am forced to say that the advantage of it is that Marshall gave it to me. I know it's preferable to the bikes of my childhood—the dominant bike of that era having been a contraption I now think of as "the legendary Schwinn fat-wheel." I grew up at a time when the genius of American advertising had persuaded both parents and children that the bike any decent American kid should covet was a shiny and rotund machine that weighed slightly less than the medium-priced Pontiac. There was one kid in our neighborhood who had a lightweight bike, and we considered *him* eccentric—although on bike trips the rest of us were puffing too hard to call him that.



"I was rather hoping you had a BankAmericard. I've already got American Express, Diners' Club, and Hertz."

I STILL use my Moulton in Manhattan. My willingness to risk pulverization at the hands of some playful



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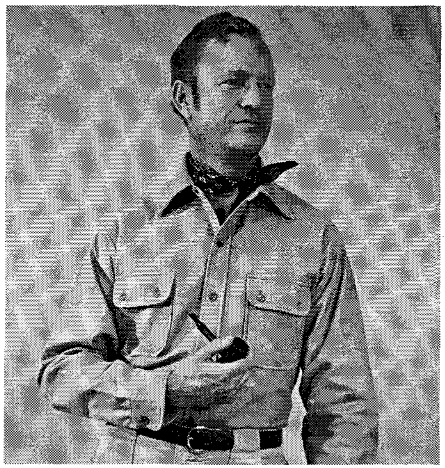

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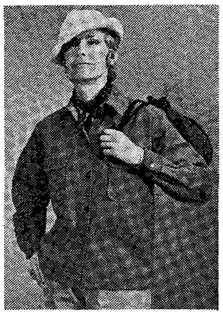

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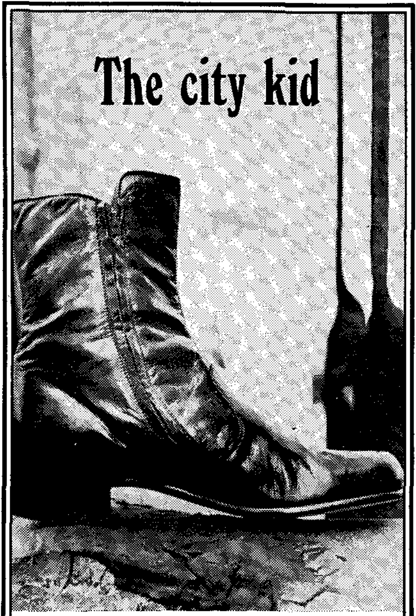
truck driver has to be understood within the context of the transportation alternatives. The mass-transit system of New York transports three or four million people every day—most of them quivering from anger at the experience. They expect the problems that come from crowds and heat and traffic. But a lot of them are convinced that somewhere—in some small, unmarked office somewhere in Brooklyn, maybe—there is a man who has been hired specifically to devise minor acts of torment. The New York subway system, for instance, is the only subway system I have ever encountered that places almost all of its maps *inside* the trains—so that a passenger who has spent five minutes wringing from the map the information on how to get to the Brooklyn Bridge has also spent that five minutes on his way to Queens Plaza. It is apparently subway policy that announcing to passengers why the downtown express has not been by for fifteen minutes or why they have been in a dark tunnel for half an hour would constitute a breach of security.

Because New Yorkers are notoriously gossipy and indiscreet, the only civic secret of any consequence that remains is the bus routes. There are numbers on the front of the buses, but since there are virtually no maps at the stops, there is no way to tell what the numbers mean. On some busy avenues, there is a stop at every corner, but each bus stops only at every other corner—the trick of deciding which bus stops at which corner being left, of course, to the passenger. A shopper waiting to go uptown at Fifty-third and Madison can see five or six buses in a row stop on Fifty-second and speed past her to Fifty-fourth. If she moves to Fifty-second, she may be able to watch five or six more buses—their numbers varying according to the uncrackable code—pass her by and stop at Fifty-third. If she does capture a bus but doesn't have exactly thirty cents in change, she will be put off, ignominiously, since bus drivers now prevent robberies by not carrying any money that isn't in a strongbox. Before that policy was adopted, a passenger who asked a bus driver to change a dollar was likely to walk around for the rest of the day with a pocketful of nickels. Although the driver probably needed the nickels himself, the trip up Madison Avenue—the constant traffic, the series of bewildered citizens screaming into the door to find out where the mystery bus might be going—had driven him to the point of being willing to



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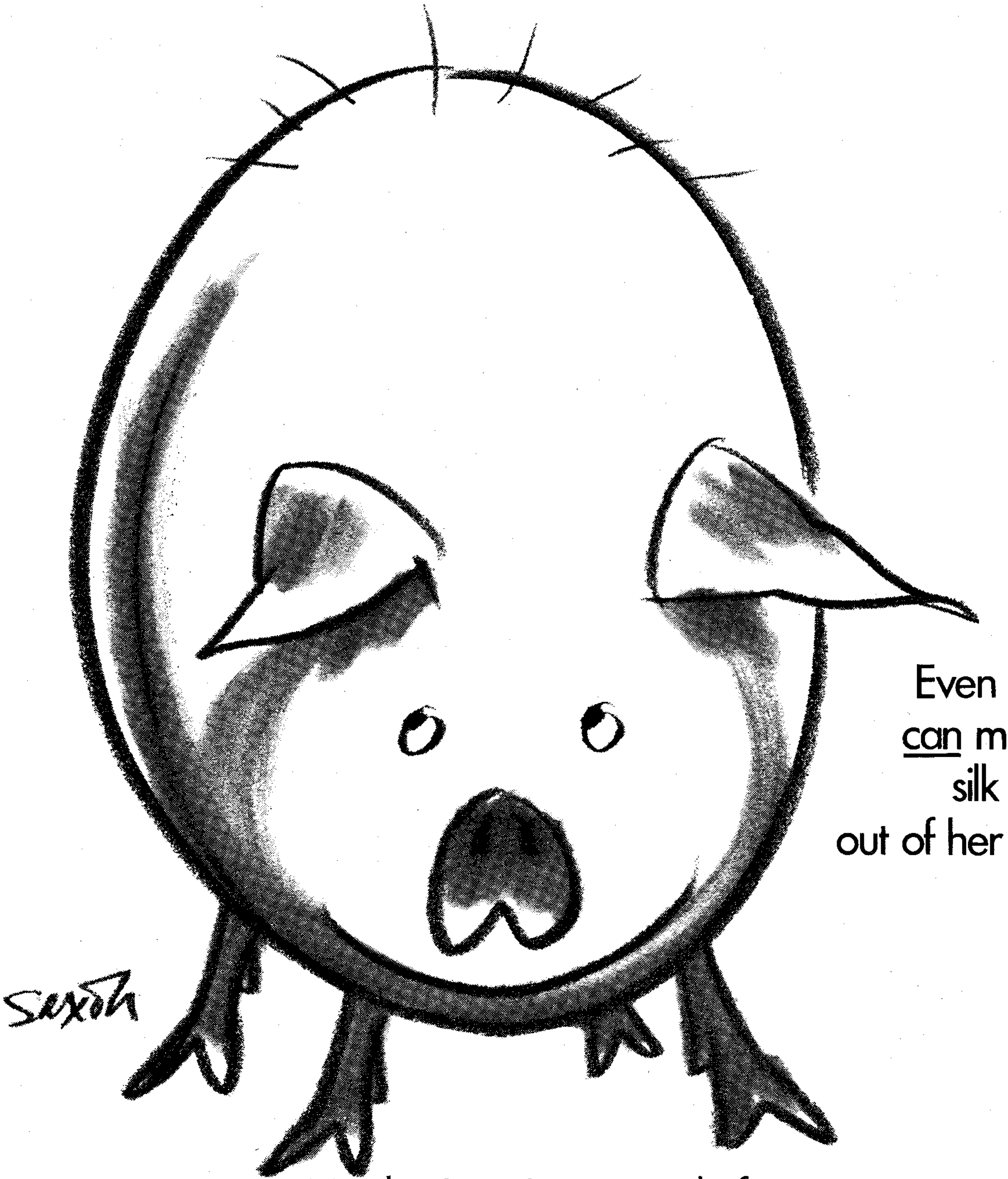
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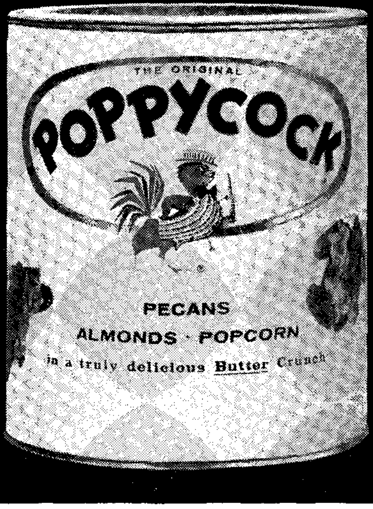

From Villa Park, Illinois, to gourmet food sections, to you.

inconvenience himself for the pleasure of being able to inconvenience others.

Since the taxi-fare increases of last spring, a lot of supposedly affluent New Yorkers would as soon resort to the Scout Pace (fifty walk/fifty run) as to a taxicab. A lot of taxis now carry bumper stickers saying "LET'S BECOME FRIENDS" or "A TAXI'S FOR—DOOR TO DOOR," but bumper stickers are about all that a lot of taxis carry. Former passengers still seem relieved that they no longer feel willing to push a package-laden woman aside while capturing the only taxi on Forty-ninth Street, or willing to sit dumbly in the back seat of a Checker while the driver recites that morning's *Daily News* editorial in the guise of imparting an original bit of folk wisdom. I ride my Moulton. While I'm on it, nobody yammers at me about how that movie star Lindsay is giving away everything to the blacks. Nobody whisks me off to Queens Plaza against my will. Some people look at me and smile, and some bus drivers try to run over me, but I can handle that sort of thing. People who ride bikes in New York tend to be particularly independent.

NOT long after Marshall had appeared at our door with the gift Moulton, Mayor Lindsay banned automobiles from Central Park on weekends, and thereby became the champion of the bicyclists. It was probably the seminal act of Lindsay's Fun City period. To a lot of people who began pedalling around Central Park on Sunday mornings or Saturday afternoons, the liberation of the Park was symbolic of the triumph of the new and with-it over the old and bureaucratic, the proof that the city really could be fun. To the people who later made fun of Fun City, someone who could be greatly cheered by the opening of the Park was a typical Lindsay enthusiast—a college-educated Manhattan liberal whose idea of an urban problem was an increase in private-school tuition or some difficulty in finding a splendid Chinese restaurant that someone else had not already discovered. After all, could anybody in Rego Park—not to speak of Bedford-Stuyvesant—ever conceive of the city's being "fun"? The Lindsay supporters that Mario Proccacino used to sneer at as "limousine liberals" during the mayoral campaign would have probably been more accurately described as "Raleigh Three-Speed liberals."

Biking in the Park encouraged a number of people to start using bikes

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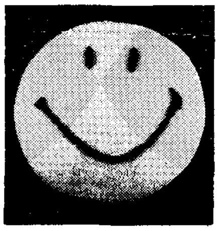

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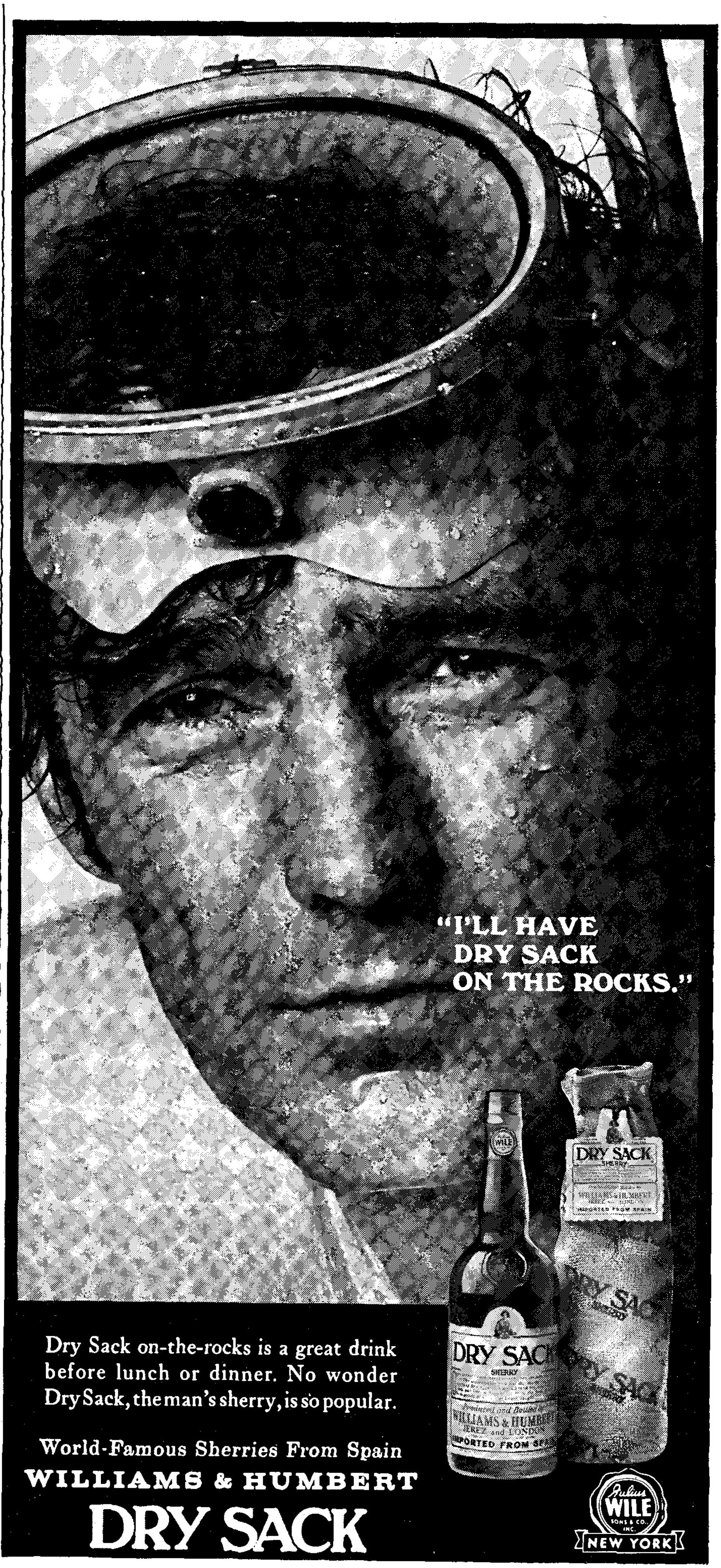
as serious transportation around the city. Marshall began to find that when he stopped at a red light—the bicyclist interpretation of traffic regulations has always been flexible enough to permit not stopping at a red light also—he often had company. Last year, a young married couple named Barry Fishman and Harriet Green founded an organization called BIKE for a Better City, to support biking as transportation rather than recreation. Their claim was not that bikes are merely fun but that bikes are small and good exercise and nonpolluting. BIKE for a Better City organized a mass bike ride from Central Park to the Battery to demonstrate for the establishment of experimental bike lanes. When the demonstration left Central Park, the rider of the lead bike was John Lindsay. Onlookers remarked on how respectable-looking and free of hippies the demonstration was. Biking enthusiasts talked about the change in atmosphere that could come from having thousands of people use a means of transportation that made them cheerful instead of sullen. The *Times* quoted city officials as saying that an experimental bike lane soon was "very, very likely." Amid the general euphoria, the *Times* did find one demonstrator who illustrated the anti-Fun City point of view. "This is fun," he said. "I would ride to work by bike every day if only I had a job."

City Hall accepted a gift bike rack from BIKE for a Better City, but no experimental bike lanes appeared. Harriet Green made a lot of phone calls to City Hall, and still no experimental bike lanes appeared. Some political problems had developed. Fifth Avenue was the logical avenue for the experiment, but its merchant organization, the Fifth Avenue Association, was opposed—the Fifth Avenue Association traditionally being opposed to any change except changes in hemlines or window displays. ("New York just has no more give," a City Hall man said recently. "Maybe in Milwaukee or someplace you can do something for one group without irritating two or three other groups, but not in New York.") The people who finally came to be in charge of the bike issue at City Hall say that there are also nonpolitical objections to bike lanes. If most of the people who would bike to work are Manhattan residents now using buses and subways, for instance, then reserving a lane for bikes might not make less automobile traffic but merely slower automobile traffic. Months after the statement about a bike lane's being "very, very likely," the City Hall peo-



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ple were still saying that tests would have to be made and traffic flows would have to be studied.

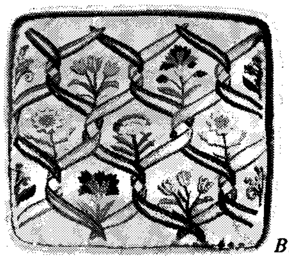
Last month, exactly a year after the first cheerful bike ride downtown, BIKE for a Better City led two hundred cyclists on another ride to demand some action on a bike lane. I went to the demonstration with Marshall. He is sympathetic to BIKE for a Better City, although he has some reservations about the cause. He thinks that an official bike lane could start the city off on all sorts of unpleasant regulating and licensing of bicycles, and he happens to feel perfectly safe on the streets without a lane—partly because he always wears a motorcycle helmet. At the demonstration, a couple of cyclists looked at Marshall as if there were something odd about his helmet—he was the only cyclist wearing one—but Marshall figures that the pavement hitting the head of someone who has been knocked off a bicycle is precisely as hard as the pavement hitting the head of someone who has been knocked off a motorcycle, so he wears a helmet. He is a practical man.

We had a lovely ride down Fifth Avenue. Harriet Green often says that one advantage New York has as a biking city is its flatness, but since I have never been able to rid myself of the notion that downtown is downhill, downtown travel has always been easier for me. Most of the bikers were well dressed, and only one of them had a sign ("THE INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE IS ANTIQUATED, OBSCENE, AND RESPONSIBLE FOR MORE DEATHS THRU POLLUTION AND MAYHEM THAN EVEN THAT GREAT CURSE WAR"). Several taxi-drivers shouted at us, and there was one disturbance when a couple of bicyclists objected to a bearded young man in an Army field jacket joining the demonstration with a sign calling the Governor a murderer because of the deaths at Attica ("People are being murdered and you protest bicycle lanes!" he shouted as he left). But most people who looked up at us smiled. At Twenty-third Street, a young man walked over to me while we were stopped at a red light and, looking very sombre about it all, informed me that bicycling was groovy.

At City Hall, the bike rack was nowhere in sight. Someone said it had been put in the back, near the garbage cans. One of the Mayor's assistants came out to meet the demonstrators. Harriet Green talked about bicyclists' having been killed on the streets. She said that nobody would ever know how

ERICA WILSON CREWEL on Belgian Linen

A.



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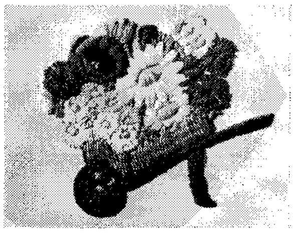

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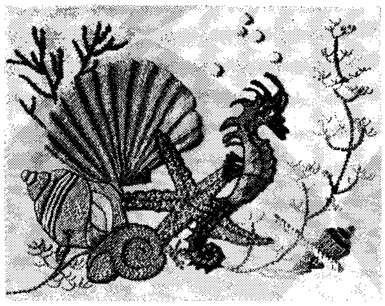

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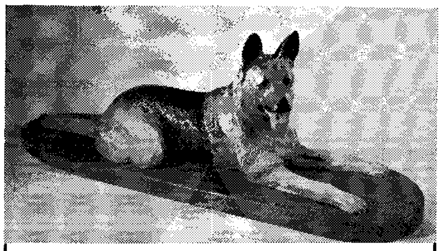

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many people would use bicycles as transportation until a safe bicycle lane was provided. The Mayor's assistant was polite. He said that the city would have its bike package ready within a few weeks, but that the package would not include an experimental bike lane.

The Mayor was in Boston, but he was hardly in a position to be the lead rider anyway, since he had become the target of the demonstration. (Demonstrating against yourself is not, of course, unprecedented in the city: Robert F. Wagner once ran for reëlection as mayor on the platform of reforming his own administration, and won easily.) Before leaving the Park, Harriet Green had been asked by a radio reporter if she was disappointed at the Mayor's absence. "Well, it's always nice to have a star," she said. "Whether from Hollywood or from City Hall." The tone of the remark made me think of some taxi rides I had taken before I started limiting myself to my Moulton.

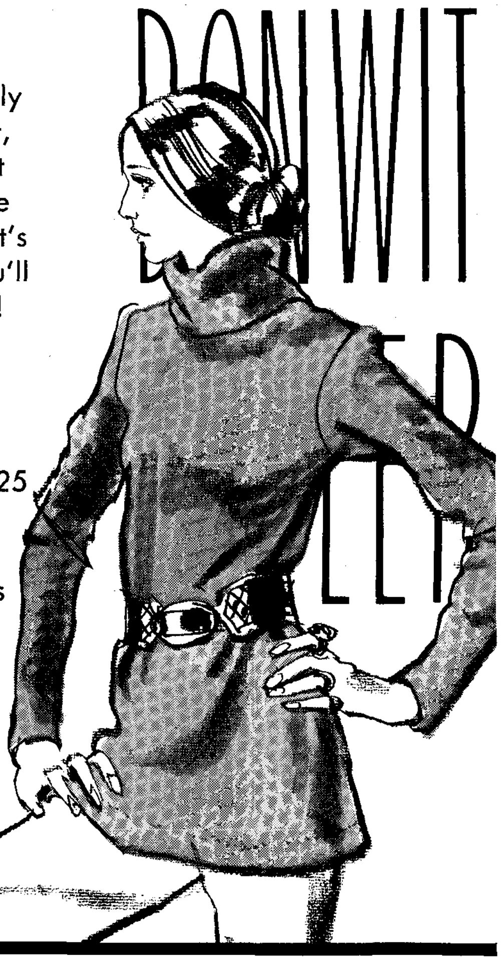
—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

EVENING WIND

October hangs in grape-
bunch lights among the leaves
of a giant tree whose leaves
are not unlike grape leaves—
a plane tree, or a sycamore?
The wind comes up the water
as water from a faucet
runs across a palm, the palm
of your hand, the water turned
on gently or broken into
cool, molten, woolly glass
by an aerator. And each
responds by his or its
own bending to it: tall tops
of hedge move all in a sideways
way; the grass (it begins
to have its matted resting
up for winter look) is freaked
by shade and quartz-grit
bits of light; a pear tree
rocks at its roots and, from
the eyebrow curves of branches
or under them, flutters absurdly
its leaves like lashes. And I
am troubled by hatred for
the dead. Wind, you don't
blow hard enough, though
rising, in the smoky blue
of evening, mindless and in love.
Or would be if the wind
were not above such thoughts,
above thought in fact,
of course, though coursing,
cool as water, through it.

—JAMES SCHUYLER



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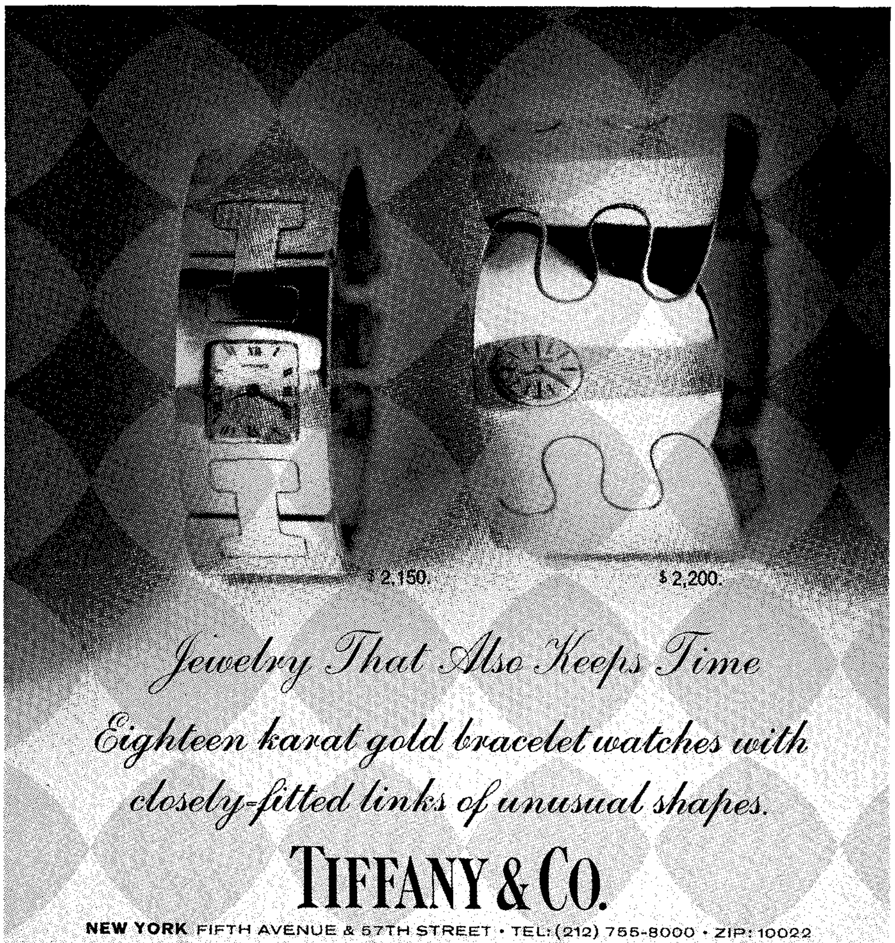

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THE RACE TRACK

The Luck of the Game

Lady Luck, it seems, didn't come along with Cougar II, California's bright particular star, on his trip East. At Atlantic City, his first stop, he didn't like the footing the day of the United Nations Handicap, and finished sixth. (He has never run well on wet grass.) At Belmont Park last Saturday, he rolled home by five lengths in the Woodward Stakes, on the main track, but as he passed Puerto Rico's idol Tinajero in the stretch he swerved twice in front of him, forcing Belmonte, who rode Tinajero, to take up sharply to avoid a bumping. No sooner had the field gone under the wire than the "Inquiry" sign flashed on the tote board, and, after the stewards looked at the movies of the film patrol, although it was plain enough without them what had happened, they ordered Cougar II's number taken down. The disqualification placed West Coast Scout, who had escaped the jam, first, Tinajero second, and Cougar II third, behind the horse he interfered with, as the rule goes.

Ten ran for the Woodward, and they were a first-class lot, the only absentee being Bold Reason, who is being reserved for the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on Veterans Day. While there was nothing like the crowd of aficionados who came to see Canonero II run in the Belmont Stakes last June, Tinajero, who was favorite in the betting, had a cheering section that made up in enthusiasm for what it lacked in numbers. I thought its members behaved rather well after the Cougar II incident. Many racetrackers expected a real mob scene. The colt must have had plenty of support from the stay-at-homes, for $107,924 was bet on the race in the off-track-betting shops around town—about a third of the OTB handle on all the races at Belmont that afternoon. And there were plenty of stay-at-homes, for attendance was down to 36,598.

The Woodward was started from the mile-and-a-quarter mark, in the chute at the end of the backstretch, and with fog hanging low over the course it was hard to pick up the runners until they'd gone a couple of furlongs. At

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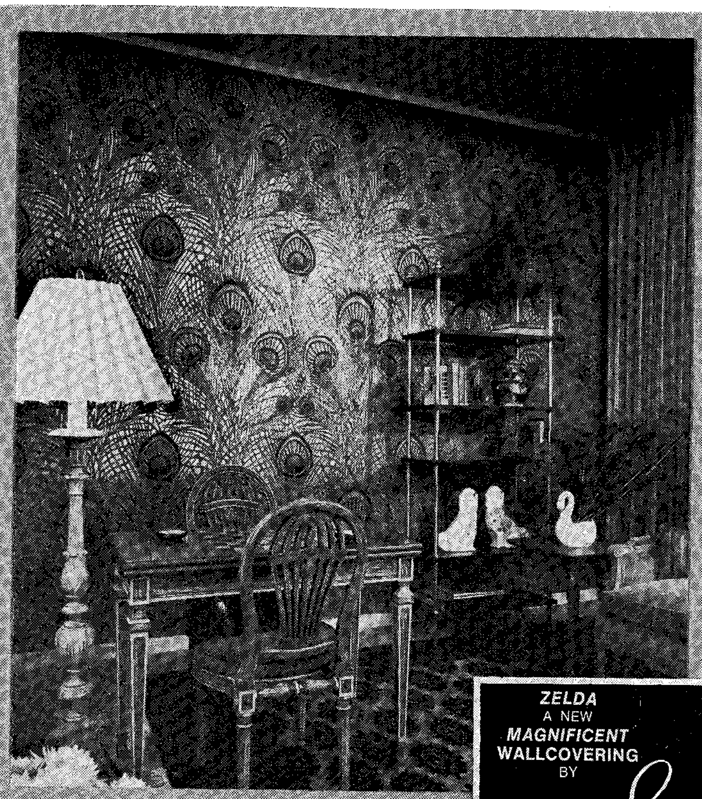

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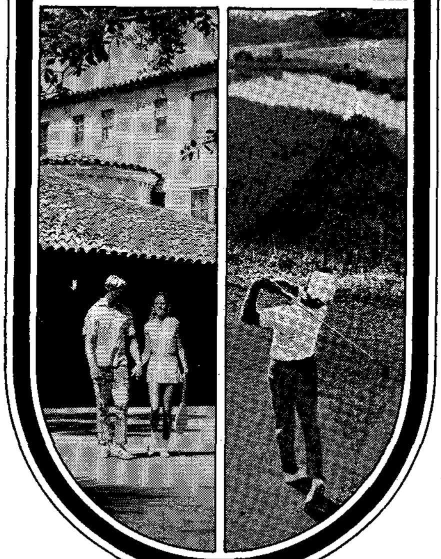

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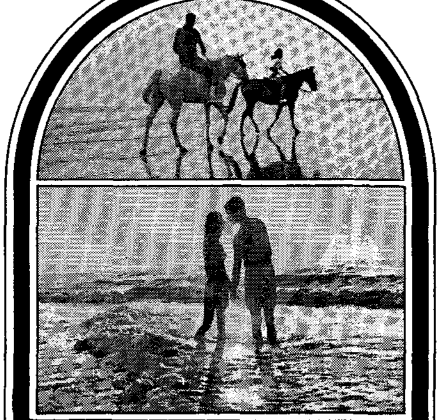

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that point, Tinajero was in a good position, *and he presently took the lead,* passing the mile marker in the smart time of 1:35. Here Cougar II began to move up fast, and I'm sure Shoemaker didn't expect his mount to do what he did. As any trainer can tell you, horses often do things nobody has dreamed they would. They also form likes and dislikes quickly, and keep them for years. There are horses who will run willingly for some apprentice or other but sulk and refuse to try for one of the top jockeys. Perhaps Cougar II took a dislike to Tinajero. Or he may just have been bent on winning. My old pet Equipoise was like that; I've seen him slam a rival on the rails or batter his way through a bunch of runners to get to the front. Too bad the Woodward ended the way it did. It must have been a stunner for Mrs. Mary Jones, who owns Cougar II, and Charlie Whittingham, who trains him. Well, there's the Man o' War Stakes at Belmont Park a week from Saturday. It's at a mile and a half on the grass—just the ticket for Cougar II. But we'll probably have another rainy Saturday.

RACING lost one of its gallant performers last week with the retirement of Paul Mellon's Fort Marcy. He sprained his left front ankle (nobody knows how horses do these things) training for another go at the International at Laurel, which he won last year and in 1967. Now he'll be retired to Rokeby Farm, in Virginia, where he will spend his days in ease and comfort. He's earned it; in the six seasons Elliott Burch campaigned him he ran in seventy-five races, winning twenty-one of them and $1,109,791 in prize money. By the way, Fort Marcy's two-year-old half brother, Key to the Mint, ran a bangup race in the Cowdin Stakes the other afternoon, though he was beaten by the shortest of noses by Loquacious Don. I may be going off the deep end, but I think Key to the Mint will be one of the better three-year-olds.

I FORGOT. There was another absentee from the Woodward—Twice Worthy. Jim Conway shipped the Saddle Rock Farm's colt to Chicago earlier last week and won the Hawthorne Gold Cup with him. By five lengths! —AUDAX MINOR

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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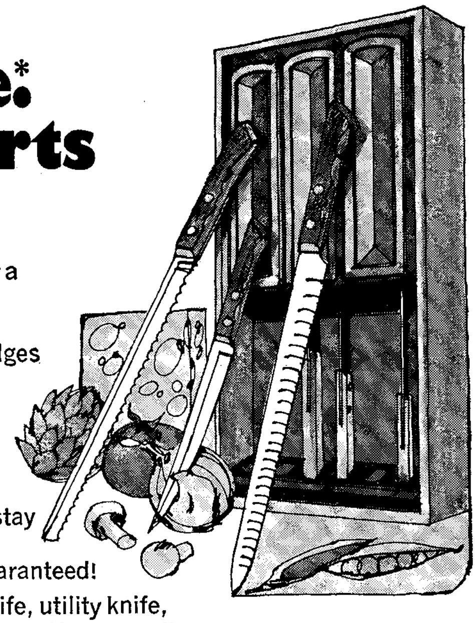
CARL MARIA VON WEBER'S opera "Der Freischütz" is generally regarded as a work of some historical importance—the first successful Romantic opera. I could quibble about that, because to me Mozart's "Don Giovanni," in feeling and mythological concept, is *really* the first Romantic opera. But Weber, when he wrote "Der Freischütz," considered himself the founder of a movement. And his opera does indeed have qualities that distinguish it from all the operas that preceded it. It is a German national opera (nationalism, for some reason, became one of the outstanding features of the Romantic movement in music). It deals with nature, the forest, and huntsmen, all of which are eminently Germanic preoccupations. It contains music of a German folk-tune character. It employs spoken dialogue instead of the florid recitative of the Italian tradition, which in their own language sounded slightly ridiculous to the sober Germans of its time. Most important, perhaps, it introduced a new way of handling the orchestra, with complicated instrumentation and a share in the total musical structure equal to that of the singers. In this last respect it had great influence on the operas of Richard Wagner, which were to follow it some two decades later. "Der Freischütz" has always been popular in Germany and Austria. It has not caught on elsewhere with anything like the same degree of public interest—perhaps because of that German dialogue, perhaps because of its rather contrived and very Germanic libretto. Its music is enchanting.

Last Tuesday evening, the Metropolitan Opera revived "Der Freischütz," which had been absent from the repertory for more than forty years, and it was a pleasure to hear its beautiful score again. Its story—about a failing huntsman who gets a magic bullet from the Devil (here named Samiel) and with it hopes to win a bride by his marksmanship—is a variation on the pact-with-the-Devil motif that can be found in so much German literature and that is most prominently exemplified in Goethe's "Faust." Max, the huntsman, wants to marry



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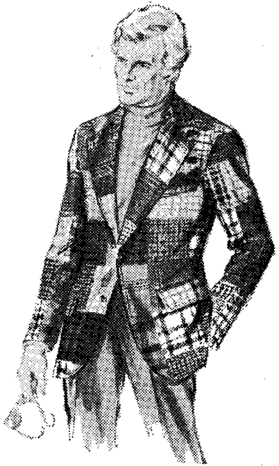

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Agathe, who is the daughter of his boss, the chief huntsman, Kuno, but his marksmanship is off. Encouraged by a shady character named Kaspar, he visits the Wolf Glen, a place of ill repute, where, in the middle of a storm and with Samiel's blessing, he and Kaspar cast seven magic bullets, six of them guaranteed to hit their mark. The seventh is to be controlled by Samiel, who has had a long contract with Kaspar. At the shooting contest, Max, with only the seventh bullet left, aims at a white dove sitting in a tree, but instead he hits Kaspar. Agathe, who is present, falls in a faint, and, thinking he has hit her, too, Max confesses the whole thing to the local prince, who is presiding over the contest. The prince condemns Max to exile, but, on the intervention of the local hermit, he ameliorates the sentence so that Max can hope to marry Agathe. Everybody is happy. What saves this bit of diabolic mumbo-jumbo is Weber's music—evocative, wonderfully melodious, spooky here and there, and exultant elsewhere.

The cast the other night was close to ideal. Pilar Lorengar sang the role of Agathe appealingly and with luscious tone. Edith Mathis, as her cousin Ännchen, was both pretty to look at and vocally unexceptionable. Sándor Kónya was a rather wooden Max, but he sang acceptably. Gerd Feldhoff, a German baritone making his Metropolitan début, acted superbly as Kaspar and sang well enough. The speaking role of Samiel was done by Michael Ebert, son of the famous director Carl Ebert, and he performed it with distinction. Edmond Karlsrud as Kuno, John Macurdy as the hermit, and Rod MacWherter as the prince were all very good. Leopold Ludwig conducted a stolid performance, slow and unyielding in tempo. The lack of elasticity in his conducting was particularly noticeable in Miss Lorengar's "Leise, Leise," in which he refused to go along with her spirited singing and held to a pedestrian beat.

Both the staging and the scenery were by that specialist in planned dilapidation, Rudolf Heinrich. The staging was entirely conventional. The scenery revelled in jagged branches and crumbling tree trunks. The Wolf Glen scene, with some complicated lighting effects, came off fairly well, though the visions Max was supposed to see during it were absent. The most awkward moment came in the first act, when Max took aim at an eagle, which then tumbled out of the sky and hit the stage floor like a sack of potatoes.

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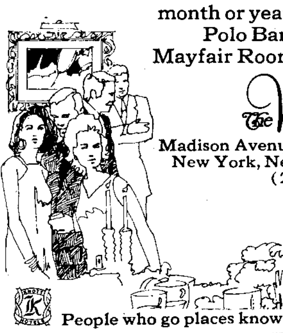

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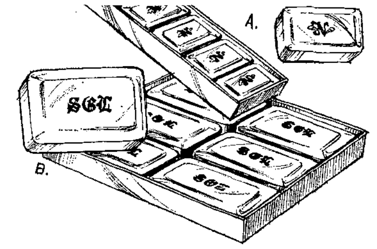

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The audience burst out laughing. I am not an expert on dead eagles, but I'm sure they don't weigh as much as all that.

LAST Thursday night, in Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez made his first big pitch for the music of Franz Liszt by conducting Liszt's oratorio "The Legend of St. Elizabeth," with the New York Philharmonic and a group of first-rate soloists, including Maralin Niska, Betty Allen, Donald McIntyre, and Donald Gramm. The chorus was Abraham Kaplan's Camerata Singers. This work is one of Liszt's finest creations. It was written at about the time he took holy orders, and it delineates the life of Hungary's most famous (and patron) saint, Elizabeth, who married Landgrave Ludwig, of the house of Thuringia, and devoted herself to charitable works. Ludwig is critical of her enormous generosity. One day, he sees her carrying a basket, asks what is in it, and is told that it is full of roses she has been gathering. Actually, it contains bread and wine for the poor. Ludwig, suspicious, demands to see the contents. When she opens the basket, she finds that the bread and wine have been changed to roses—her particular miracle. Like any other man who has married a saint, he immediately goes off on a crusade, and is killed. His mother throws Elizabeth and her children out of the Wartburg castle, where they have been living. Almost destitute, she takes refuge with some paupers she has helped, distributes her last alms, and dies at the age of twenty-four. She is solemnly interred by Emperor Frederick II of the Holy Roman Empire in a ceremony attended by many dignitaries of the church. A series of frescoes by the German painter Moritz von Schwind, which were a part of the nineteenth-century restoration of the Wartburg, inspired Liszt to compose the work.

"The Legend of St. Elizabeth" has some passages of attractive music, particularly those associated with the Miracle of the Roses and with Elizabeth's prayer as she is exiled from the Wartburg. But, though M. Boulez conducted the work with great earnestness, it failed to convince me that Liszt, even at his best, was a composer comparable to his contemporaries Richard Wagner and Anton Bruckner. The music of "The Legend of St. Elizabeth" is generally facile rather than original—a compendium of the clichés of the period. Ultimately, I found it a bore,

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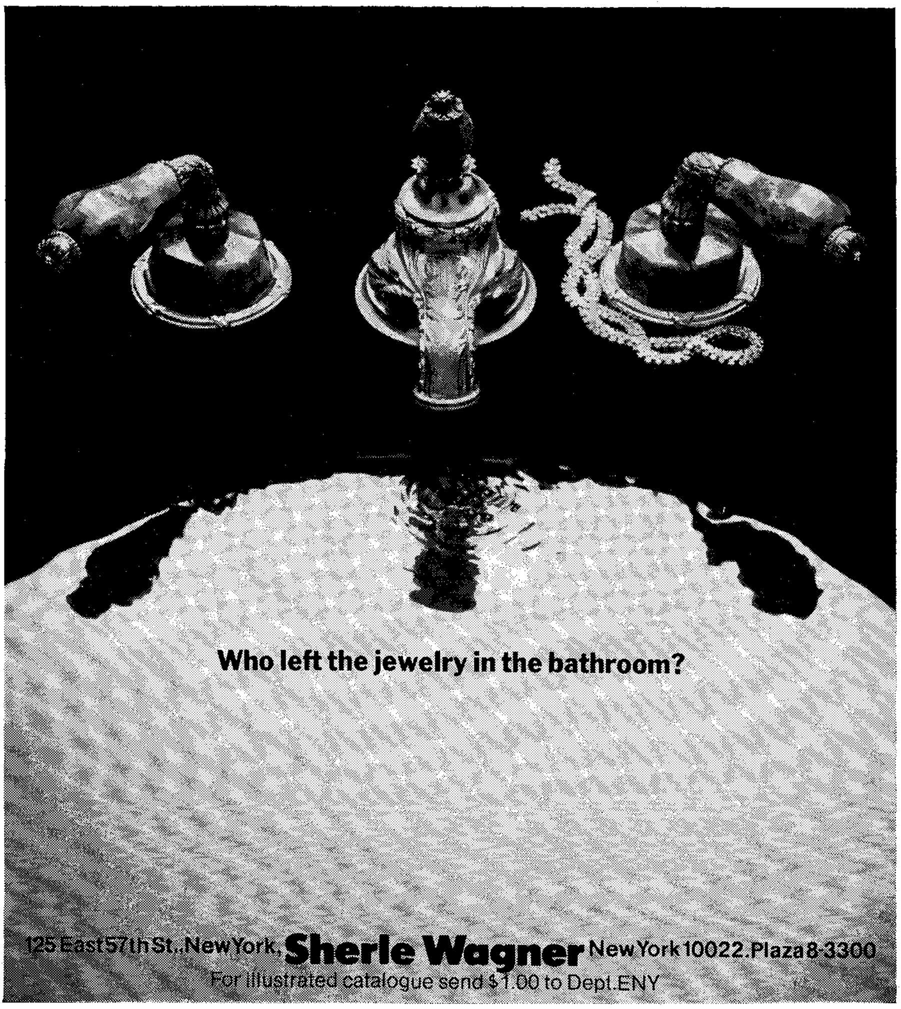
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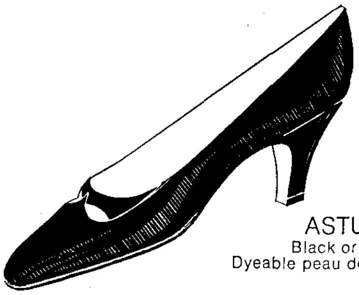

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and, though the program notes made much of Liszt's unquestionable influence on Wagner, this was not a good example of it, for at the time "The Legend" was completed Wagner had already progressed as far as "Tristan und Isolde," a masterpiece far greater and more innovative than anything Liszt ever wrote. There are, in fact, reminiscences of "Tristan" in this work, and, though it is obvious that Liszt influenced the early Wagner, here we find the influence coming full circle.

I HAVE from time to time written about the young San Francisco conductor Christopher Keene, commenting on his extraordinary grasp of his art, his innate musicality, and the remarkable authority he seems to exert considering his age, which is twenty-four. On Monday night of last week, I went to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear him conduct "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." There were other reasons for being present. Fiorenza Cossotto, one of the finest Santuzzas I have ever heard, inspired the audience to endless ovations, and later on, in "Pagliacci," the appealing, childlike Nedda of Teresa Stratas and the superb Tonio of Sherrill Milnes were outstanding. But I was concentrating on the man in the pit, and I must say that he handled everything with the utmost smoothness, taking all the frequent changes of tempo in his stride and turning in a total performance in which the finest traditions were mixed with personal insight and great spirit. Mr. Keene is so young that I am a bit afraid for him. Premature praise can spoil a conductor, and here I am joining in the chorus that has been producing it. I hope that he is levelheaded enough to take it without damage to his career.

A correction: I was misled by the Association of German Broadcasters two weeks ago when I wrote that Werner Egk's last name is a pseudonym. It is, on the contrary, his real name. The idea that it is composed of the initials of *ein guter Komponist* is something that occurred to him later in life. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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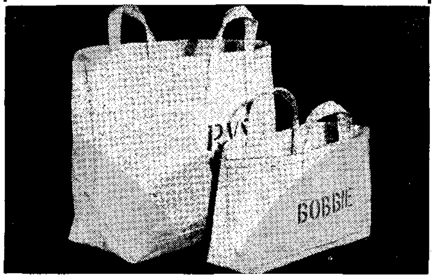

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

SEPTEMBER 29, 1971

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IT has been called to my attention by several readers—most notably by Miss Helen Dukas, who was Albert Einstein's secretary from 1928 until his death—that a recently published review of mine of Werner Heisenberg's "Physics and Beyond: Encounters and Conversations" repeats an error of fact in Heisenberg's book. I wish to mention this not so much because of the significance of the error itself as because it casts some doubt on the reliability of Heisenberg's memory. Since the book purports to be a reconstruction of conversations Heisenberg had, mainly with physicists, extending back nearly a half century, the fact that such an error could occur should be borne in mind by the readers of this book when they consider it as a whole. It was at a lecture given by Einstein in 1922 in Leipzig, Heisenberg states in his book, that he first encountered the growing Nazi propaganda against Einstein and the theory of relativity. But Einstein did not give this lecture. It was given, instead, by the celebrated and extremely courageous anti-Nazi German physicist Max von Laue. Heisenberg occasionally mentions von Laue in his book, but never does he discuss von Laue's outspoken anti-Nazi attitude.

Walker & Co. has recently published a translation, by Irene Born, daughter of Max Born, of the correspondence between her parents and Einstein. Born, who died in 1970, was one of the twentieth century's great theoretical physicists. In the middle nineteen-twenties, Heisenberg was Born's assistant. It was then that Heisenberg worked out his formulation of the quantum theory. Born made important contributions to the quantum theory, and for that he was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1954. Heisenberg has written an introduction to the Born-Einstein correspondence. In July of 1944, Born, by then a professor of physics in Edinburgh, to which he had emigrated in the thirties, said in a letter to Einstein that "most of the German scientists have collaborated with the Nazis. . . . There are a few exceptions, e.g., von Laue and Hahn [Otto Hahn, a co-discoverer of nuclear fission]." Einstein replied:

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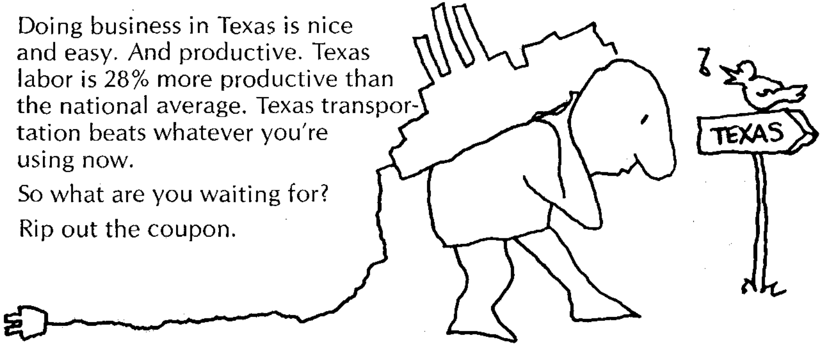

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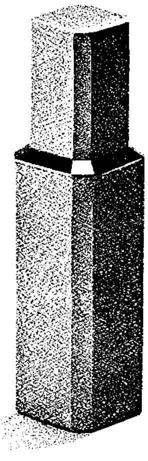

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to you, although no one is wagging a finger at me to do so. But I cannot write in English [Born's letter was the first he had written to Einstein in English] because of the treacherous spelling. When I am reading, I only hear it and am unable to remember what the written word looks like.

Do you still remember the occasion some twenty-five years ago when we went together by tram to the Reichstag building, convinced that we could effectively help to turn the people there into honest democrats? How naïve we were, for all our forty years. I have to laugh when I think of it. We neither of us realized that the spinal cord plays a far more important role than the brain itself, and how much stronger its hold is.

I have to recall this now, to prevent me from repeating the tragic mistakes of those days. We really should not be surprised that scientists (the vast majority of them) are no exception to this rule, and if they are different it is not due to their reasoning powers, but to their personal stature, as in the case of Laue. It was interesting to see the way in which he cut himself off, step by step, from the traditions of the herd, under the influence of a strong sense of justice.

As I tried to emphasize in my review of Heisenberg's book, no one, scientist or not, can be sure of how he will behave in a situation of great moral and ethical crisis, or at least sure enough so that he can make simple judgments on the behavior of others. The main reason for bringing all of this up again now—so many years later—is that it may help us, by the example of the behavior of courageous men, to keep from "repeating the tragic mistakes of those days."

Yours sincerely,
JEREMY BERNSTEIN

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Kansas City* (*Mo.*) *Star*]

When guests arrived last weekend at the Mission Hills home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Vandegrift, they were greeted by doormen in 19th century costumes—carrying out the theme of two parties they gave.

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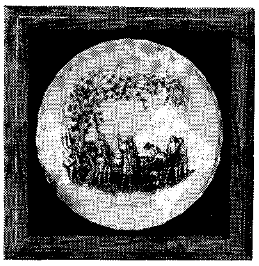

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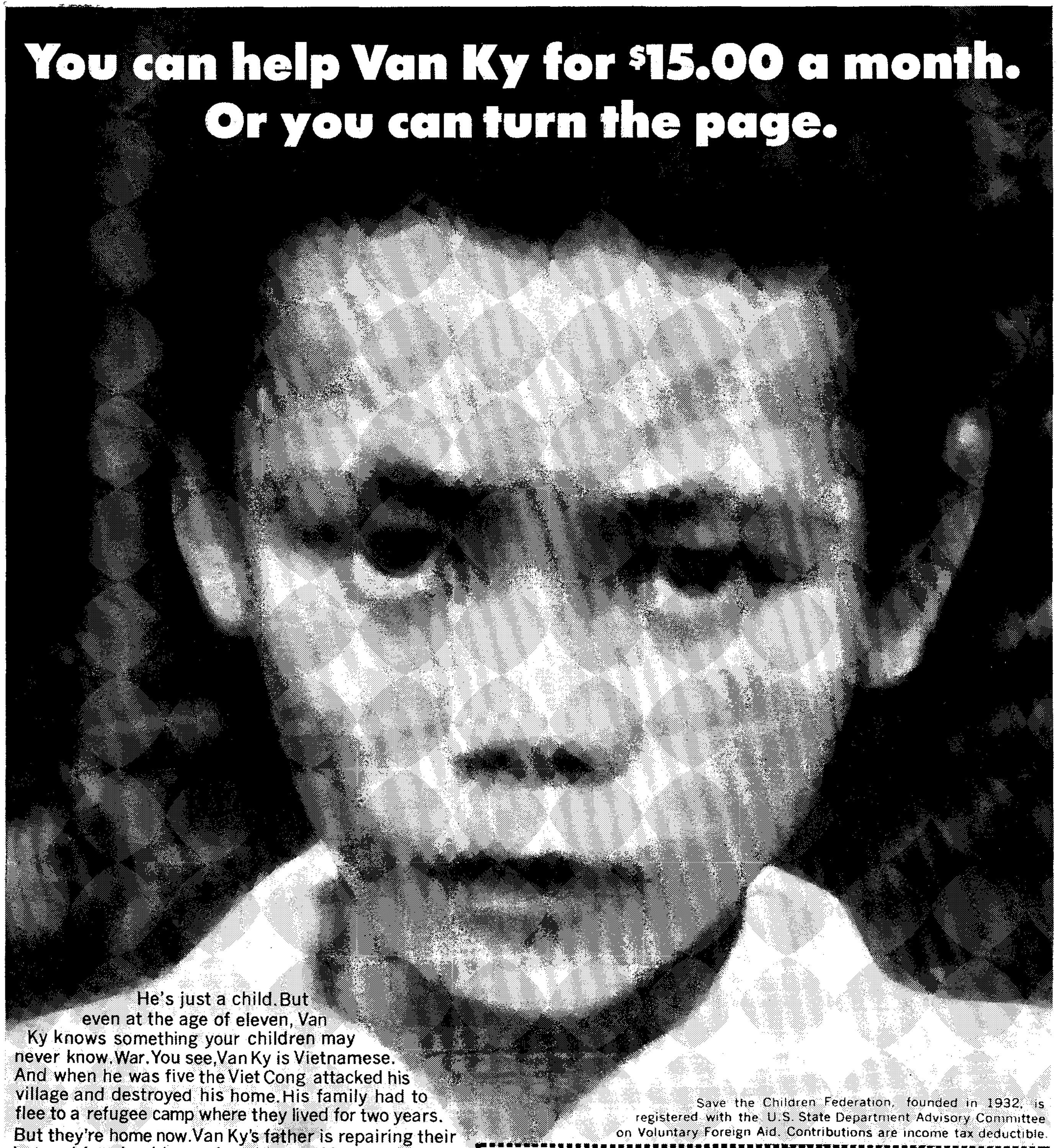

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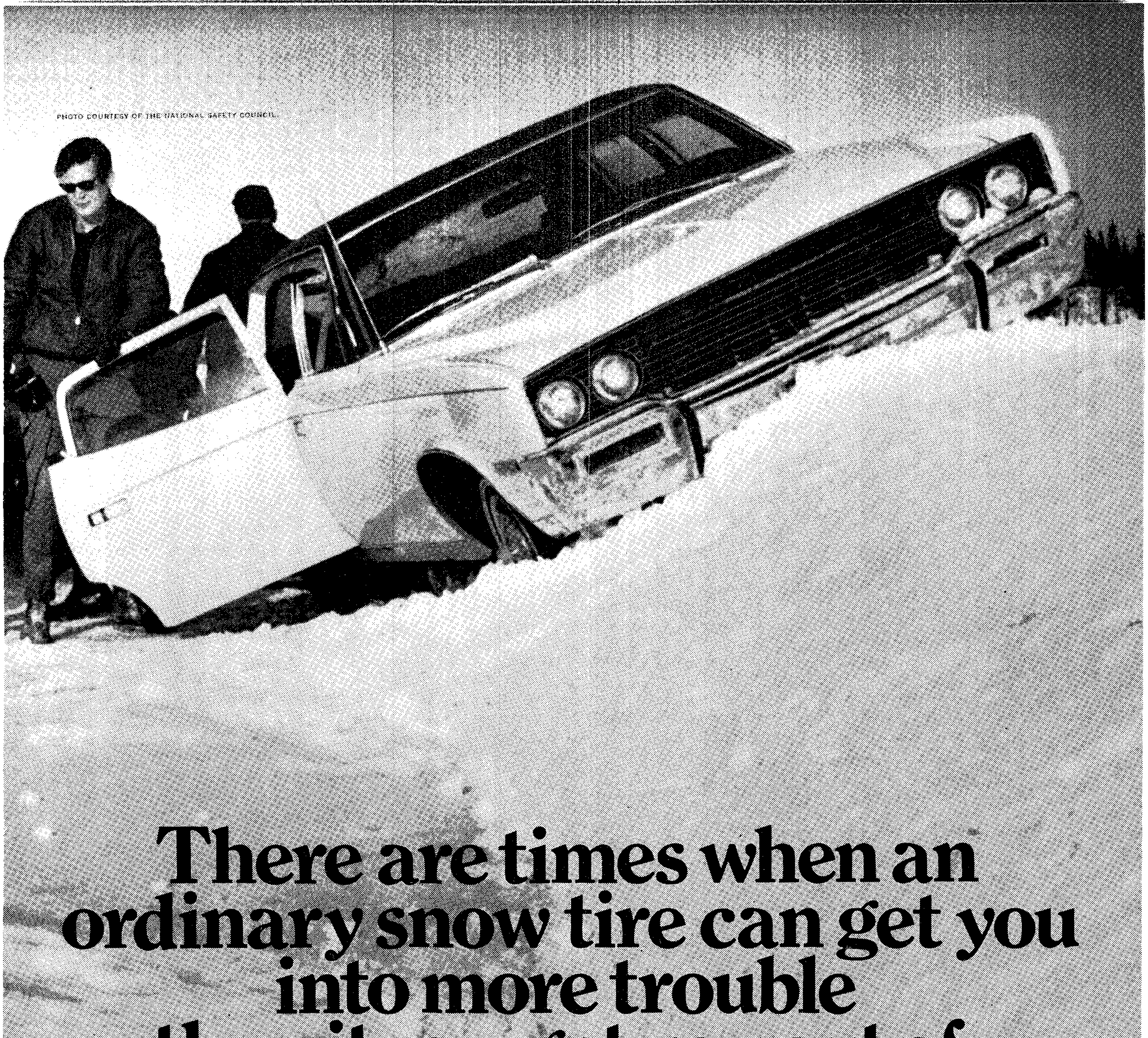
TWO intense, horn-rimmed, clean-shaven men past forty—Thomas B. Mechling, a public-affairs consultant and former politician, and Clement L. Despard, an insurance broker—have come up with and are pursuing a business idea of such offbeat elegance that it deserves to be noticed even though it is still in what its begetters describe as a conceptual stage and faces many difficulties before it can reach an operational one. The idea is to set up a for-profit corporation—complete with stockholders, a board of directors, and professional management—whose revenues would consist chiefly of damages recovered through lawsuits against other corporations. The bases for the lawsuits would be the misdeeds of the other corporations—and also public bodies such as municipalities, when necessary—particularly in regard to pollution or products that deceive or defraud the buyer. Thus the new enterprise would be, in Mechling's words, "geared solely to making profits from some of the abuses of others." The two men, who clearly intend that their firm should exist primarily to serve the public weal rather than merely to make money, have several reasons for wanting it nevertheless to be a profitable, dividend-paying concern. For one thing, a condition of profitability, if it could be achieved, would obviously free the corporation and its public-service activities from subjection to the vagaries of foundations or other philanthropists and to the sword of Damocles that the Internal Revenue Service dangles over all non-profit, tax-exempt organizations. For another thing, such a condition would theoretically make it possible for the corporation to fight the antipollution and anti-consumer-fraud battle on an equal footing with the polluter and the defrauder, since erring corporations would face an antagonist enjoying all of the legal and social privileges and immunities that they themselves put to effective use; the antagonist would be immune to charges of "Socialism." For a third, offering the hope of profit as a fringe benefit to good works would presumably lure into the environmental and consumer movements many persons who would not otherwise join them, either because these people are greedy or because they are indifferent to or prejudiced against purely do-good undertakings. Finally, although Mechling and Despard do not put it precisely this way, they are obviously enchanted with the element of poetic justice inherent in their idea. Both of them are fond of quoting a New York lawyer who specializes in pollution cases. When they tried out their notion on him, he responded enthusiastically, commenting, "Scientists have told us that there is an antagonist to matter, which they call antimatter. Why shouldn't there be an anti-corporation?"

"*Admit it, Llewellyn. If I could read three thousand words a minute, you'd find something else about me to resent.*"

Mechling, who originally had the idea, has had a varied and fairly meteoric career. Born in Denver in 1921, he studied journalism at the University of Missouri, served in the Air Force Intelligence in the Pacific in the Second World War, spent several years as a newspaperman with the San Francisco *Chronicle* and the Washington *Post*, and, in 1952, settled in Nevada and decided to run for the Senate as a liberal Democrat. In the Democratic primary there, Mechling, an upstart out-of-stater who had barely turned thirty, was pitted against Alan Bible, who, in addition to being one of the best-known and best-liked citizens of Nevada, was the handpicked candidate of the awesome machine created by the late Senator Patrick A. McCarran. Mechling, with his wife, a Nevadan, stumped the state in a trailer, supporting equal employment and public power and attacking the Taft-Hartley Act and Senator McCarran's "dictatorial control" of the state; although Reno gamblers offered odds of a hundred to one against Mechling, he defeated Bible, in what the *Times*, in a front-page story, described as "a political earthquake." The quake subsided, however, when Mechling was narrowly defeated in the election itself by the incumbent Republican senator, George W. Malone. Mechling ran unsuccessfully for governor of Nevada in 1954, worked in several Democratic campaigns in California, and served as an organizer of, and, subsequently, as a United States representative at, the Brussels World's Fair of 1958. Over the next decade, he was at various times a public-relations man for I.B.M., the Xerox Corporation, and, of all things, the National Association of Manufacturers, which in the mid-sixties was beginning, belatedly, to develop a social conscience, and hired Mechling to help in this endeavor. He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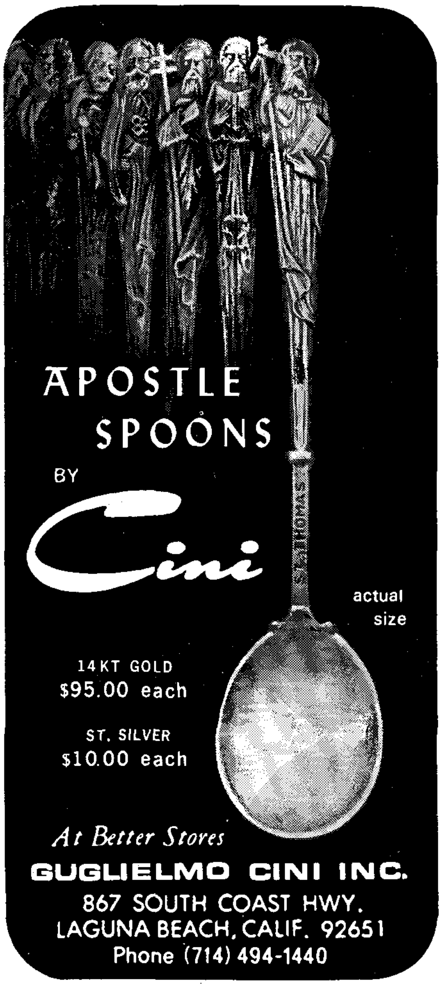

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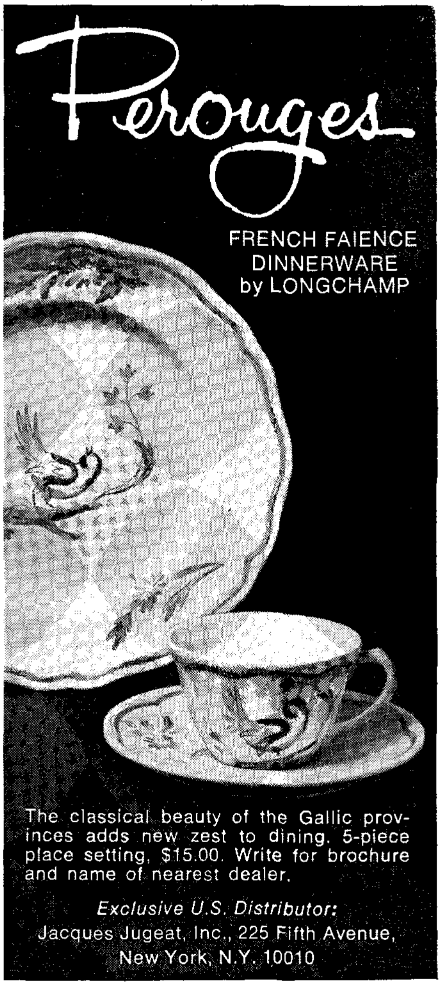
worked in the McCarthy Presidential campaign in 1968, serving as head of its delegate information center in Washington, D.C., and at the Chicago Convention, and since then he has been in business for himself as a consultant to corporations and public-service groups, operating mostly out of his present home, in Larchmont, New York.

Despard's background is quite different. He grew up in the rather rarefied atmosphere of Rumson, New Jersey, graduated from Harvard in 1952, and, after a spell of military service, went to work at Despard & Co., a Manhattan insurance-brokerage firm founded by his grandfather in 1879. After leaving there, in 1959, he joined the Corn Products Company, and remained with that firm for four years, during which time, as he now puts it darkly, he "learned about how corporations operate." In 1963, he formed his own company, the Rapidform Corporation, to be a supplier of new products intended to reduce the cost of high-rise building construction. Rapidform was killed by the combination of the Vietnam war and the 1966 money squeeze, and in 1967 Despard returned to the family business. He first met Mechling during the 1968 campaign, and the two renewed their acquaintance early this year, when Mechling came to him for advice about the insurance aspects of the anti-corporation idea. Despard was so taken with the whole thing that he has been spending much of his time on it since.

I SPENT some of my time with Mechling and Despard recently, listening to them talk about their plan, their hopes for it, and the problems attendant upon putting it into effect. So far, I learned, the anti-corporation hasn't been given a name. Mechling often speaks of it as Indemnity, Inc., but Despard favors the Consumer Equity Corporation, and another name they are seriously considering is the Public Equity Corporation—surely as resounding, Establishment-sounding a title as an anti-corporation could ask for. I also learned that they do not expect damage-suit judgments or settlements to be the corporation's sole source of income. They look to such other sources as the publication of books and pamphlets, the organization of consulting services for which fees would be charged, and perhaps the issuance to stockholders of group-insurance policies against environmental illnesses. Eventually, if the anti-corporation prospers, they feel, it might acquire other corporations—thereby presumably becom-



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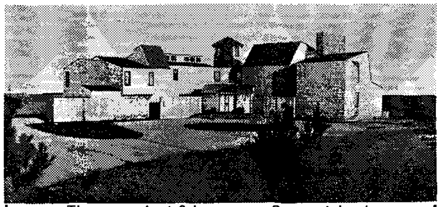

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ing an anti-conglomerate. They definitely intend to employ an active and vigorous public-relations department, the purpose of which will be, in Mechling's words, to make the enterprise "highly visible" and "a widely reported voice to the financial public and elsewhere." At the same time, they agree that the amount of stockholder dividends should be specifically limited by charter, with any additional profits to be plowed back into the business. All these questions are being explored further in a feasibility study that is now being conducted, under Mechling's direction, and is expected to be finished around November 1st.

The question of how the public can be induced to buy the anti-corporation's stock is much on Mechling's and Despard's minds. To take soundings, they have talked with various Wall Street investment bankers, with mixed results. Some of the bankers were horrified by the whole idea—perhaps because they thought the stock would be unsalable, or perhaps because the purpose of the new company would be to bring suit against the bankers' other clients. "On the other hand, some of them were quite receptive," Despard told me. "Some gave me the impression that there may be half a dozen Wall Street firms—reputable, even celebrated firms—that would jump at the chance to do something like this, if only for the sake of their conscience. Of course, one thing we will have going for us in all this is public guilt."

The real, hard-core problem, I gathered, is the question of whether the anti-corporation would be legal. In particular, it might by its nature tend to be guilty of two offenses derived from English common law—maintenance and champerty. Maintenance is defined as "an officious . . . intermeddling in a cause depending between others, by assisting either party with money or means with which to carry it on." Champerty occurs when a person having no legitimate concern in a suit enters the suit on either side with a view to getting a share in any judgment or settlement. And even if neither maintenance nor champerty could be pinned on the anti-corporation, there is a danger that the courts might simply find that a corporation-to-sue was contrary to public policy, and invalidate its charter. Mechling and Despard have considered these problems and for a month or so have been diligently sounding out lawyers—especially public-service lawyers like Charles Halpern, the director of the Center for Law and Social Policy, in

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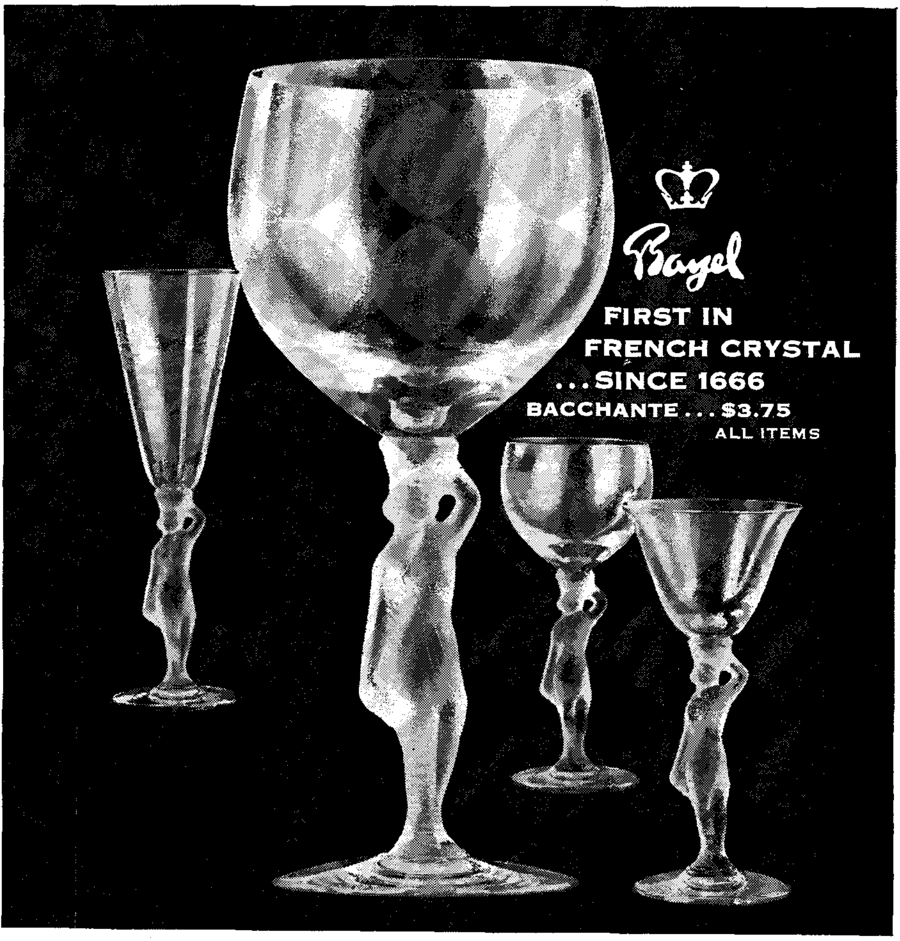

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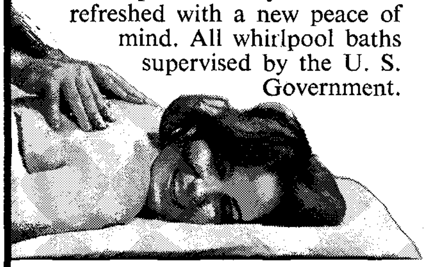

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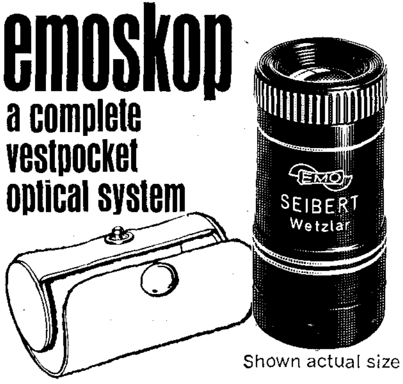

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Washington. In general, the lawyers have been guardedly encouraging. Mechling says, "Their first reaction is inclined to be 'It's illegal.' But their second is 'Well, maybe not. Let me think about it some more.' " The main basis for encouragement is that such offenses as maintenance and champerty have become essentially matters of time-honored ethics and customs between lawyers—in effect, mere violations of the house rules of the Lawyers' Club—and that in recent years the courts have shown an increasing tendency to overlook such violations when they are weighed against pressing current social problems, including pollution and consumer fraud. In any event, legal ethics are in a state of flux, one indication of this being that a nonprofit firm of public-service lawyers in Washington was recently granted permission by the Bar Association there to break the ancient taboo against lawyers' advertising their services, and the Association is drawing up guidelines for advertising by other such firms. Mechling and Despard feel that the anti-corporation, armed with its worthy intentions, will be able to afford to take the attitude "If this be champerty, make the most of it."

Beyond that, they reflect, its activities may well lead it into conflicts of interest. Mechling put it to me this way: "Suppose we sue a company over a defective product, and the company says to us, 'Look, we could fix the product, but that would be too expensive for us. We offer to settle with you for half a million dollars cash.' As a partisan of the public good, we would obviously have to refuse the settlement offer. But in the financial interest of our stockholders we would equally obviously have to accept it. If we didn't, they might sue *us*." The solution, he feels, is to have "a different kind of stockholder—one who, like the management, will put the public interest ahead of his own interest when it comes to a crunch." He added, "I think we'll get that kind of stockholder, in the natural course of events. Nobody will buy our stock *primarily* to make a profit."

In their wilder dreams, Mechling and Despard envisage another sort of problem—that the anti-corporation could prosper so mightily that it would itself become an evil, soulless giant. "How will we guard against overgrowth?" Mechling demanded of me, rhetorically, with a gleam in his eye. "If we get too big, is there any guarantee that we wouldn't create another corporate self-interest group? A Frank-

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enstein monster? Another General Motors?" Despard remarked that for the moment he considered the question academic, and Mechling agreed.

All in all, I got the feeling that right now the Reno gamblers would probably offer hundred-to-one odds against the anti-corporation's ever coming into effective being. Even as a concept, though, it raises some interesting and important questions. For example, is corporation law, as it is now written and interpreted, basically against the public interest? Are the recent huge increases in the number of Americans who own corporate stock necessarily a good thing for the country, as the stock exchange blandly assumes? Can ambulance-chasing by lawyers sometimes be in the public interest? In terms of the traditional law office and the traditional corporate boardroom, these are subversive, if not revolutionary, questions. At a time when the public is becoming increasingly disillusioned with the political process as an agent of beneficent social change, the anti-corporation offers the notion of bringing such change about not through the new politics but through the old economics: by resurrecting the Invisible Hand of the marketplace, which Adam Smith thought could lead society in desirable directions—only this time making the hand as visible as possible. Anyway, the Reno gamblers might be wrong again.

—JOHN BROOKS

•

The reception was held at the Charlottetown Hotel. The guest book was circulated by Mrs. Harry Large, sister of the bride. Master of ceremonies was Cyler Dingwell, uncle of the groom.

For a honeymoon trip to New England States, the bride wore a multicolored dress with matching accessories. Mr. and Mrs. Colin MacBeth are residing at 32 Lincolnwood Dr., Sherwood.

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[*Memo circulated at the NATO installation in Naples, Italy*]

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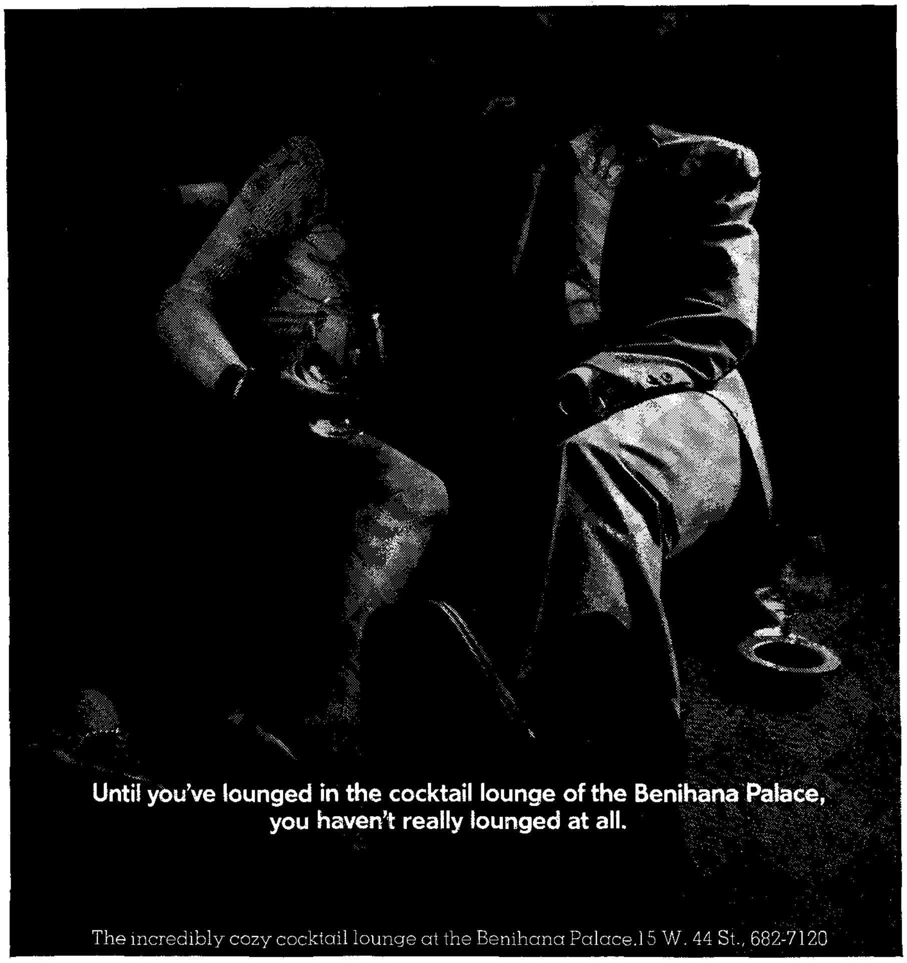
(NU) The ACE Directive is clear and precise and doesn't require supplementary instructions. The attached supplement saying there is no supplement is in accordance with AFSOUTH Supplement to ACE Directive 30-1 which requires a supplement stating that no supplementary instructions are required.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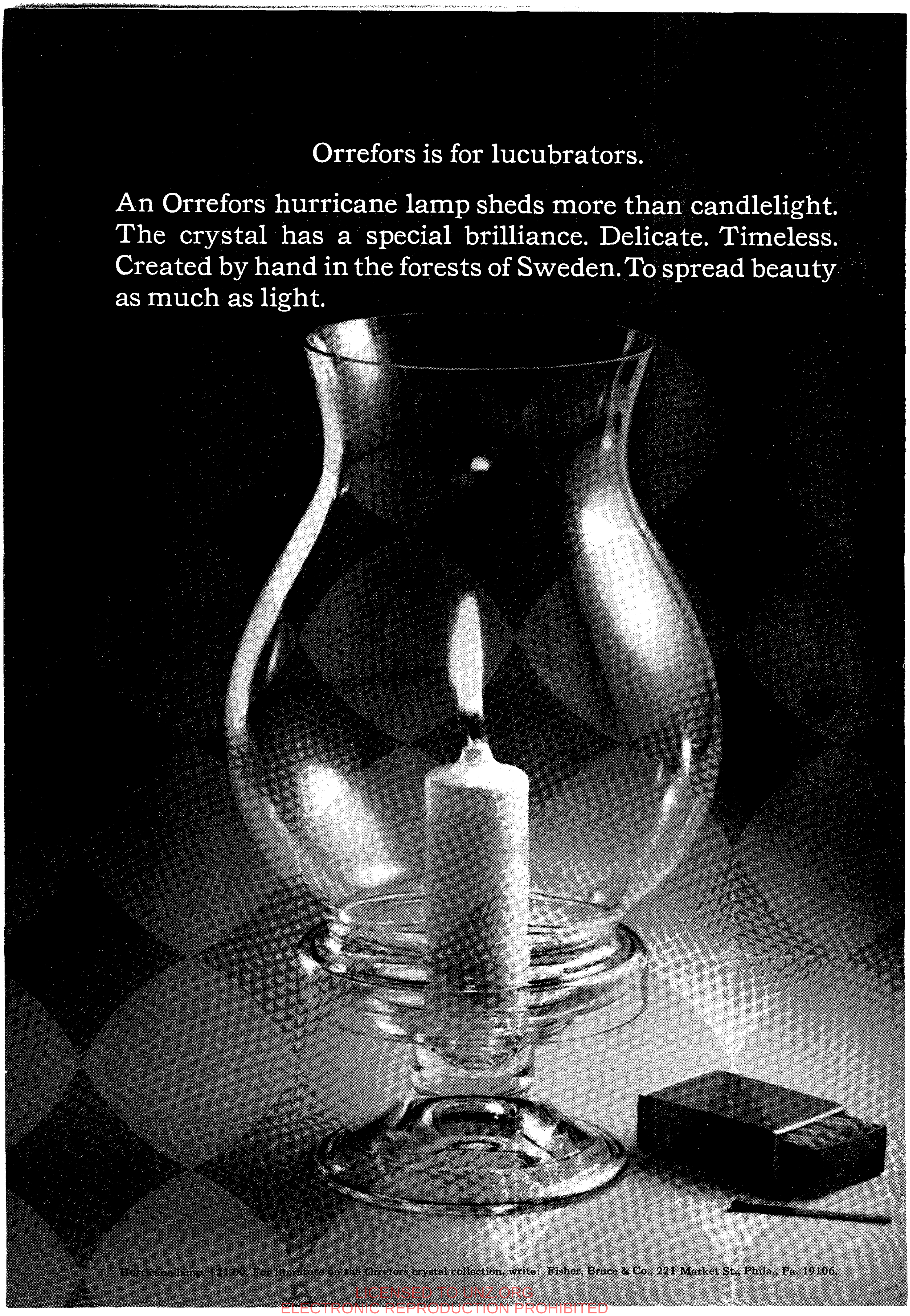

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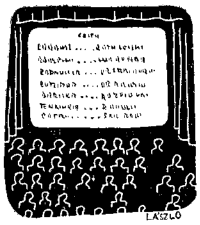
THE CURRENT CINEMA

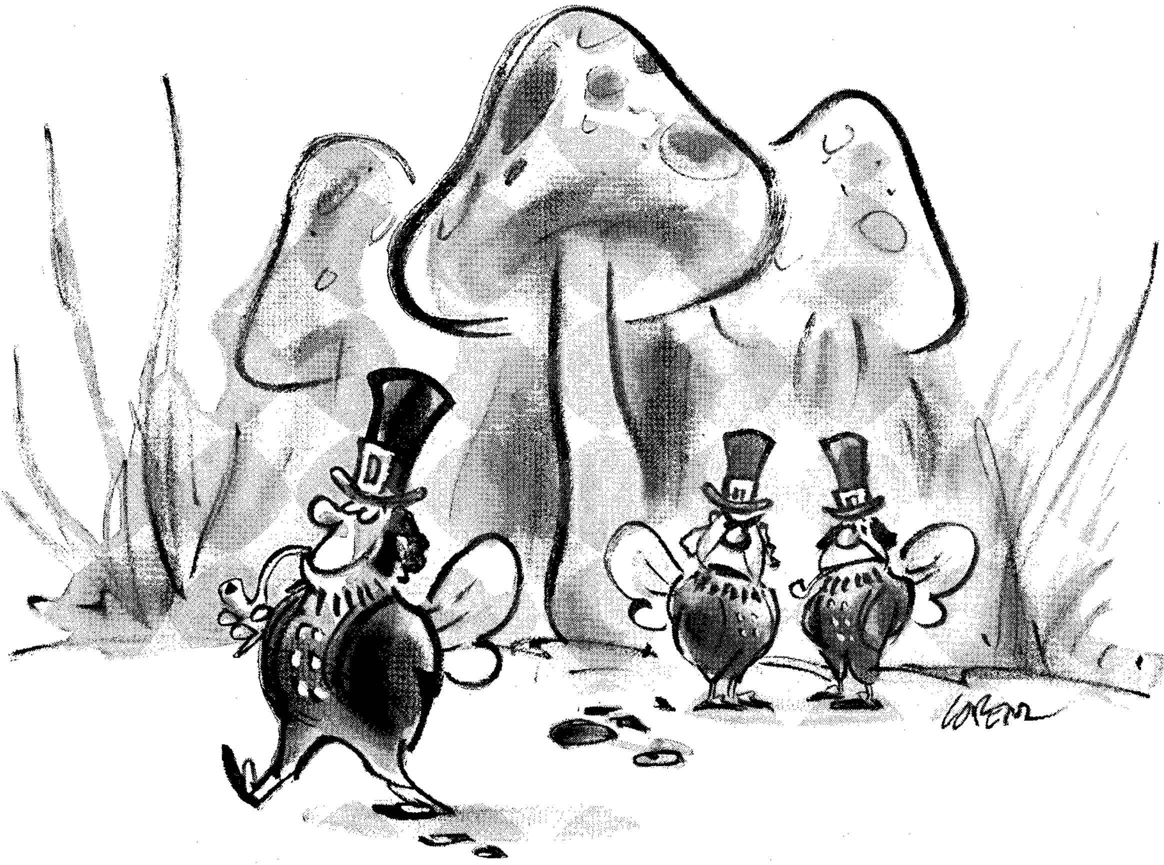
Movies in Movies



A LOT of people put the blame for the recent rotten pictures on the directors' having too much creative freedom, but what's probably closer to the truth is that the worst pictures have come about because they represent what the movie businessmen think the young audience wants. In the movie-factory days, the studio heads understood how to make acceptable trash; now the businessmen try to imitate the modern and free and avant-garde. They get hacks to imitate artists, and creative freedom is blamed for the results. I stress this point now because I want to praise a movie that is in some ways, and good ways, very old-fashioned—Peter Bogdanovich's "The Last Picture Show," from the Larry McMurtry novel—and I want to make sure that this praise for what will probably turn out to be a huge success with both critics and audiences isn't interpreted as a put-down of the talented people whose movies have been chaotic disasters.

"The Last Picture Show" arrives just when it seemed time to announce that movies as pop culture were dead. The few movies for the mass audience that succeeded were—artistically speaking—so macabre that it was best to forget about them, and the new, smaller movie audience was becoming used to looking for sparks of talent and was learning to reconcile itself to messy, semi-boring, promising failures. I think that maybe everyone who has kept going to the movies has understood that the explosion of forms *is* messy, and has felt the excitement of what was happening. The old commercial crust was being cleaned away. Fiascos like "Drive, He Said" weren't *dead*, in the way that fiascos like "The Last Run" were. And now Bogdanovich has made a film for *everybody*—not just the "Airport" audience but the youth audience and the educated older audience, too. The danger is that "The Last Picture Show," which is a story about growing up in a small town in Texas in the early fifties—the kind of straightforward, involving, narrative picture that doesn't often get produced anymore—will turn into a bludgeon to beat other filmmakers with.

What makes Bogdanovich's movie about small-town life different from earlier films of the genre, such as "King's Row" and "Peyton Place," is an unexpectedly cool naïveté that carries conviction, so that the movie has the effect not of a slick, worked-up, raunchy melodrama about tangled lives but, rather, of something closer to common experience. Even "King's Row" had the quality of a shocking exposé, though far less than "Peyton Place;" their selling point was that they showed you what was hidden under the surface of a nice clean town. "The Last Picture Show" presents almost as much of the material of standard melodrama, but simply, indicating that in this town it's all visible on the surface. The movie isn't exploitative of human passions or miseries; it doesn't work them up. Bogdanovich is so plain and uncondescending in his re-creation of what it means to be a high-school athlete, of what a country dance hall is like, of the necking in cars and movie houses, and of the desolation that follows high-school graduation that the movie becomes a lovingly exact history of American small-town life. It's a town that could never be mistaken for a wholesome place to grow up in. It's the smallest, bleakest, boringest kind of flatlands town—the kind that has only one street with businesses on it. McMurtry also wrote "Horseman, Pass By," on which the movie "Hud" was based, and this new movie is set in the same dust-and-oil Texas. But "Hud" was written by Hollywood pros, cast with star personalities, and directed for "meaning" and charge. This time, the author did the script together with the director, and McMurtry's storytelling sense and his feeling for authenticity have been retained. The dialogue is so natural an emanation of the characters that you're hardly aware of it as dialogue. Our recent fiction films—especially those dealing with an earlier America—have become so full of self-hatred that, ironically, it has been only in documentaries, such as Fred Wiseman's, that one could see occasional



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decent and noble human gestures. This picture doesn't use the past merely to project current attitudes on it. McMurtry's truth is a small one, but Bogdanovich has been faithful to it: the nostalgia of "The Last Picture Show" reflects the need to come to terms with one's own past.

The movie is concerned with adolescent experience seen in terms of flatlands anomie: loneliness, ignorance about sex, confusion about one's aims in life. Sonny (Timothy Bottoms) and Duane (Jeff Bridges) grow into manhood without much in the way of models. The one person they look up to is Sam the Lion (Ben Johnson), a somewhat romanticized father figure, whose three businesses—the all-night café and the pool hall and the movie house—are the source of the only fun in town, and Sam dies just when Sonny needs him most. "The Last Picture Show" has a basic decency of feeling, with people relating to each other, sometimes on very simple levels, and becoming miserable when they can't relate. This is difficult to do now without seeming square or foolishly naïve. It's wonderful to see a movie that is unsophisticated in this sense; Bogdanovich isn't afraid of sentiment, and this lack of fear results in the finest moment in the movie—at the end, a long look at Sonny's suffering face. Though the older women in the town are dealt with sympathetically, the young girls are not; I hope no one tries to make a Women's Lib hanging case out of this. The girls are seen only from the boys' point of view; this is perhaps an indication of McMurtry's and Bogdanovich's limited understanding rather than a deliberately chosen perspective, but truth to one's experience is far more important in a writer and a director than a hollow "fairness" doctrine.

"The Last Picture Show" is in black-and-white (startlingly eloquent in the exteriors: the views of the town and a sequence at the lake), and the black-and-white silhouetting—so that we seem to be looking at a map of life as it was—helps to clarify and stylize the subject matter. It badly needs this stylization, because, of course, this kind of subject matter—a shallow overview of town life—is dangerously close to TV, and especially to the "Peyton Place" TV series. The proximity is emphasized by the fact that Timothy Bottoms often suggests Ryan O'Neal, but Bottoms is not so self-aware an actor, not so knowing about the effects he's producing; he gives himself over to the role with a beautiful unself-conscious openness. And so, just as most of

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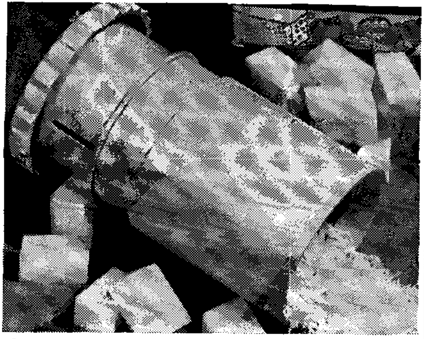

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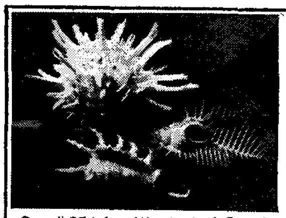

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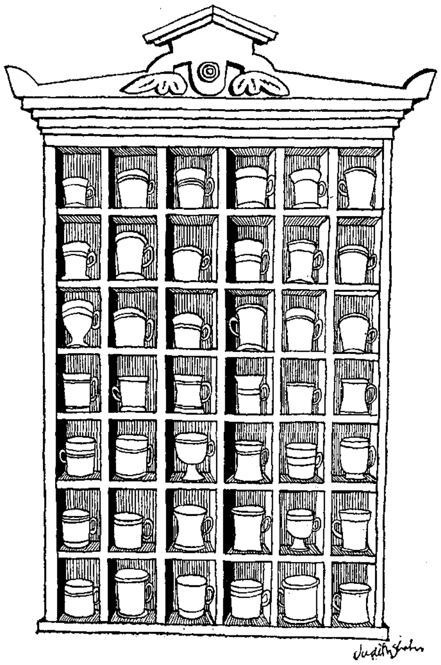
the material in the movie escapes being cliché, Bottoms escapes being a standard sensitive juvenile. There are other resemblances and reminiscences: Ellen Burstyn, as the town bitch's mother, seems to be playing the Dorothy Malone role; the slutty girl (Cybill Shepherd, a familiar face from magazine covers and commercials) belongs to the world of Gloria Grahame movies; Eileen Brennan, as Genevieve, the waitress, has echoes of many an old-movie good broad. Bogdanovich is effective in using a variety of performers without milking their differences, though I have reservations about the casting of Cloris Leachman as the sex-starved woman—not because she doesn't play it well but because it's such a Cloris Leachman role. The movie is perhaps what TV soap opera would be if it were more honest—if it looked at ordinary experience in a non-exploitative way, if it had observation and humor. It is perhaps an *ideal* TV show.

There is one change in emphasis from novel to movie that fails, maybe because the director was overreaching a bit. In McMurtry's novel, the closing down of the movie theatre represented the end of a way of life. It marked the transition from the few hours at the movies that kids daydreamed on all week to the age of television. (I think one could say it was a transition from—mostly—tinny dreams to no dreams. TV watchers keep it going; there's no interlude for dreaming. And so TV watchers are not romantics.) Part of the authenticity of McMurtry's vision was that the kids lived on whatever movies came to town, because if you spent your youth in a remote small town in a huge,



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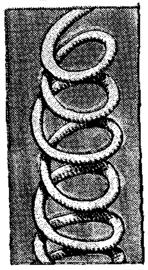

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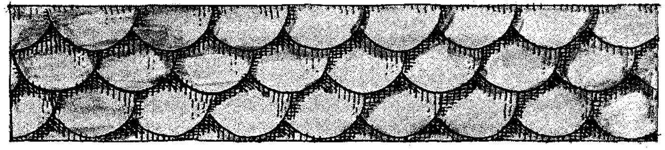

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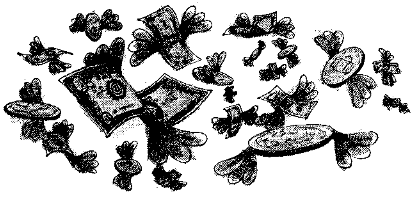

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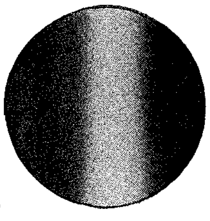

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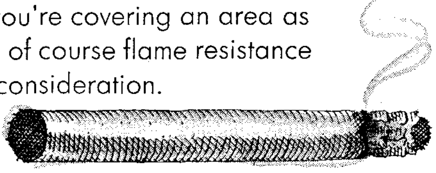

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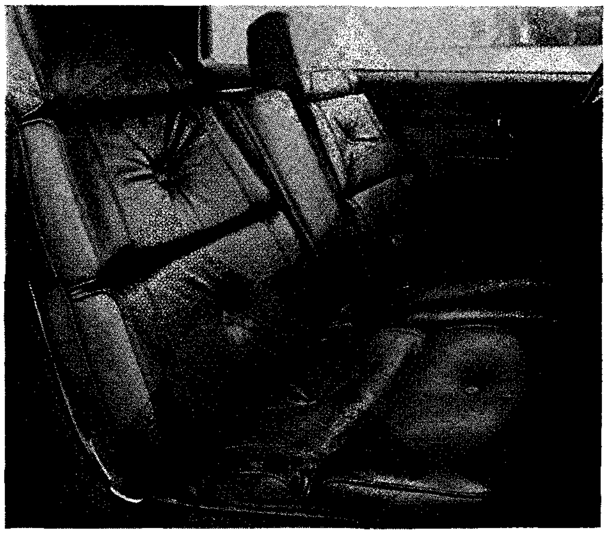

Look inside an Imperial. Examine some of the things they check during the road test. The way the seats work. The fit of the glove box door. The operation of the windows.

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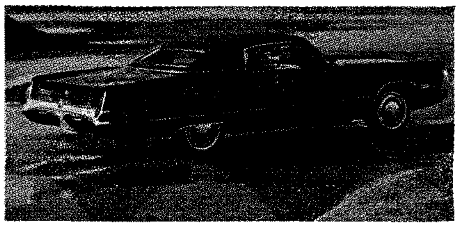

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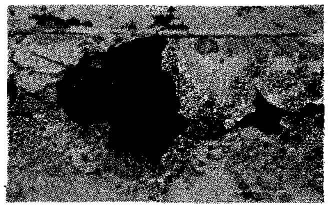

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sprawling country the local picture show was all there was. In the novel, when the boys and girls went to the theatre to neck, the picture on the screen was "Storm Warning," with Doris Day, Ronald Reagan, Steve Cochran, and Ginger Rogers, and Sonny's date fantasized about Sonny's looking like Cochran while Sonny waited for Ginger Rogers to take off her dress, because outside the theatre there was a still of her in her slip. When the movie house closed down, the last picture that was run was an Audie Murphy job called "The Kid from Texas," with Gale Storm; it was a dog, and the boys—restless because Duane was leaving for Korea—walked out on it. In the film, however, the dating picture is "Father of the Bride," with Elizabeth Taylor, and there's a coming-attraction poster for John Ford's "Wagonmaster" (with Ben Johnson). And when the theatre closes down, the final picture, from which we see a stirringly heroic clip, is Howard Hawks' "Red River." This clip is only a small part of "The Last Picture Show," but it has a lot of metaphorical weight to it. Sam the Lion, who seems to belong to the stalwart world of movie epics, has already delivered one portentous line that sticks out: "You wouldn't believe how this land has changed." The effect is to suggest a big ironic contrast between the heroism in the movie clip—which appears to stand for an earlier, epic America—and the shoddy, meagre possibilities in the lives of the characters.

But movies don't have this resonance in the lives of the characters. The movies they grew up on were an escape from boredom; even the boring movies were an escape. Looking at Elizabeth Taylor might well make anyone dissatisfied with his lot—she really *was* the most beautiful girl in the world. But to be disconsolate when you're watching "Storm Warning" and waiting for a forty-year-old actress to get down to her slip—well, maybe you have to have seen "Storm Warning" to realize the poignancy of that level of dissatisfaction with your life, and that level is part of the truth of American experience. For several decades, the generally tawdry films we saw week after week contributed to our national identity—such as it was. Now only the counter-culture uses movies (and only a few, key movies) this way—for new heroes, new styles, new attitudes. "The Last Picture Show" is set in the right period; the early fifties marked the beginning of the change. But to use old movies as

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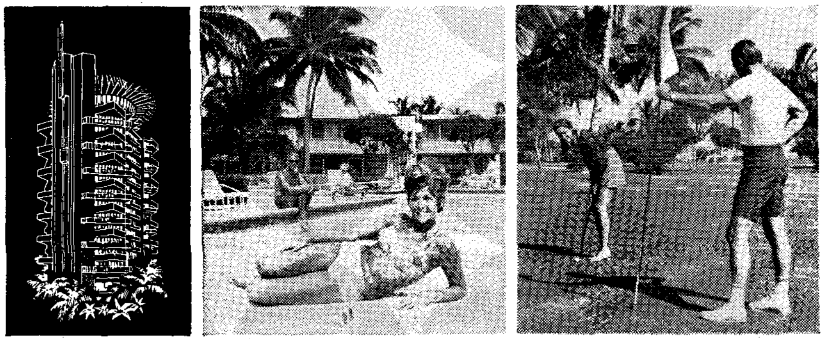

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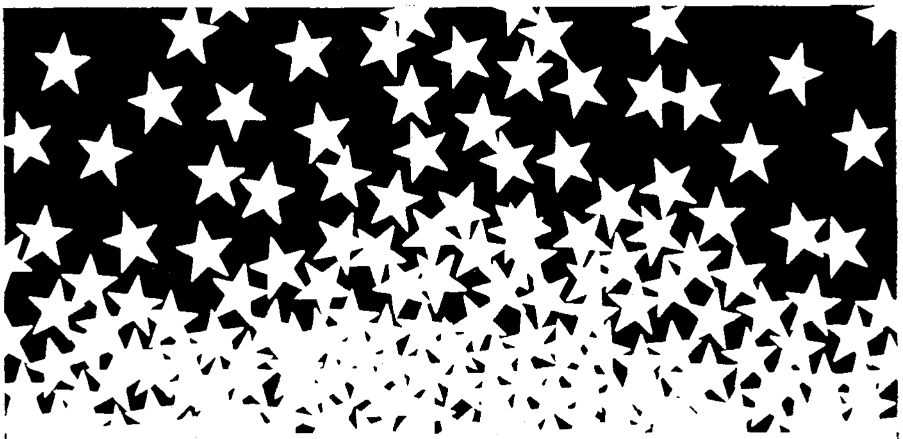

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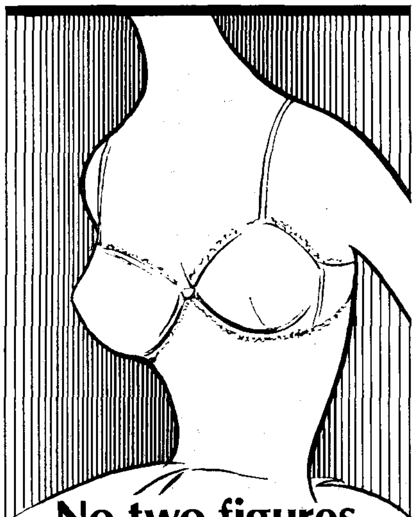
great heroic myths contrasting with drab lives is to simplify the nature of our moviegoing past.

THE directors of a few big hits have also become counter-culture heroes, and perhaps the most interesting question posed by Dennis Hopper's "The Last Movie" is not aesthetic but sociological: Is Hopper enough of a hero (because of "Easy Rider") to get by with this movie? "Last" in the title appears to be used apocalyptically; I think Hopper means to say that there must be no more movies. He seems to have shot several epics. One is about an American film crew (with Sam Fuller as director and Hopper as stuntman) shooting a Western in the Andes of Peru; the natives imitate them and turn moviemaking into a ritual game—the camera is made of bamboo, but the bullets and blows are (maybe; we can't be sure) real. This epic also becomes a Passion movie, with Hopper as the Christ victim of the natives' game. (His Christ looks like William F. Buckley gone hip.) Intercut is a story about a search for gold by Hopper and a buddy, and this story involves a profusion of native whores, plus some rich Americans, an amusingly hokey chanteuse, some sex exhibitions, and a very funny put-on about learning to find gold from "The Treasure of Sierra Madre." Straight and lampoon blur: Is it a joke when Hopper turns into James Dean? I don't know, and I'm not sure he knows. Smashed together, the themes seem to form a gigantic classic paranoid fantasy, although that is clearly not what the director intended. He intercuts to destroy credibility, and throws in alternate scenes and occasional titles, such as "Scene Missing," so that viewers will not be able to sit back and be "carried away" by a story. Finally, he fractures whatever seemed to be left of the themes. His deliberate disintegration of the story elements he has built up screams at us that, with so much horror in the world, he refuses to entertain us. It would be stupid to deny that there are reasons for screaming, but I doubt if Hopper knows what he wants to do, except not entertain us, and I'm afraid he will interpret the audience's exhaustion from his flailing about as apathy and complacency. This knockabout tragedy is not a vision of the chaos in the world—not a "Weekend," not a "Shame"—but a reflection of his own confusion. Hopper as Christ is maybe partly put-on, but only partly; Hopper doesn't seem to have a face anymore, only a profile, and he can't take the camera



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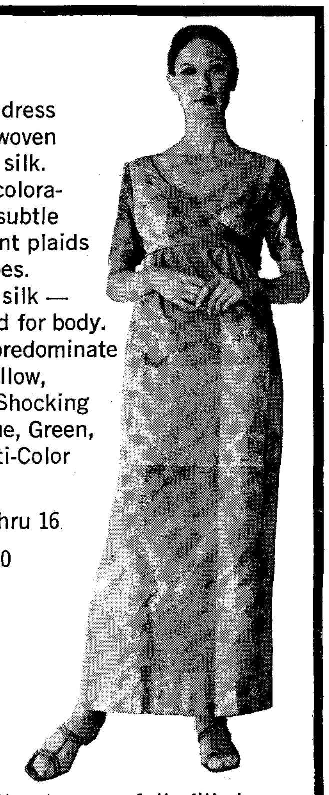

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off it. The most embarrassing thing about his Christ bit is not that he has cast himself in the role but that he has so little visual interest in anyone else. The Peruvians in the film are an undifferentiated mass of stupid people; not a face stands out in the crowd scenes except Hopper's—the others are just part of the picturesque background to *his* suffering.

One would have to be playing Judas to the public to advise anyone to go see "The Last Movie." Hopper may have the makings of a movie (perhaps more than one), but he blew it in the editing room. If he was deliberate in not involving the audience, the audience that is not involved doesn't care whether he was deliberate or not. That there's method in the madness doesn't help. The editing supplies so little in the way of pace or rhythm that this movie performs the astounding feat of dying on the screen in the first few minutes, before the credits come on. "Easy Rider" was heavily indebted to its varied songs, which changed the moods and rhythms; this time Hopper has used lugubrious songs that drag everything down to a standstill. And yet he has an amazing, distinctive visual style; if he could throw away his chop-chop scissors and stop disrupting the flow of images in order to make stupid points about what's real and what's unreal, he might be able to bring something new to movies. This film was shot by Laszlo Kovacs, and perhaps I'm giving Hopper undue credit for Kovacs' work. But I've seen a lot of Kovacs by now, and—though I'm guessing, of course—I think there's also a director's eye at

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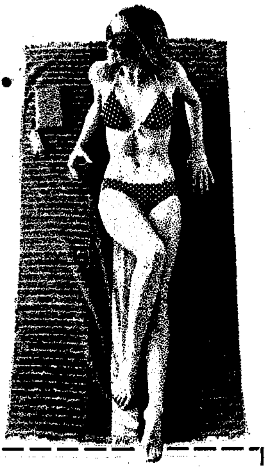

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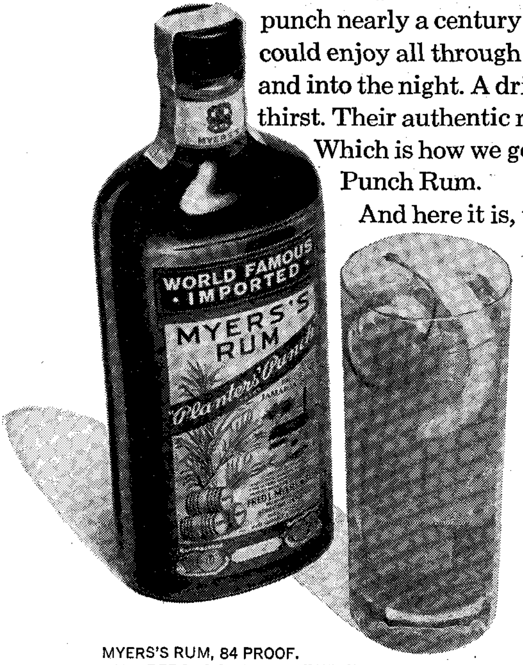

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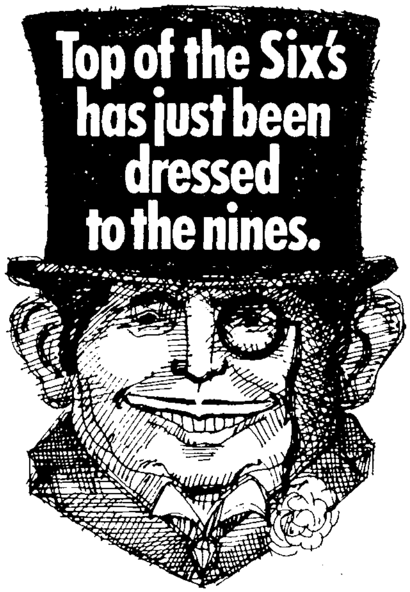
work in these setups and in the palette, which is unlike any movie color I can recall. There's a faint but (I think) fully conscious primitivism in the shots; the color is a cross between the Sierra Club books and Mexican picture-postcard style—greens lush but slightly painted-looking, and with a hint of patterning. It's like exquisite calendar art, and reminiscent of early Miró and of the Juan Gris giant-postcard landscapes. The one thing of value in the movie is Hopper's way of looking at the countryside. But why are we in Peru? His message appears to be about the violence and evil caused by movies. (*Movies?*) But it would be hard to find a place with less evidence of corruption by movies than the Peru he shows us. The people on the Peruvian plains are probably as bored as the people in McMurtry's Texas, but they get few movies. There *is* a good subject in the effects of movies on remote cultures, but Hopper doesn't show the slightest interest in that subject; he's trying to be a social critic without providing any specific social content. It's hysterical to blame the violence in the world on American movies. Hopper seems to have worked up a big head of steam about nothing; with all the horrors there are, he has cooked up fake ones.

Yet I hope this won't actually be Hopper's last movie. He has cast himself as a scapegoat; I hope he doesn't become one. If Bogdanovich replaces Hopper as the hero of the industry—if, to the industry, he becomes the new hot director that everyone should imitate—the most talented moviemakers may be in trouble. Even Nixon could like "The Last Picture Show." And though it's marvellous to have pictures like that for everyone to enjoy, most of the talented people don't work that way and can't make that kind of movie. But the businessmen seem able to keep only one idea in their heads at a time.

WARNER BROTHERS is honoring itself for the release of its *fifteen-hundredth motion picture* (who's going to count?) with a picture fittingly entitled "Skin Game." It turns out, however, to be charming—utterly unimportant, but another movie that almost everybody can enjoy. The director, Paul Bogart (a TV veteran), makes no distinctive contribution except for his unlabored, loose approach, but the movie is well written, the whole thing has a good flukey spirit, and the color is sometimes lovely. It's a casual series of jokes about three bunco artists in the Old (pre-Civil War) South—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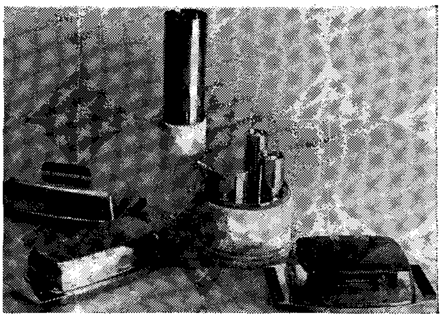

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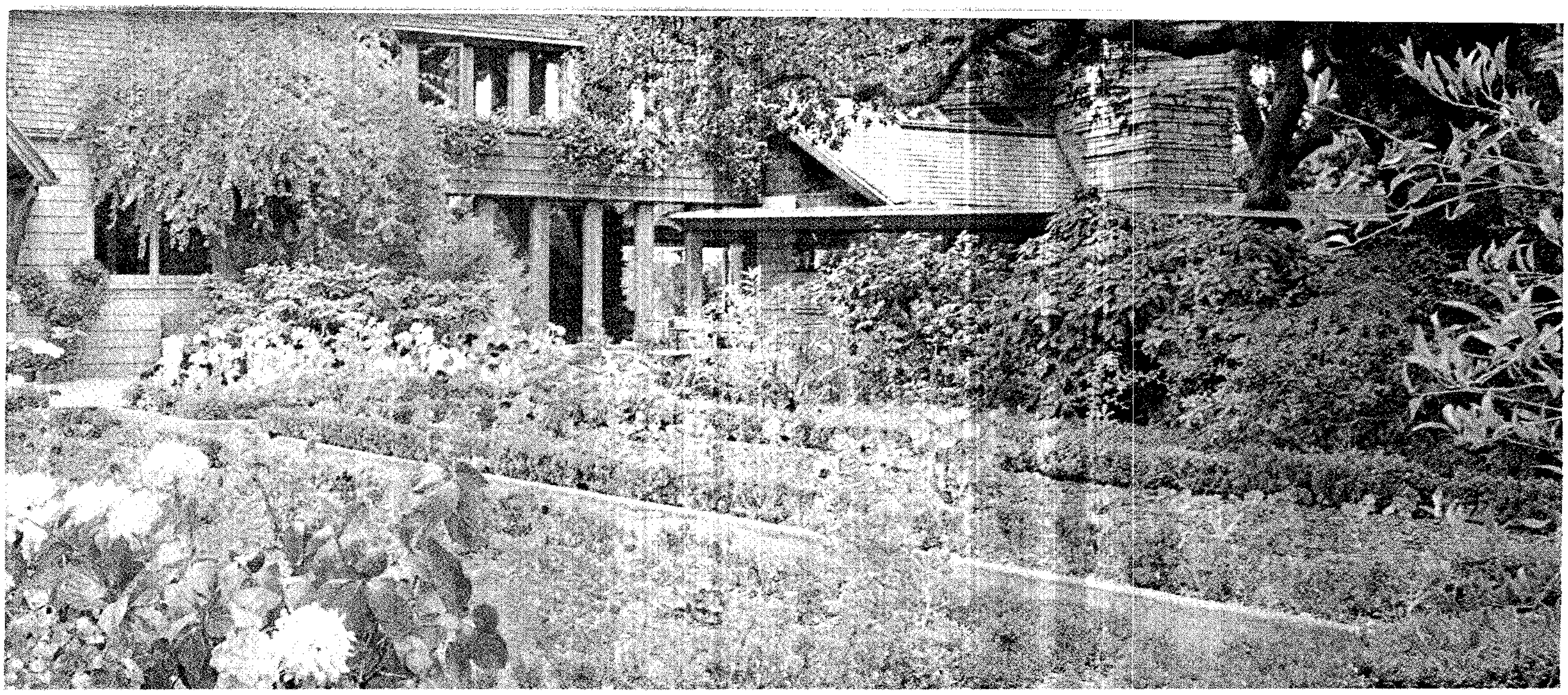

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SPRINGS MILLS, INC., 104 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK 10018 reminiscent of "The Scalphunters" but not as lively. (It lacks those two dynamos Burt Lancaster and Ossie Davis.) The casting is a bit lacklustre. Lou Gossett is pretty good as the Northern city-slicker Negro outwitting the Southern whites, but James Garner carries a TV actor's lassitude into his screen roles; he isn't bad, but his mild pleasantness just isn't enough to command one's full attention. I guess Susan Clark is better than usual (she has some comedy sense), but her attraction—if, indeed, anybody besides movie moguls considers her attractive—eludes me. This example of tall-story Americana, with its punning title, is not much more than an entertaining time killer, but you get a good feeling when you're in an audience that spontaneously breaks into applause for outrageously silly jokes. —PAULINE KAEL

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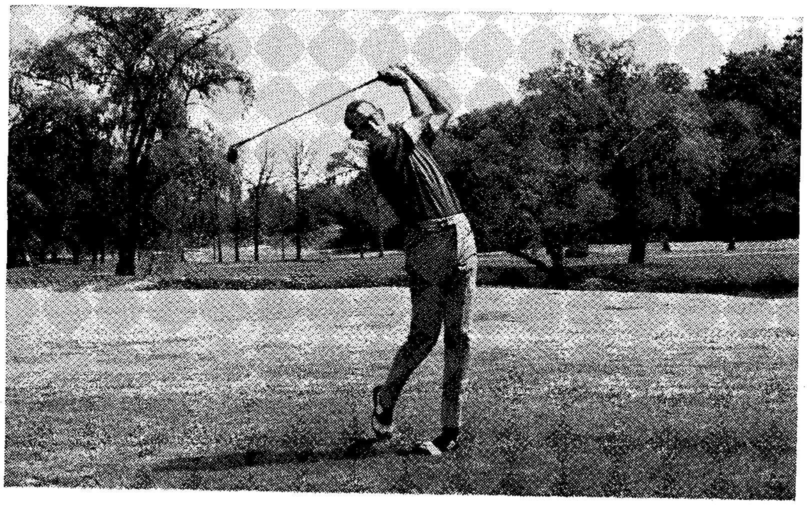

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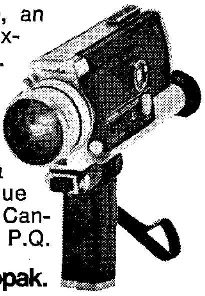

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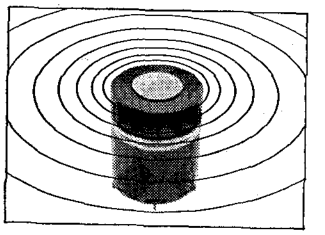

BOOKS

Under the Greenwood Tree

NOTHING would be easier than to patronize E. M. Forster's posthumous novel, "Maurice" (Norton). Begun in 1913, completed the year after, and, one gathers, scarcely touched since, the book dates. "Not only," as Forster observes in a delightful terminal note, "because of its endless anachronisms—its half-sovereign tips, pianola-records, norfolk jackets, Police Court News, Hague Conferences, Libs and Rads and Terriers, uniformed doctors and undergraduates walking arm in arm, but for a more vital reason: it belongs to an England where it was still possible to get lost. It belongs to the last moment of the greenwood." "Maurice" is a tale of homosexuality which, as legend had widely broadcast, Forster did not wish to publish during the lifetime of a cherished aunt and which, more surprisingly, he chose to keep from all but a few near friends and younger admirers until after his own death, a year ago. Inevitably, the conception and handling of the theme are almost risibly hedged and dated. There is, moreover, a curious incompletion, a forced artifice of happiness at the close. "I was determined that in fiction anyway two men should fall in love and remain in it for the ever and ever that fiction allows." So far as the material involved Morgan Forster's own life at its most guarded and vital pulse, the motive is understandable. Yet the wish nevertheless makes for fleeting sentimentality.

But whereas the defects of the book are obvious, the interest of the case lies in the several strengths of "Maurice" and in its place in Forster's work. Written immediately after "Howards End" and in a confident rush of creation, "Maurice" says things that obviously meant the world to the novelist and that he excised from his public and—in that sense—less engaged, less than perfectly honest writings.

"I began by saying, 'I think I may state without fear of being gainsaid—' and before I could state anything I was gainsaid."

The opening vignette is brilliant. Maurice and his prep-school master are walking on a beach. Mr. Ducie enlightens his charge on the mystery of sex. He draws diagrams in the sand. As in a drowse, Maurice takes in these occult and shadowy specifications. Liberated, the man and the boy stroll on by the colorless sea. They are followed by promenaders. Mr. Ducie realizes that he has not obliterated the infernal diagrams. He turns back, sweating with fear. Luckily, the tide is rising and the waters will wash away the perilous truths. Maurice is obscurely outraged: "'Liar,' he thought. 'Liar, coward, he's told me nothing.'" So far the little scene is that of a master. Then comes the impairing note of period rhetoric, the nervous sonority of the late Victorian: "Darkness rolled up again, the darkness that is primeval but not eternal, and yields to its own painful dawn."

We follow Maurice through family life—a widowed mother, two sisters, turnip tops in a villa outside London—and school. Dr. Barry's lecture to him on the need for man "that is born of woman to go with woman" is not a success. But soon there is Cambridge, with its gray stone full of spun light and the slow music of the river. The university chapters are the heart of the book. They show the impatient ease, the compression of autobiography. Durham is a small man with simple manners and a fair face. He plays the march from the "Pathétique" on the pianola, confesses to agnosticism, and has read Plato's "Symposium." When he tells Maurice that he loves him, his eyes go intensely blue. At first, Maurice recoils. Forster precisely mimics the style of muscular Christianity: "Durham, you're an Englishman. I'm another . . . a rotten notion really." But soon he is in anguish. The instant of revelation crystallizes the anachronism of the novel and its integrity:

> Then savage, reckless, drenched with the rain, he saw in the first glimmer of dawn the window of Durham's room, and his heart leapt alive and shook him to pieces. It cried "You love and are loved." He looked round the court. It cried "You are strong, he weak and alone," won over his will. Terrified at

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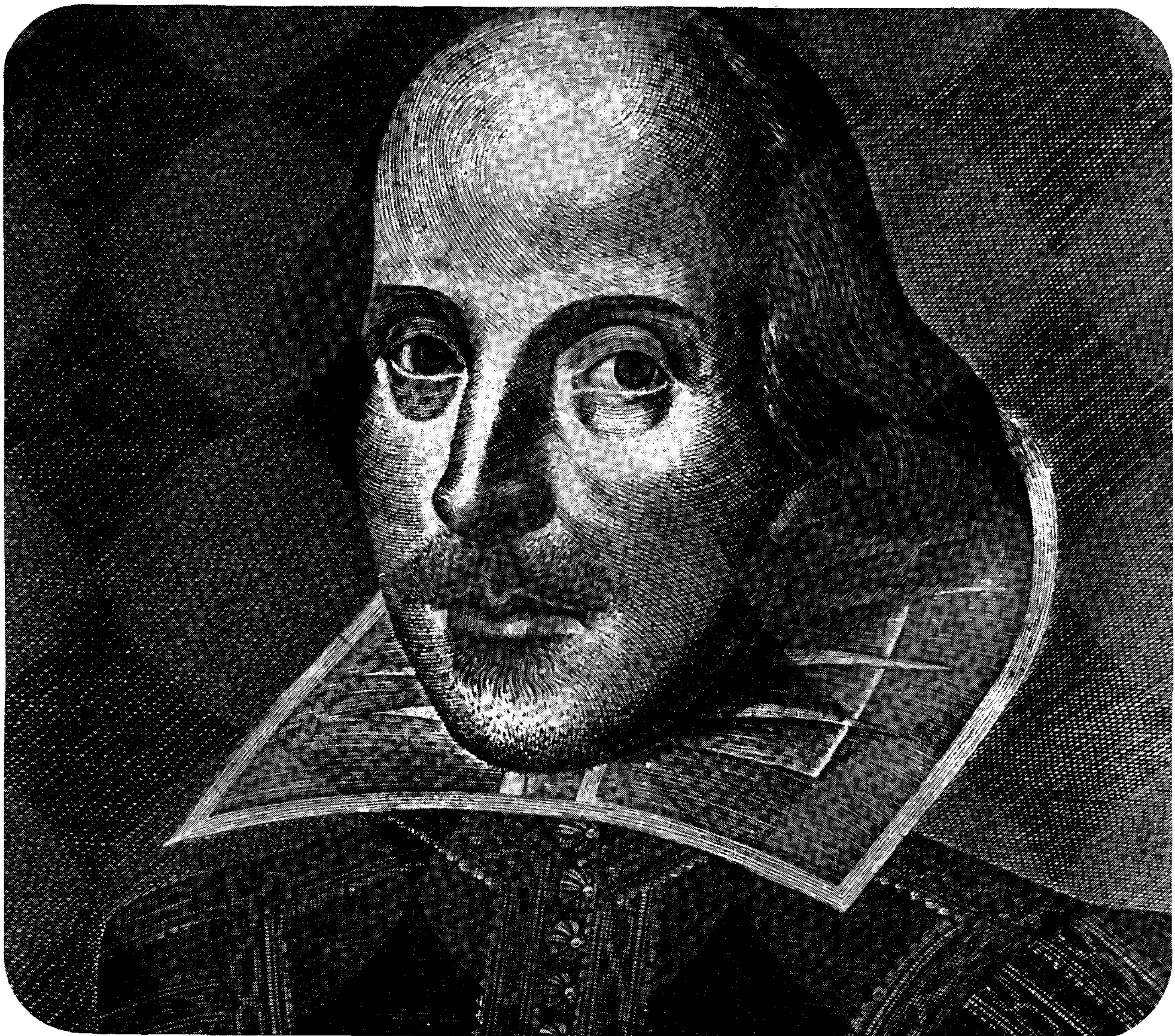

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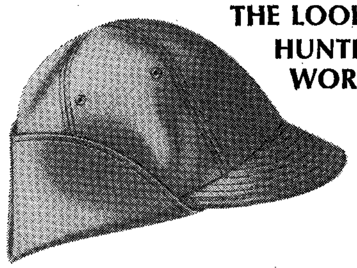

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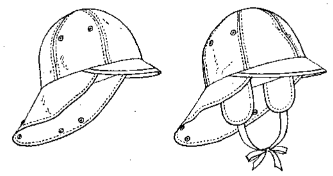

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what he must do, he caught hold of the mullion and sprang.

"Maurice—"

As he alighted his name had been called out of dreams. The violence went out of his heart, and a purity that he had never imagined dwelt there instead. His friend had called him. He stood for a moment entranced, then the new emotion found him words, and laying his hand very gently upon the pillows he answered, "Clive!"

How easy it is to pick apart, to exhibit for irony and boredom the flushed loftiness of Forster's manner. Our current economies are Hemingway's. They come of understatement and carry a physical punch. Forster's abstractions are at once prepotent and hollow. They have behind them a genteel code of values and a psychology that is flat because it is reticent. Our hearts no longer declaim in the vocative; if we take hold of the mullion and spring, it is in order to rifle the dean's files for incriminating dossiers from the F.B.I. A fair number of us, one supposes, are still called Clive, but we would hardly admit to the fact on a pillow. Yet how unembarrassed a truth there is in the passage, and how obvious is the hand of a master in the contracted, clouded syntax of the phrase "the new emotion found him words."

Maurice visits Durham at Penge, a rundown property on the Somerset border. Both house and estate are marked not by decay but by the immobility that precedes it. "There is no forest or fell to escape to today," complained Forster in 1960, "no cave in which to curl up, no deserted valley for those who wish neither to reform nor corrupt society but to be left alone." The occurrences at Penge make for a doomed pastoral. Private corruption darkens the glade and the larger insanity of world war is near. The very short eighteenth chapter is, structurally, the center of "Maurice" and a stylistic disaster. Ecstasy "carves channels." Maurice "makes" love, and Clive "preserves" it, causing "its rivers to water the garden." The lovers tread a "narrow and beautiful path," distilling "to their utmost the nobility and sweetness of the world." They have their last year at Cambridge and travel in Italy. Then "the prison house" of adult life closes on them. By comparison, "Love Story" is marmoreal prose. It looks as if Forster were under extreme pressure here, as if he did not elect to "write well" of a remembrance so vital. The saccharine intensity he produces is almost destructive of credibility. Perhaps it was a private code, meant to put off the uninitiate. But why did

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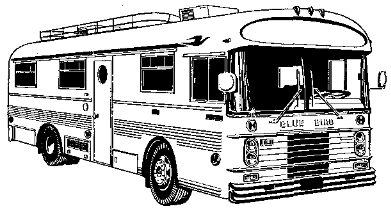

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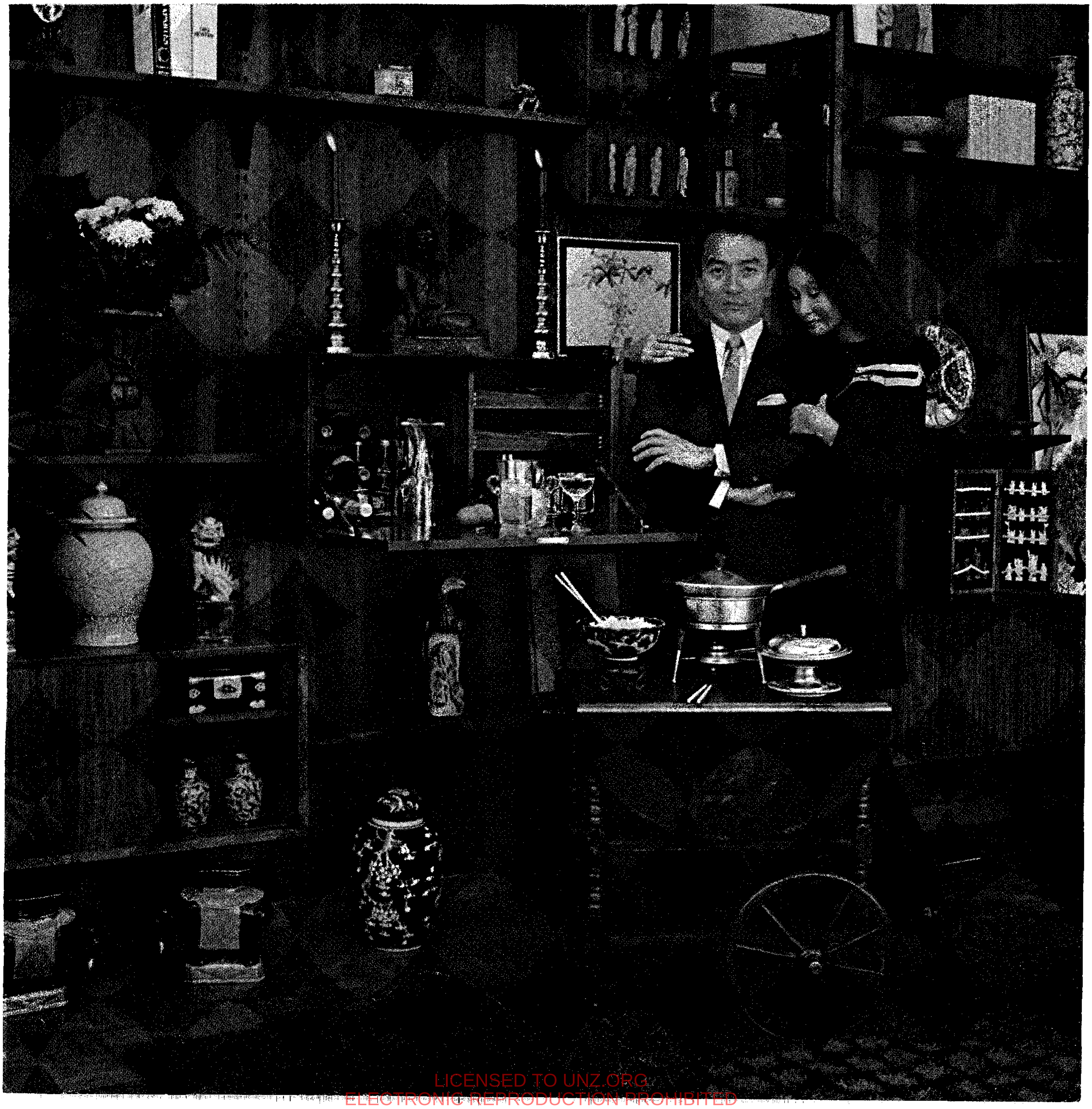

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he leave such pages vulnerable, why did he not revise obvious weaknesses during the long years he kept the manuscript and even gave occasional readings from it to a circle of Cambridge friends? This, as one reads "Maurice," becomes an insistent question.

During a trip to Greece—the location is an ironic reversal of the symbolic pattern, for Greece would in the usual convention of fiction be the place of homoerotic experience—Clive Durham "becomes normal." "The love of women would rise as certainly as the sun, scorching up immaturity and ushering the full human day." Again, this is the kind of sentence one finds awkward to place seriously. At one level, it is pompous bathos. But inflect it otherwise, imagine a fiercer context, and the idiom takes on something of the hammering urgency of D. H. Lawrence now so greatly admired.

Maurice's existence turns to ash. He works in the City, joins the Territorials, and gives up Saturday golf to play football with the youths of the College Settlement, in South London. But abrupt attacks of physical lust leave him sickened and afraid. He seeks medical advice, only to be told that he must banish forever such evil hallucinations and temptations by the Devil. The scene of the consultation is one of the sparsest, bitterest in the whole of Forster. Maurice is invited to Penge, where Clive is now a married man, playing cricket with the villagers and seeking election to Parliament. There is a gamekeeper, Alec Scudder, a vaguely coarse, insinuating fellow bent on emigrating to the Argentine. Despite the cold, the scents are everywhere that night. The laborers repairing the tiles on the roof have left their ladder resting against a windowsill. Maurice hears a noise so intimate that it might have arisen inside his own body. The top of the ladder quivers against the moonlit air. The head and shoulders of a man rise up, a gun is leant carefully against the window, "and someone he scarcely knew moved towards him and knelt beside him and whispered, 'Sir, was you calling out for me? . . . Sir, I know. . . . I know,' and touched him."

The scene was written in 1913-14, but Forster looked at it again in 1960 and knew that it would be published even later. Why, in the name of "Lady Chatterley," stick to the gamekeeper? Surely a gardener would do as well. I feel that if one had a convincing answer to this unavoidable question, much of the novel, or, rather, of Forster's attitude to it, would fall into place. In-

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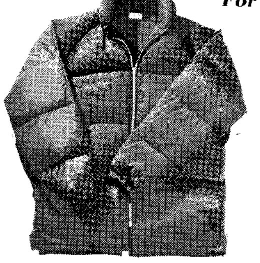

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difference to a rival reputation? A biographical touch so exact and precious that it could not be elided? Or is Scudder's profession a stroke of feline malice (not wholly uncharacteristic of Forster's late years), a wink to the informed reader that Lawrence's heterosexual posturing might be suspect? In any event, one flinches from future theses on "the nocturnal role of the gamekeeper in the twentieth-century novel." In French fiction, the face at the window is that of a poacher. By which thread great differences may be said to hang.

The concluding chapters of "Maurice" are by far the trimmest. After a faintly comical attempt to "cure himself" by means of hypnosis, Maurice returns to Alec's arms. Alec threatens blackmail. Master and man meet in the British Museum. It is a duel of two worlds, of two systems of speech and perception, narrated with an incisive delicacy that will lead directly to "A Passage to India." The lovers pace among the statues of heroes "perfect but bloodless." Each in turn moves from solicitude to savagery. The razor edge of caste cuts between them. Alec's *blackmail is bluff; the police will always back a gentleman against a menial.* But despite his shallow greed, the gamekeeper knows more than does his patron of the anarchic equality of love. The barriers of class and fear break down; they go out together into the rain and seek a hotel for the night. In a closing scene, Maurice confronts Clive Durham with the quiet announcement that he is in love with Scudder, that they are proposing to share their lives. There can be no twilight henceforth, no compromise with the world. Maurice literally disappears from the room: "To the end of his life Clive was not sure of the exact moment of departure, and with the approach of old age he grew uncertain whether the moment had yet occurred." All that is left is a little pile of the petals of the evening primrose, "which mourned from the ground like an expiring fire." Epilogues, says E. M. Forster, are for Tolstoy. Or for critics.

Gide's "Immoralist" had appeared in 1902. By the time Forster was at work on "Maurice," Gide was preparing, though for private circulation only, his ascetic but unabashed apologia for pederasty in "Corydon." Proust was immersed in his social and psychological anatomy of Sodom and Gomorrah. Conditions in England were, obviously, thornier. As we know from the life of A. E. Housman, which at certain pre-

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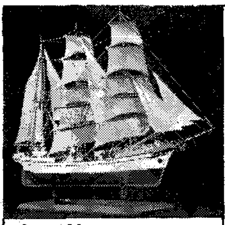

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cise points uncannily resembles that of Forster's hero, the impact of the Oscar Wilde scandal had been felt throughout English sensibility. Homoerotic passions had to be kept clandestine, under peril of ostracism. Nonetheless, Forster's ambivalence, particularly in a text not intended for publication, remains puzzling and, ultimately, damaging. In the very instant of mutual acceptance, when Maurice and Alec go to seek out a hotel for the night, Maurice's tone is "affectionate yet dejected." That sadness dims the entire novel. Forster tells us that "Maurice" springs directly from a visit to Edward Carpenter at his "Uranian Shrine" in Millthorpe, near Sheffield. (Curiously, Forster's postscript of 1960 distorts the name to "Milthorpe.") Now almost forgotten, Carpenter was at the time an influential guru, and he provides a further odd link between Forster and D. H. Lawrence. Carpenter saw in Whitman's conception of the love of comrades the highest ideal of eros, the true and democratizing coming of age of love. But, besides being colored by elaborate, inane theories of astral influence, Carpenter's sexual creed was, in fact, evasive. Homosexuality was itself only a stage on the road to perfect "intermediacy." The "Child of Uranus" would possess a

> Woman-soul within a Man's form
> dwelling . . .
> So gentle, gracious, dignified,
> complete,
> With man's strength to perform,
> and pride to suffer without
> sign,
> And feminine sensitiveness to the
> last fibre of being.

Thus, whereas "Maurice" is clear-sighted and aroused about class relations—"Clive on the bench will continue to sentence Alec in the dock. Maurice may get off"—it articulates its central sexual theme with duplicity. It is as if Morgan Forster lived in a measure of self-condemnation, or, more exactly, as if he could never shake off the secrecies, the aura of shame that a prudish, vengeful society had sought to instill in him. When he speaks of Clive Durham's "cure," of his "normality," he does it without irony and in pained defeat.

This defensive pathos diminishes the book. "Maurice" is not anywhere near Forster's best. But because Forster is an important writer with a coherent *œuvre*, this posthumous novel forces one to rethink his achievement as a whole. It throws particular light on the genius of "A Passage to India." The choice of theme and treatment in Forster's masterpiece, it now seems

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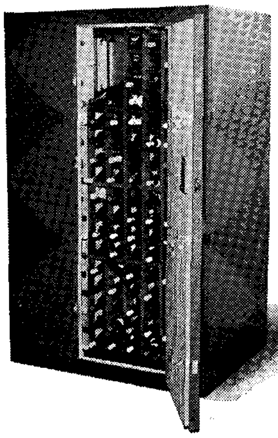

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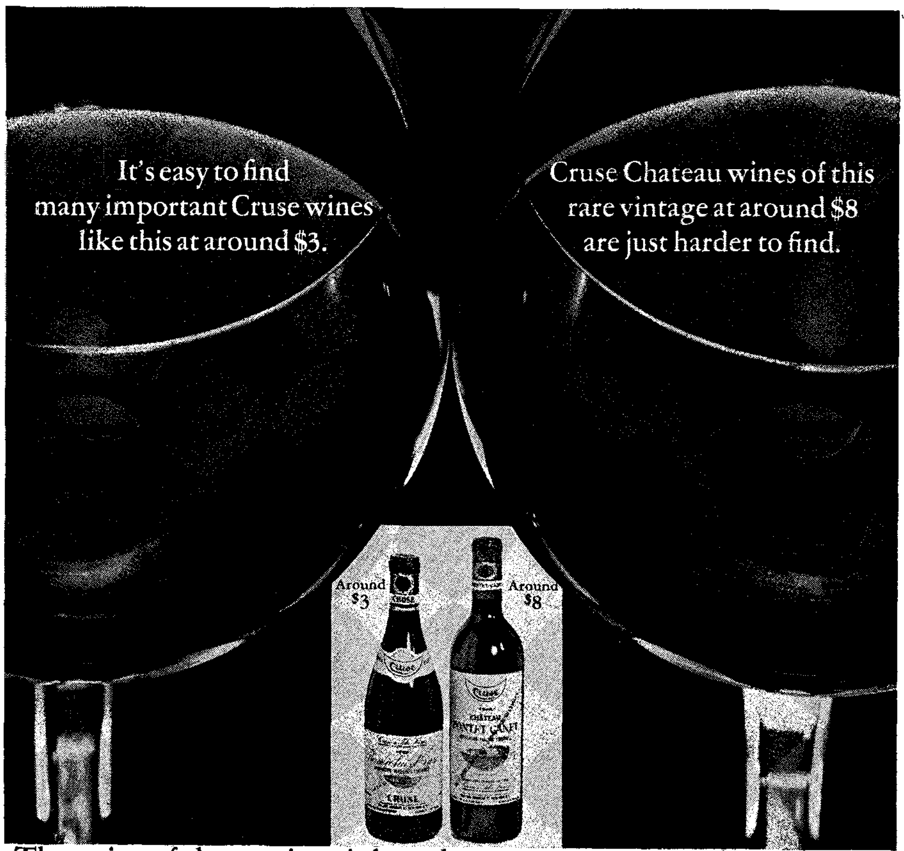
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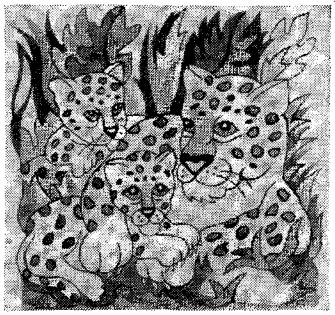

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likely, represents an act of sublimation, a "second go" at commitments and insights he had been forced to suppress in their original form. Fourteen years intervened between "Howard's End" and its great successor. The creative nerve of the novelist may have been inhibited by the ambivalence of "Maurice" and by the fact that the book had to remain hidden. But clearly his consciousness was seeking ways of imagining openly, of stating in daylight concerns that were vital to his self-respect, to his restless sense of human justice. Notice the masterly surrogates. By translating his locale to India and to the social discriminations between raj and native, Forster can now express the full gamut of his protest against snobbery, against the shallow cruelty of status and inherited privilege that almost destroyed the love of Maurice and Alec. Half a century before the New Left, E. M. Forster saw that sexual eccentricity could be isolated in racial or caste terms. The encounters between white and native, between emancipated rulers and "advanced" Indians, in "A Passage to India" are a brilliant projection of the confrontations between society and the homosexual in "Maurice." Subtlest of all is Forster's solution of the problem of "physical realization." In "Maurice," this basic difficulty had lamed him. Unlike Gide or Lawrence, he had found no sensuous enactment adequate to his vision of sex. Gesture recedes in a cloying mist. The mysterious outrage in the Marabar caves is a perfect solution. Though, as the rest of the novel will show, "nothing has happened" in that dark and echoing place, the force of sexual suggestion is uncompromising. As only a true writer can, Forster had found his way to a symbolic action richer, more precise than any single concrete occurrence. The non-event in the hills of Marabar comprises values that we can now confidently recognize as being both heterosexual and homosexual. Both are facets, momentary and—it may be—contingent, of the unbounded unity of love. Finally, one can conjecture that it was the happy ending of "Maurice," its clandestine statement of the consummation achieved between two human beings of different castes, that enabled Forster to close "A Passage to India" on a precarious, ironic note.

At the same time, it would be silly to deny that the very centrality of "Maurice" in Forster's private life and work ("A Passage to India" was his last novel and last book of any real stature) may narrow or specialize

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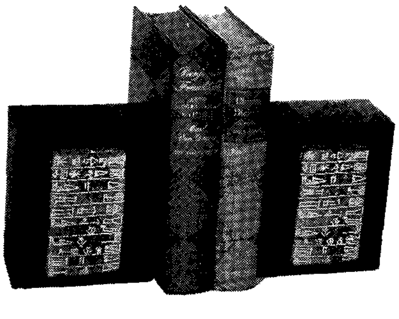

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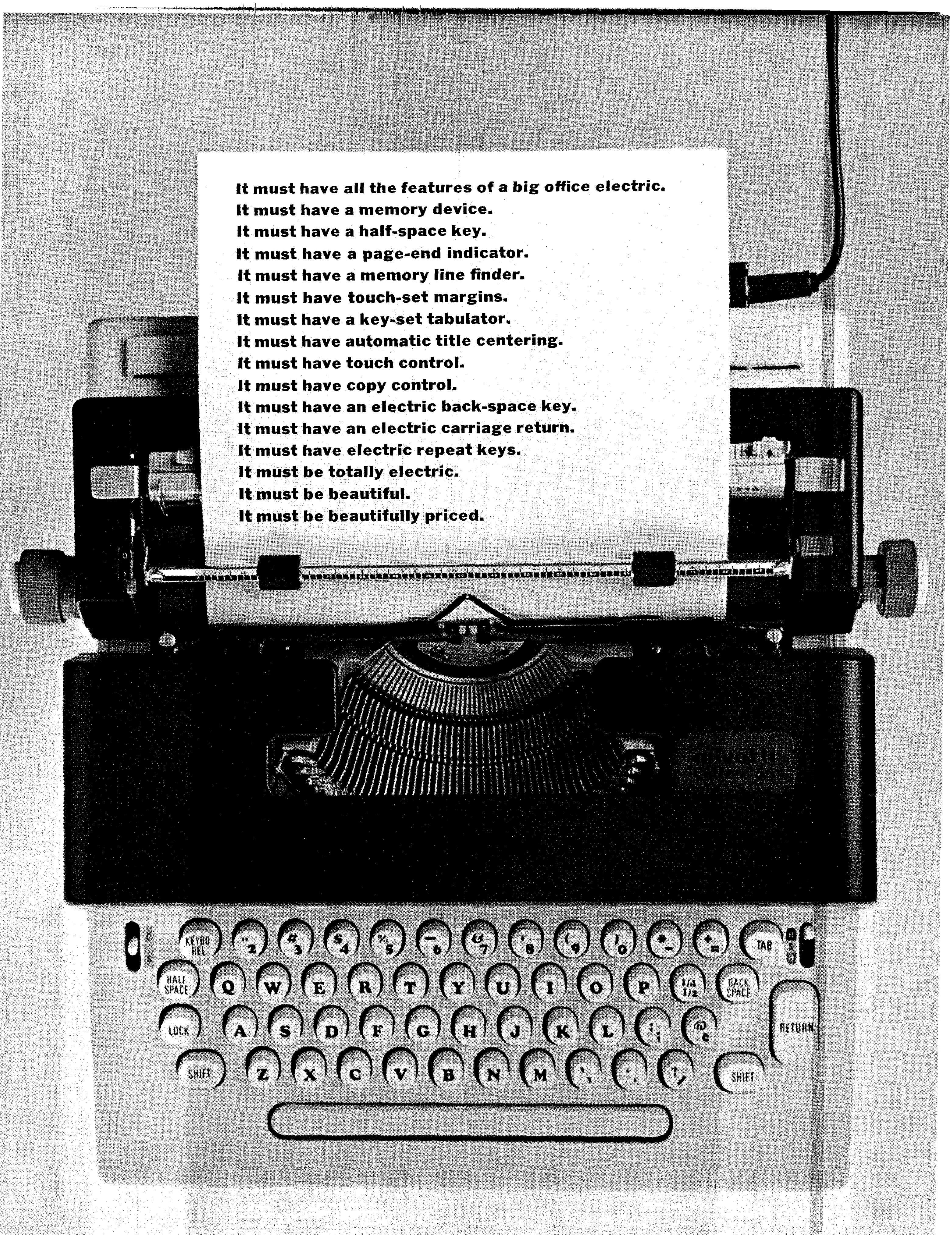

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the sum of his achievement. In the light of an intensely spiritualized yet nervous and partly embittered homosexuality, a number of Forster's most famous dicta—it is better to betray one's country than a friend, "only connect"—take on a more restricted, shriller ambience. His "two cheers for democracy" and lifelong defense of the rights of private conduct lose nothing of their humane fineness, but we cannot help being aware henceforth of the personal hurt from which they derive. Inevitably, "Maurice" will strengthen one's feeling that E. M. Forster is a minor master who produced one major novel, and that his gifts are less representative of modern English literature than some critics have argued. The physical truth, the philosophical energy of John Cowper Powys's handling of "normal" and homosexual passion offer a revealing contrast.

But it is not the weaknesses in "Maurice" that bring a sense of sadness. It is the simple fact that there will never again be an autumn book list with a new novel by that late and most eminent Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Mysteries, by Knut Hamsun, translated from the Norwegian by Gerry Bothmer (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Perhaps too furiously, this novel struggles to express most of the themes that obsessed the young Hamsun. Like "Hunger," it has a half-mad and maddening hero; as in "Pan," the hero kills the dog his beloved cherishes; as in "Victoria," he saves someone from drowning and regrets it. First published in Norway in 1892, two years later than "Hunger," "Mysteries" lacks the weird jubilation of the masterpiece, and denies us empathy with the principal figure, Nagel, who, neither impoverished nor a writer, seems in his perversity merely a prankster. He arrives abruptly in a small Norwegian coastal town, creates an air of capricious wealth, defends the town scapegoat against the town bully, falls in love with the town beauty, proposes marriage to the local spinster, astounds and affronts several gatherings of the local bourgeoisie, sheds money, spouts words, and attempts suicide, not always unsuccessfully. The laconic formal control that usually imposes crystalline

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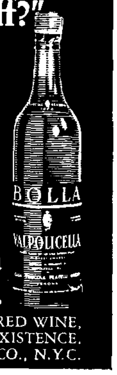

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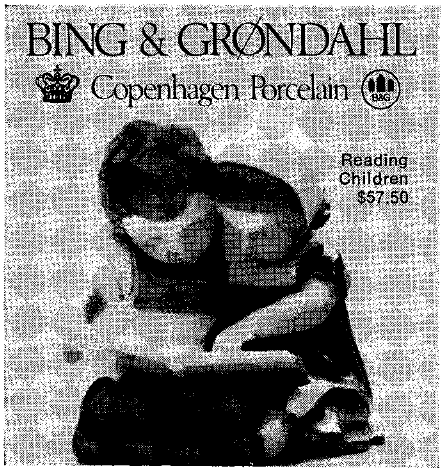

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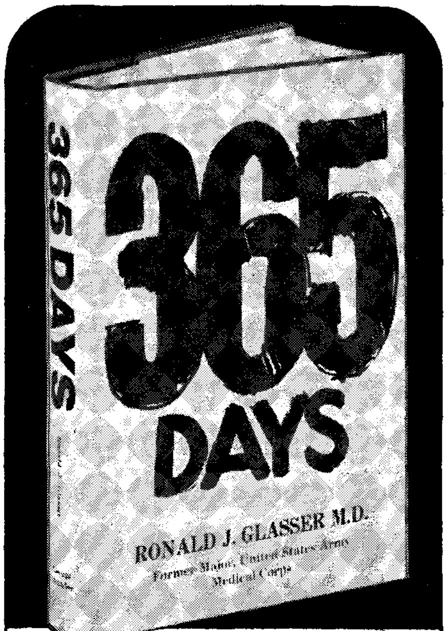

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dignity on Hamsun's brutal vision here slackens; the plot abounds in false hares, unsolved mysteries, and editorial digressions. The atmosphere is heavy with emotional energy that expends itself, lightninglike, in mere display. The trolls of the subconscious infest not only the characters but the telling. Nevertheless, there are some remarkably harrowing moments, frequent streaks of brilliant fancy, and always a presiding vitality. Not many books published in 1892 could still make us as uncomfortable as this one.

A STATE OF PEACE, by Janice Elliott (Knopf). A London family in the years just following the end of the Second World War. The story begins as Mrs. Armitage and her children, Olive and Christopher, both still in uniform, and their young stepsister gather with friends to celebrate the end of the war with a quite elegant dinner party at home. Mrs. Armitage is a charming, selfish woman, once widowed, once divorced, who enjoys having her own way, but her children are much more determined to push their separate rebellions against their mother than she is to dominate them or anyone else. Furthermore, her frivolousness and even her pettiness give her personality a lively color that is entirely missing in the two girls. In fact, there are many moments in this extremely well-written but rather lumpy novel when one wishes they would grow out of whatever ails them and go and live their own lives and be their own women and have their own nervous breakdowns and leave their mother alone to face her own set of facts as best she can.

GENERAL

BEYOND FREEDOM AND DIGNITY, by B. F. Skinner (Knopf). This is an intellectually ambitious—perhaps presumptuous—attempt to appropriate the discipline known as moral philosophy on behalf of what the author confidently calls "behavioral science." Professor Skinner (psychology, Harvard) ruthlessly discards the mind from his calculations, much as earlier psychologists discarded the soul; he is concerned with behavior, and only behavior. The human being inherits the general characteristics of his species, and particular qualities from his ancestors. In all other respects, his development is controlled by his environment, natural and social; what he thinks or feels is irrelevant com-

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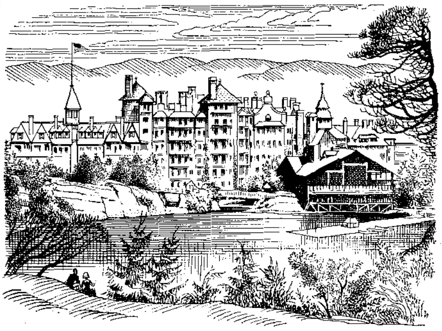

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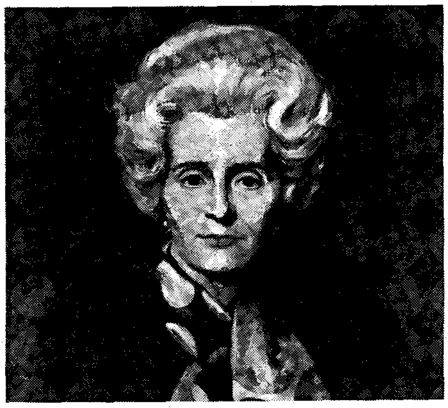

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pared to how he behaves, and the task of behavioral science, according to Dr. Skinner, is to design a culture that will "induce people not to be good but to behave well." He anticipates some disapproval of his bald propositions, and, like most utopian thinking, his may have more philosophical than practical value. His insistence that human behavior is always controlled, one way or another, must be seriously considered by liberal and radical thinkers, if only to make them aware of how much control, and of what kind, *they* impose, frequently in the name of freedom. Whether a bribe is morally very different from a spanking, whether yielding to gain the esteem of a group is morally better than obeying an order—these are questions for the left to ponder, and Skinner poses them harshly. Conservatives are usually frank about control—Skinner quotes Joseph de Maistre's glorification of public torture—and readers on the right may object to the author's insistence that punishment is a poor method of controlling behavior. Despite his self-conscious boldness, he does not appear to notice that the behavior he wishes to insure by scientific control is identical to that extolled by Victorian schoolmasters: temperance, no smoking, chastity (he wants to cut down on sex for fear of overpopulation), and the team spirit. It may be disappointing to travel so far in the realms of behavioral science and wind up not in a brave new world but spang in the pages of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," yet some readers may find it comforting. Dr. Skinner, unlike many behavioral scientists, is a good, brisk, lucid writer.

WHO PUSHED HUMPTY DUMPTY?: DILEMMAS IN AMERICAN EDUCATION TODAY, by Donald Barr (Atheneum). The doughty, embattled headmaster of the Dalton School has given a collection of essays and reviews (some never before published) an interconnecting commentary that places them wryly, if not always neatly, in perspective as part of his singularly unmodish odyssey as an educator. A graceful stylist even at his most polemical, Mr. Barr unsparingly dissects phenomena (all the way from programmed instruction and multiple-choice tests to antirational "free schools") that in any way skimp the development of the moral education—and competencies—of children. He requires high standards of everyone involved but

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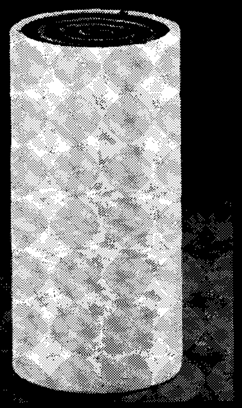

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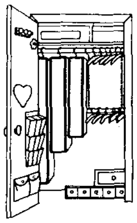

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recognizes diverse ways to meet them. An ironist, Mr. Barr is fond of calling himself a reactionary; actually, as he is well aware, his is a constant, passionate, though careful search after ways to more effectively participate in the "most beautiful and most subtly bold of all human enterprises—the education of the young." He is a "reactionary" who is intent on emphasizing that "it is not in a child's command of facts or skills but in his wonderful errors that we often catch the first shocking glimpse of his talent." For Mr. Barr, as this book demonstrates, learning is a true calling.

THE GREAT AMERICAN MOTION SICKNESS: OR WHY YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE, by John Burby (Little, Brown). It is estimated that at least twenty per cent of the gross national product is spent to move people and goods. And how is American transportation doing the job? The author, an assistant to Alan S. Boyd, who was the first Secretary of the Department of Transportation, and an expert on the subject, says it is "an indifferent, inefficient, dirty, smelly, expensive, noisy, and often destructive and deadly beast of national burden that goes where the spirit of speculation moves it or where it is driven by vested interest." One would think that heroic corrective measures, or heroic *plans* for them, must be in the making. No, says Mr. Burby: the United States has no master plan, no transportation policy, no machinery to set up priorities for transportation investment, no inventory of transportation needs to guide Congress. But the first obstacle that must be removed is public indifference. Books like this—entertainingly written, articulate, reasonable, and informative—are a step in the right direction, but they cannot be expected to do the whole job.

NOTE: McCall has published "The Rocky Coast," by Rachel Carson, with photographs by Charles Pratt and drawings by Bob Hines. Much of the text appeared in this magazine as part of the Profile entitled "The Edge of the Sea: The Rocky Shores."

•

Incidentally, as the wife of a doctor, Dr. Milton O. Zucker, the speaker estimated that 40 to 70 per cent of the patients seen by most doctors have a non-physical base.—*Toni Frank in the Santa Monica (Calif.) Evening Outlook.*

And a nonsensical attitude.

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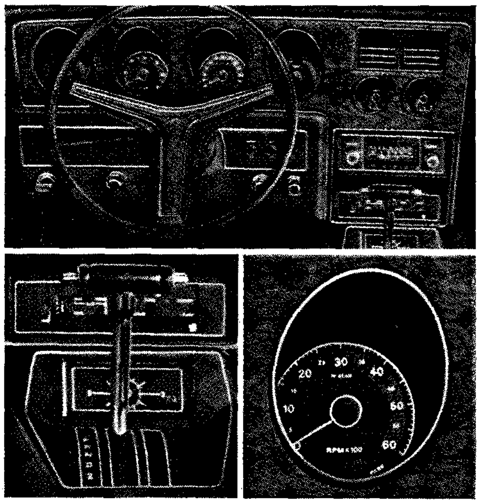
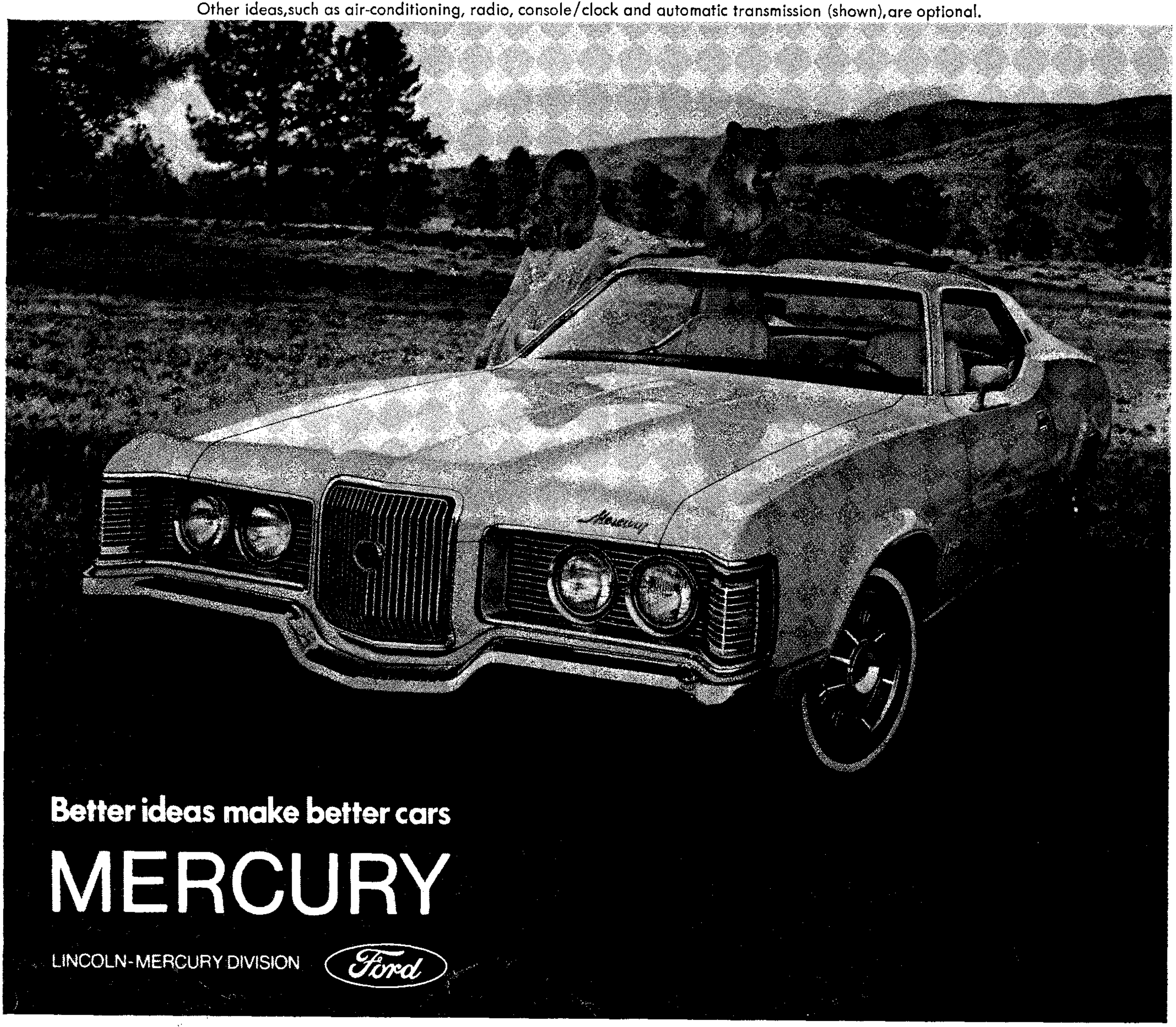
So are tachometer, trip odometer, ammeter, oil gauge, and toggles that activate auxiliary systems —all set into a fascia with the look of cherry woodgrain.

Performance standards include 351 cubic-inch V-8 engine and 3-speed floor shift. Plus racing mirrors and sequential turn-signals.

Cougar XR-7. The luxury-sports car that doesn't make all its best ideas extra-cost options.



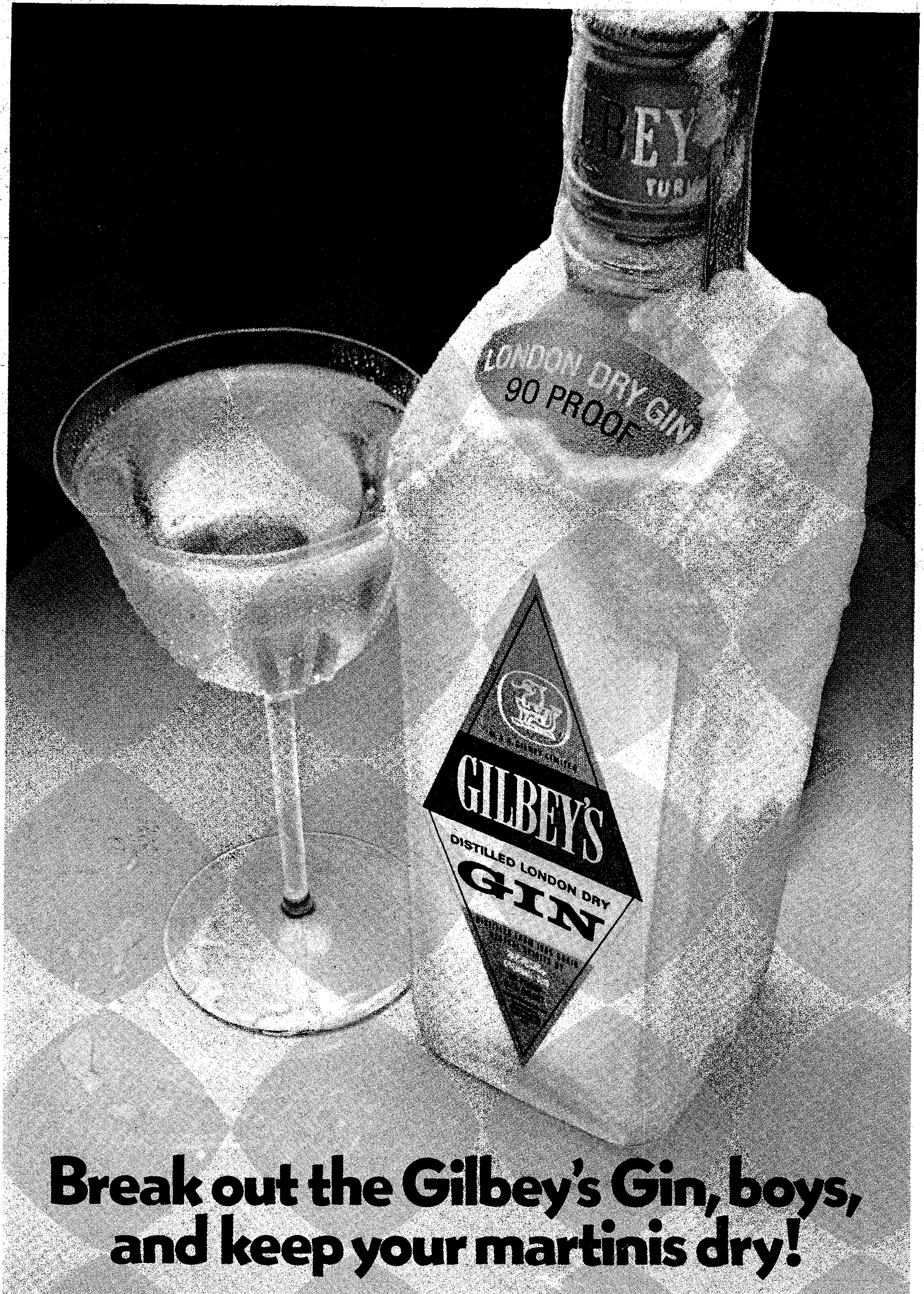
Other ideas, such as air-conditioning, radio, console/clock and automatic transmission (shown), are optional.



Better ideas make better cars

MERCURY

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford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